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NATIONAL EFFICIENCY BEST DEVELOPED UNDER FREE GOVERNMENTS

BY CHARLES W. ELIOT

I

THE causes of this fearful war are often discussed as if they were to be sought in the month before the war actually broke out. We hear men talking as if the exchange of telegrams and notes between the monarchs just before the war could supply an intelligent understanding of the causes of the outbreak. We hear the conversations between the various chancelleries of Europe in July spoken of as if the real cause of the war was to be found in them, or indeed, in the sequence of the orders given for mobilization. I have even read articles in which the cause of the war was found in the assassination of the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne.

Now, to my mind, all these so-called causes are merely superficial events, which might more properly be called the occasions than the causes of the war. To my thinking, the causes of the war are very deep-seated, and have to be traced back through long years, and, indeed, through generations of men. They are states of mind rather than events. They have their sources in racial feelings and to some extent in religious differences; in the ambitions of

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princes; in long-cherished aspirations and ambitions of peoples; in continuously developed policies of governments; and deeper still in great popular emotions. If such are the real causes of the war, we need to consider carefully the historical development of these aspirations, ambitions, and emotions, which have had a national scope.

This war has brought out very strongly the sentiment of nationality, — a sentiment the origins and conditions of which are peculiarly difficult to appreciate and understand. Many people think that a common language is necessary to the development of the sentiment of nationality; but how many instances there are in the world in which many languages are used in the territory ascribed to a nation. At this moment there is no country which nourishes a stronger spirit of nationality than little Switzerland, the model republic of the world. Now, in that small territory four languages are used, each by thousands of people; and in the legislative assembly, if a member does not speak at the rostrum in French or in German, an interpreter is placed beside the orator who keeps along with him, so that the two voices are going on at the same time. Belgium is a strong

nationality as regards sentiment, but at least two quite different languages are spoken in that country. In the vast territory of China many dialects exist, so different that the people of one section may not understand the people of any other.

One almost wishes that a common language could be spoken of as a source or necessary condition of a strong sentiment of nationality; but there are too many cases in the world where a strong national feeling prevails, and yet there is no common language. We Americans have been in the habit of thinking that the use of the English language all over our immense territory has contributed to our sense of national unity and well-being; and, indeed, it probably has. Nevertheless, that test of nationality will not hold in the modern world.

The national sentiment in Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, and Russia is to-day intense, and so far as we can see, it is equally intense in all these countries. Apparently little distinction can be drawn between national sentiment in an immobile empire like Russia, under an autocratic government like that of Germany, in a sober, experienced, constitutional monarchy like that of England, or in a new republic like France. We do not find the cause or source of this intense popular sentiment in the form of government to which the people are accustomed. And yet one cannot imagine any satisfactory settlement of this terrible world-conflict, which will not take more account than any settlement of a European war has ever done before, of this emotion or sentiment of nationality.

The experience of Europe during the last sixty years has been peculiar in one respect, — it has been a period in which peoples who possess a common language or a common sentiment of nationality,

and are derived from similar racial stocks, have succeeded in getting together in larger entities. That has been emphatically the case with Germany and with Italy; and until the Second Balkan War the well-wishers for Europe hoped that it was going to be the case in the whole Balkan region; but that second war disappointed all such hopes.

What tremendous changes have been wrought in Europe since the close of the Thirty Years' War! That war ended in the recognition and establishment of a large number of separate, independent, small states and principalities. When this present war ends, we may reasonably expect that it will result in the development of some new large states in Europe, federations perhaps, and some new small states, but also in a greater security for the smaller states over against the larger.

Several European nations have been infected at various times — England first, since the decline of Spain — with a false and dangerous conception of the state as an imperial being, independent of ordinary ethical considerations, entitled to the unquestioning obedience and service of its subjects, aiming at the development of strong types of men and women without much regard to the freedom or happiness of the individual, and claiming dominion over neighbors, oceans, or remote possessions in other parts of the world. British imperialism had sound commercial and industrial objects, and was qualified by much domestic freedom, and the policy of free trade. Being an island, Great Britain tried to rule the seas, in order that her indispensable supplies of food and raw materials might never be cut off. Her Continental imitators have not had her domestic freedom, her affiliated free commonwealths, her free trade, or her strong reason for possessing mastery of the oceans; but they have had, and

some of them still have, the imperialistic fever in its hottest form.

If, then, we must look for the causes of this unprecedented convulsion in these deep-rooted popular aspirations and ambitions, what shall we say about the slow but steady growth of these sentiments in Germany? There are those who ascribe this war to the German Emperor or cabinet, or to some particular German teachers and authors, or to the growth of a strong, united military caste in Germany. All these influences doubtless contributed in some measure to the outbreak; but the real cause of the successive military aggressions on the part of Germany since 1864 lies in the gradual prevalence throughout that nation, and particularly in its educated classes, of an exaggerated estimate of the bodily and spiritual merits of the German people, and of a firm belief that the national greatness and the progress of characteristic German civilization were to be attained through the development of the most tremendous national force that could possibly be contrived and brought into being, and through the gratification of the intense German desire for domination in Europe, and eventually in the world.

The government of Germany is the most autocratic in Europe. It has always been so in Prussia; and since German unification in 1871 that description applies to the whole of Germany. One of the most extraordinary phenomena in connection with this ferocious war is the unanimous opinion among German scholars, historians, statesmen, and diplomats, and indeed throughout the educated classes, that — as was lately said to me in a letter from a German friend — ‘We Germans are just as free as you Americans are.’ They really believe that. This unanimous opinion is a complete demonstration of the effect of the autocratic government

which has long existed in Germany on the spirit and temper of the German people as a whole. They do not know what political and social liberty is. They have no conception of such liberty as we enjoy. They know nothing at all about the liberty that England has won through Parliamentary government, through party government. Their complete ignorance on that subject is the explanation of the fatal mistake that the German government made in going to war last summer before they knew what England was going to do, or could do. The German government thoroughly believed that in the existing condition of party government in England, with the Ulster disturbance unsettled, and with the trades-union difficulties on hand, England not only would not go to war, but could not. One could not have a better illustration of the complete ignorance of the German people as to what political and social liberty really is. The German diplomats misinformed their government about the state of Great Britain and Ireland, and of France, in spite of their ample system of resident informers, because neither they nor their informers understood the political action of a free people. And at this moment, the German government is being misinformed in the same manner about the state of American public opinion. To the German mind political liberty means public incapacity and weakness — particularly in war.

In the earlier steps of the war, Germany met with a series of surprises, because the German government and the military caste in Germany did not understand what comparatively free peoples value, what their ideals are, and what they are capable of undertaking and enduring in defense of their ideals. For instance, the German doctrine about the justifiableness of violating a contract or a treaty on grounds of mili-

tary necessity was universally accepted in Germany as right. Germans do not know how free peoples regard the sanctity of contract, not only for business purposes, but for political purposes, to say nothing of honorable obligation. Nothing could be more frank than the original explanation which the German Chancellor gave of the breaking of the treaties concerning the neutrality of Belgium; but his frankness is evidence that he did not understand in the least the freeman's idea of the sanctity of contract — the foundation of all public law and usage in a free country. In a country despotically or autocratically ruled, there is no such condition of public opinion.

More and more, as time goes on, this war develops into a conflict between free institutions and autocratic institutions. Of course, the position of Russia as an ally of France and England somewhat shrouds or complicates this fact; because the Russian people is by inheritance and in some respects by nature a people which submits to despotic government. Her exceptional position as an ally of two free countries is due to a long-nourished indignation against Austria-Hungary and Germany for presenting obstacles year after year and generation after generation to the gratification of Russian ambition for aggrandizement in the Balkan countries and the Near East. That ambition and some stirrings toward liberty may have put Russia in its exceptional position by the side of two free countries.

II

If, now, we take it for granted that the question between free and autocratic institutions in Europe, the question of more public liberty, the question of civilization developing under the forms of free government rather than under the forms of autocratic gov-

ernment, is the real issue this war is to decide, it becomes a very interesting study for all the freer peoples how German efficiency is going to turn out in competition with such efficiency as the freer nations develop. The military result of the war is going to turn on the comparative efficiency of the military and naval forces of the opposing parties, and on the efficiency with which the economic resources of the several nations are used. Numbers are so enormous on each side that the result will not be determined so much by mere numbers, as by the efficiency of the armed forces of the combatants, and of their industrial and financial forces.

German efficiency has been an object of great admiration, not only in this country, but in England, France, and Russia, for twenty-five or thirty years. We have all admired it in the recent commercial and industrial development of Germany — not the less remarkable because it started about sixty years ago from a low level. We have admired it, too, in the efficiency of her military and naval development. It is an extraordinary phenomenon in the history of the nineteenth century — this wonderful efficiency; but German efficiency is of a peculiar type. It is an efficiency in administration — in business administration, in municipal government strikingly, and in all the national government bureaus. It is an efficiency which takes hold of every child in Germany at birth, and follows every youth and every man and woman through life until death. It is that very efficiency which has prevented the last two generations of Germans from knowing anything about liberty. It is in the highest degree an autocratic efficiency in all walks of German life, including education and the relations between the sexes. The whole course of elementary and secondary education for every

German boy or girl is determined by the government, and there is no election by the pupil included, no choice by the child, except in its later stages the choice between a technical school and a gymnasium; and even that choice is often made, not by the child, but for him.

A significant illustration of the German regard for strength and force, and contempt for weakness and gentleness, is to be found in the low estimate they place on the social and intellectual influence of women. A German woman at her best is a successful housewife and diligent attendant on husband and children; she is seldom the intellectual and spiritual comrade of her husband and the inspirer of her grown-up children, as a woman is in the freer countries of Europe and in America. The contrast between the status of the German woman and that of the American woman is strong indeed. The German woman of to-day has grown up and lived in an atmosphere of compulsion and discipline which no American woman has had to endure for two centuries past.

The Germans are fond of mentioning their 'academic freedom,' the freedom of their learned men; but that is much exaggerated in German descriptions of their university life. The German universities are chiefly supported and ruled by the government; and there are no free endowed institutions to compete with them. The whole world is deeply indebted in unnumbered ways to the German universities of the last hundred years; but for any vital teaching of civil and religious liberty one must go back to individual German teachers and preachers of an earlier time. The entrance to every learned and scientific profession in Germany, and to the highly trained military and naval caste, is strictly guarded and controlled by the government.

German efficiency, however, is a very real and formidable thing in all the competitions of the civilized world; so that the most interesting question to be studied as to the probable outcome of the European War is this — is Germany with its autocracy more efficient or less efficient than France and England with their liberties? The German way of procuring industrial and commercial efficiency is to make each individual man, in the first place, a man well trained for the exact service he is to render, and then to keep him under a severe discipline which will result in his doing every time exactly what he has been trained to do. He may also be induced in some measure to a perfect subordination by a bonus, prize, or honorary reward. That is the German method of efficiency all the way through industrial life — giving instruction and training enough to produce the amount of skill needed for the daily task, then enforcing that subjection of the worker which results in thorough coördination and coöperation in the complex process of production. The efficiency of their military system is obtained in like manner — by thorough training which leads to the instinctive coöperation of the individual with a mass of comrades, and to an absolute obedience unto death.

Now, what have the freer nations to say about their chance in industrial and military competition with the German autocratic system? They say in speech and action, 'We believe a man or a nation will develop greater mental capacity and moral force with freedom than without it. Our philosophy of life teaches that doctrine; our history illustrates it; our practice and experience prove it.'

To-day seven nations conspicuously illustrate the worth of liberty in national development: Great Britain and her affiliated commonwealths, France,

Belgium, Italy, the Netherlands, Switzerland, and the United States, and, in addition, the Scandinavian group of peoples. Italy struggled long under various oppressors. She won at last unity and freedom, because during the centuries she brought forth such independent spirits as Dante, Savonarola, Leonardo, Galileo, Michael Angelo, Cavour, and Garibaldi. The Dutch were pioneers in the long fight for liberty. Since Elizabeth's adventurers ran about the oceans, Cromwell marshaled his Independents, and Milton taught civil and religious liberty and freedom for the press, English political, industrial, and religious life has been instinct with liberty. The French political philosophers of the eighteenth century set forth eloquently the Rights of Man; and the French Revolution strove boldly, although ignorantly, to win those rights, and, in spite of its violences and crudities, spread through the world the potent conceptions of liberty, equality, and fraternity. The mutual jealousy of their neighbors has permitted Belgium and Switzerland to prosper in comparative freedom. The Pilgrim Fathers planted on American soil the seeds of the best English and Dutch liberties; and from those seeds there came, in three centuries, a solid growth of liberty under law, — the widest liberty, political, industrial, and social, that the world has ever known, conceived by free spirits, embodied in legislation, and cherished in the hearts of a multitudinous people. The Scandinavian peoples have suffered much from more powerful neighbors, but have never lost the adventurous spirit of the Norsemen, or failed to exercise that right of private judgment which was the best teaching of the Protestant Reformation, or ceased to manifest the sturdy, independent spirit of their race. The Scandinavian emigrants to America make admirable citizens of the Amer-

ican Republic without any change of disposition or character.

The efficiency of all these nations is based on a high degree of personal initiative and of political and industrial freedom, — not on the subjection or implicit obedience of the individual, but on the energy and goodwill in work which result from individual freedom, ambition, and initiative.

III

If this doctrine is well founded, the remarkable increase of industrial and commercial efficiency during the past hundred and fifty years should have proceeded from the freer nations, and not from the nations governed autocratically. It is an interesting inquiry, therefore, whether this wonderfully increased efficiency has proceeded from Russia, Germany, Austria, and Turkey, or from England, France, Italy, Holland, Scandinavia, and the United States. A brief review of the sources of the important discoveries and inventions, which have made the industries of the civilized world vastly more effective since 1830 than they ever were before, will convince any impartial person that the means of improvement have come from the free countries, and not from the countries that are despotically governed.

Going back to the late years of the eighteenth century, we find that propulsion by steam on land and water was first made commercially successful by Englishmen and Americans; and that English and French chemists made the fundamental discoveries in chemical theory. In the early part of the nineteenth century, the development of the factory system with steam-driven machinery was an English achievement, and later an American. As we come further on in the nineteenth century, we find that it was Americans who

developed the telegraph and telephone as industrial implements, and thereby changed in large measure the habits of industrial, commercial, and financial life, and in many respects of domestic and family life also. It was an Italian who invented and introduced in practice wireless telegraphy, — a delightful instance of the transmission of a genius for physics in the same nation through centuries. It was Americans who invented and made commercially practical the electric light and the wide diffusion of mechanical power by electricity. The explosive engine was developed as an industrial agent in France; and the gasoline motor and the automobile have been French, English, and American developments. The aeroplane heavier than air was invented by Professor Langley, when Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and was developed for practical use by two other Americans — the brothers Wright. The cotton gin, on which the whole cotton textile industry is founded, was the invention of an American, as were also the sewing machine, the typewriter, and all sorts of shoe-machinery. So was the job printing-press with the type held, not on a horizontal plane, but at any convenient angle with the paper to be printed — an invention out of which came the rotary press, which is to-day an indispensable instrument for the quick and wide circulation of news. It was America that built the first monitor and the first submarine; and it was England that built the first dreadnought.

Turning to a totally different field of discovery, anæsthesia was an American invention; and its wide usefulness was first demonstrated in an American hospital. Asepsis, a discovery of equal value, was introduced by Lister, a British subject. Another Englishman invented and brought into use inoculation against typhoid fever. It

was American surgeons and members of the Army Medical Corps, temporarily serving in Cuba, who showed the world how to prevent the spread of yellow fever.

The immense world-wide rubber industry is based on the invention of the American Goodyear, who discovered that the mixture of sulphur and rubber produced an elastic, waterproof material, capable of innumerable useful applications for which pure rubber was not fit.

The great inventions in business organization have, of course, proceeded from the freer countries, and not from those despotically governed, — such, for example, as the organization of the ocean liners running to all parts of the world, which is in the main an English invention. The organization of the great business of taking petroleum out of the earth, piping the oil over great distances, distilling and refining it, and distributing it in tank steamers, tank wagons, and cans all over the earth, was an American invention. The conception of the huge and complex organization of the United States Steel Corporation, and the putting of that conception into practice, is another American achievement of great significance. The invention of the corporation with limited liability, which has led to an immense development of industrial and commercial productiveness, is English and American; and this management of industries by corporations set up in free governments has, in turn, become a great reinforcement of free institutions.

Obviously, we are not tracing here the results of blind chance, or of any sort of coincidence or accident. We are recognizing the legitimate fruits of liberty. It is, of course, true that Germany has adopted, adapted, and used with great skill all the inventions that have been mentioned, and especially in organizing and using her army and

navy. She has also used them all in the remarkable development of her industries during the past fifty years; but she invented and brought into use none of them; nor did Russia, Austria, or Turkey. Most of the inventions mentioned are indispensable to the carrying on of the present war in Europe; and many of them were indispensable to the preparations for that war, carried on through long years before; but all of them, except the distinctly naval inventions, were made for peaceful uses — to promote the industrial productiveness and the well-being of the human race.

It is an interesting observation that universal education, to the lower grades of which all children are compelled, seems to have but slight effect on the kind of national efficiency here considered. For one hundred years past, systematic education for the whole people has been better planned and carried on in Germany than it has been in any of the freer countries. Large portions of the Italian population have had no access to schools until lately. England had nothing that could be called a system of popular education until 1870-71; France began to put universal education in force under the present Republic; and to this day millions of American children have but scant access to elementary education, and none at all to secondary. The plain fact is that the German system of education and government has not had freedom enough in it; and that the free peoples, among whom there exists a large amount of social and industrial mobility, are the peoples who have produced all the great applied-science inventions of the last century and this.

The facts of the case are unquestionable. The explanation of them is, — that under free governments, and in communities which have a fair amount of social mobility, the rare men are surer

to come forward into vigorous action, — the men who are competent, not only to invent or imagine the thing or the method that is next wanted, but to put their inventions into practical form, and to make them useful in the actual industries of their nations and the world. Among a free people the remarkable human specimen is more likely to get his most complete and powerful development than among a people subject to autocratic government.

We may reasonably believe, therefore, that there is a power in free institutions which leads straight to efficiency in the industries of the country, and, in the long run and after many experiments and failures, to the efficient management of its governmental concerns, and that this efficiency can be brought to a higher condition in a republic or a constitutional monarchy than in any despotic or autocratic government.

There is another field of human activity, — the development of great pioneers in thinking and imagining, — in which the Germans are accustomed to claim the leadership; but that claim is without warrant. In the first place, German literature and philosophy are, like German industrial development, comparatively young. That they should become preëminent so soon is not to be expected. In the next place, the German race has not yet developed leaders of thought in literature, philosophy, poetry, and statesmanship who can bear comparison with the supreme personages in England, France, and Italy. Germany has produced no men who can be placed beside Dante, Michael Angelo, and Cavour in Italy; Shakespeare, Milton, Newton, Faraday, and Darwin in England, or Pasteur in France. And as to America, it seems to a native American profane to mention Bismarck and the present Ger-

man Emperor in the same breath with Washington and Lincoln.

IV

The present war in Europe is going to put to a supreme military test this theory concerning the surest sources of national efficiency. The war ought to demonstrate in the end that German efficiency in war is not so great as that of England and France, if we include in the definition of military efficiency the management of the supporting industries, and skill in summoning and applying financial resources, as well as the management of the troops in actual fighting. The war should demonstrate that a volunteer soldier is, on the whole, more effective than a conscript, because he has more personal initiative, more power of independent action, and more sense of individual responsibility. The first year of the war ought to prove that large and effective armies can be put into the field after a training of only a few months, if the volunteer recruits come from occupations which call for intelligence and coöperative goodwill, and are inspired by ethical motives which strongly appeal to them as individuals. The war ought also to

prove that the freer a people are, and the more accustomed to the exercise of self-controlled liberty, the more warmly and resolutely they will respond to calls on their courage, endurance, and love of country.

The only issue of the war that can possibly be satisfactory to the freer nations of Europe, or to Americans, is an issue which will further in Europe the cause of essential freedom — the freedom which can be developed under any constitutional form of government, but cannot be developed under an autocratic form. Therefore, we look forward with hope to a diminution in Europe of the autocratic forms and an increase of the constitutional forms, as well as to better security for both large and small states against sudden invasion. This better security implies a federal council of a few powerful states, the reduction of national armaments, and the creation of a federal force competent to impose peace.

A precious lesson of the war will be this:—

Toward every kind of national efficiency discipline is good, and coöperation is good; but for the highest efficiency both should be consented to in liberty.

A PERSONAL REFLECTION ON THE COST OF LIVING

BY MARGARET STICKNEY KENDALL

I

THE ever-mounting cost of living is to-day a cause of almost universal evil apprehension. Is it not possible that evil apprehension may be the cause of the high cost of living? The suggestion merits an inquiry. For apprehension may be sanely treated and wisely turned to good.

As I consider human life, both within and without myself, I find that I can trace most of its happenings which are to be regretted to just the spirit which is ruling man in our own times. And I realize, from books and conversation, that my experience is a very ordinary one, my conclusion one which the majority of thinking men and women reach before they die. I have myself wasted and ruined opportunities, I have left undone the things which I ought to have done and done the things which I ought not to have done, less from my passion or from my desire than because I tried to see too far ahead, and did or left undone things which prevented easy and natural solution of the problems which for a more trustful nature would never have arisen at all. I have spent what I had, less in enjoyment, licensed or unlicensed, than in the fear of losing it, and in precautions lest it should be lost. It is my nature so to do. As I watch other men it seems to me that human nature invariably causes men, as they grow older, to fear that which may come, and to take steps in order to avert it. And the steps taken from this fear are almost always wrong. 'The fear

of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom'; but it seems to me that every other fear incites man to unworthy action or inaction; and, in the end, brings on him what he fears.

This question has interested me superlatively in connection with the teaching of Christ, which emphasizes above all else the necessity for faith on the part of men. We think of Christ as urging men to love, but his demand for love is, I think, made but seldom in comparison with his demand for faith. And while I believe that faith in Christ must inevitably lead to wisely loving words and deeds (and I say this with full recollection of St. Paul to the Corinthians), it seems to me that love—'charity'—*without* faith leads to the most intense unhappiness of which mankind is capable. Deeply as I have feared things which might come upon myself, I have feared with a greater terror that which might come upon others. Bitterly as I regret what I have done and left undone in order to avert anticipated evil from myself, I regret far more bitterly my interference in the lives of others. And yet the things I did for them were done in love, and a desire to serve, in a solicitude selfless except for pride in its supposed efficiency; only they were not done in either faith or understanding. And I consider these two qualities essential for a wise direction of love's ways.

I have spent eighteen years in practical experiments as to the actual working out of Christ's directions for human life on earth. It is not, of course, prop-

erly a subject for experiment; for the result promised to the faithful is not to be obtained by the investigator. But though no miracle is wrought by the experimental spirit, it is yet possible, in that spirit, to learn why promised miracles do not occur. And it was this which I desired to discover.

I had the sort of faith in Christ which could impel me to investigate his claims. I believed in his own understanding of ultimate truth. He seemed to me the greatest intellect the world had ever seen, and spoke with an authority which I found nowhere else in history. He declared, apparently without misgiving, that if a man did certain things certain results would follow. When he himself had done these things, his action had been followed by the anticipated results. And he declared that any man who willed to do God's will should know of the doctrine, whether it were of God or whether he spoke of himself. The truth of this assertion I desired to prove.

For it appeared to me that understanding—intellectual and practical grasp of the actual situation—was what men of the present day denied to Christ. Directions which, if hard to follow, were yet quite clear in meaning, they calmly set aside as impracticable—and for no reason that could be considered to have enduring weight. An excellent and spiritually minded clergyman told me, for example, when I asked him about a life which should take no thought for what one was to eat or drink, or wherewithal one should be clothed, that while it might have been possible to live in that way in Palestine and centuries ago, it was not possible in a cold climate, and under the conditions of modern life. He did not say, but I inferred, that since it was not possible to do this, a modern Christian was not called upon to do it.

Now to my mind, it is useless to ac-

cept as master in the art of life, or in any other art, any one whose directions for bringing that art to perfection we consider it 'impracticable' to follow. It *seems* more difficult, undoubtedly, to take no anxious thought for the morrow where life is complicated than where it is simple; but surely the principle involved is one which does not change. In mansion or in cottage the problem is the same—whether or not man may intrust his own future to God, leaving himself at liberty to care for better things. Christ declared that his Gospel was to save the world throughout the ages. There were no geographical and temporal exceptions. Surely it could not be that it had failed to 'work' because men had 'progressed' to using furnace heat and modern plumbing! I read Christ's sayings. I noted the fact that no man seemed to think it 'right' to follow them, when they involved questions of economics. And it seemed to me probable that the reason why it was considered impracticable to follow Christ's direction fully was because men did not *believe* it to be practicable and therefore did not try to do it—that the difficulty in the way of perfect realization was merely lack of faith.

I know, now, that my judgment on this point was an erroneous one. It was an outside and an ignorant point of view. To-day I know that it requires far more than the belief that what Christ said was true to enable any man to keep his saying; and that innumerable men and women try to keep it and to a great extent succeed where I must ignominiously fail. They succeed because they do, in simple kindness, the simple human things. I fail because I aim at an ideal which for its realization demands qualities which I have not, and leave undone that to which I am equal. But nevertheless, to me the value of endeavoring to do any-

thing springs from the conviction that the thing one tries to do is both possible and 'right'; and I found that I could not follow any part of Christ's instruction with conviction of its worth, unless I could believe that it would be possible and 'right' to follow it unto the end. Therefore I tried to do the things he said, in order to find out why men, to-day, considered it impracticable to do so. I failed in my attempts personally to keep the counsel of perfection, but I obtained the knowledge that I sought. It is a knowledge which now places me in intellectual opposition to the whole understanding on which modern institutions rest. For I believe, after my eighteen years of experimenting, that it is both possible and 'right' to live like the lilies of the field and the birds of the air; to sell all that one has and give to the poor, winning an unseen treasure; to lend without expecting a return; to allow all that one has to go from one unprotesting—I believe this to be possible and right to do, but I know that I, personally, cannot do it, partly because I am lazy, selfish, and heartless, but I think even more because I am weak and apprehensive, and because life-long habits of thought and action, now become instinctive, prevent my living by the truth I recognize.

The morality to which I am opposed is indorsed by people who, I know well, are infinitely better personally than I am myself; they are stronger, kinder, and less self-indulgent. But they do not believe it possible literally to obey these extreme teachings of the Master (in a cold climate, and under conditions of modern life); and what is more important, they think it would be 'wrong' to do so if they could. They think it would be wrong because they assume that it is necessary, therefore 'right,' for every man to put aside material wealth to meet his own future necessities of bodily existence—to feed and

clothe his body and its human fruit, while living, and to bury it when dead. The spirit of apprehension of one's own future need, which my own experience teaches me to regard as fatal to true and generous living in the present, they take to be a spirit of good counsel, which it is wise and right to heed. It is in the hope of changing their ideas upon this point that I am writing now. For it is their ideas upon this point which are remoulding life to-day and which, in my opinion, are giving rise to the high cost of living, prohibitive of freedom, joy, and peace.

II

It is difficult to attack the spirit to which I refer, without being misunderstood. I do not for one moment advise a butterfly existence, which shall ignore the material necessities of human life. I think it is at man's own peril that he leaves any portion of the earth unhusbanded, its resources undeveloped. But men may husband and develop their material from wholly different motives, out of a wholly different spirit, and with a wholly different effect on themselves and life. One man may plough, and sow, and reap his harvest because he sees the land and knows its possibilities, and that it holds food for the people in its bosom. Clearly the seed ought to be sown and reaped, and being there, it is his place to do these things. Therefore he sows and reaps and gathers into barns. A second man may do these things because he knows the people will want food, and thinks that if he himself possesses it and they do not, they will do what he wishes so that they may eat and live. A third may do it thinking that if he does not he himself will hereafter be in want and misery, and that to avoid this he must put aside sufficient for the wants which he anticipates. Each of these men

shows foresight, and acts wisely according to his lights. But only the first man is animated by what I consider faith in life, and only he works in the spirit and the joy of God. And it seems to me that he alone will use his product in a large-hearted way, for the encouragement of life upon the earth.

The second man has faith in material things, and in the power he will gain by holding them. If he use his power well and wisely he may be very useful. I have no quarrel with him, or with what he thinks, though it seems to me that his trust must sometimes fail him, since it is placed in something which cannot endure. But it is the spirit of the third man of which I wish to speak, because it is a spirit I have known and suffered from in my own life. It is utterly ignoble, and leads to unworthy conduct. And it is this spirit which the understanding of the western world indorses; by which it almost forces man to live; and to which it is sacrificing the precious heritage of an heroic past.

The man who works and stores his product in the belief that, if he does not do so, he himself will be in want and misery, works in an apprehension which is not, indeed, too great for him to bear so long as he is sure that he can meet its claims, so long as he feels confident that he can lay up, in the summer, a sufficiency to meet his winter's needs. If he feels sure of this his frame of mind while he is doing so is not unhappy. I cannot say so much for him as he grows old, as every summer he becomes more aware that his strength fails to raise sufficient food to keep him in the comforts which are now more necessary to his age than they were to his youth. The natural way to meet this inevitable development of the situation is through his children, who naturally assume the care of his declining years. If he has none, his old age must bring terror with

it. But long before his strength declines he is confronted with a moral situation which no one can escape who is not living on a desert island. What shall he say to his needy neighbors who have laid up nothing to meet their winter's need, who for one reason or another are already in the want and misery to escape which he has, himself, sowed, reaped, and gathered into barns?

He will undoubtedly reflect that he deprives himself of what he gives away. By some means or other it must be made good, if he bestows it on another's need. He may be full of kindliness, he may look with an eye of pity on the old man who has not been able to provide for his old age, on the widow who has no one to supply her wants, on the orphans who cannot live without assistance. But if he has no knowledge of a source whence his own foreseen need may be in its turn filled,—his foreseen need, to feed which he has labored all his summer,—he almost certainly will say to those who ask his aid that he cannot, himself, afford to help them; that if he does he will become a beggar in his turn. The first few he may try to aid; but soon he will begin to consider that there are very many needy people; that if they find him willing to supply their wants, they will one and all come down on him for food; and that in one day he will join their ranks, a beggar among beggars, unable to take part in the world's work. He will refuse to give what he has because, to his mental outlook, it seems to be of no use among so many. And then, if his own lack of generosity makes him feel uncomfortable, I think that almost certainly he will (being a clever and hard-working and successful man) begin to create a moral situation for his own comfort and self-justification, and for what he calls the moral good of all those people he has failed to help. He will point out how very bad it certainly would be if the

improvident could feel that all their wants would be supplied out of the fruits of other people's industry; how nobody would work at all, and all the world would perish in its idleness and foolish trust. 'He who will not work shall not eat'; therefore no one 'ought' to *give* him anything. Find him work if you can. That will preserve his self-respect and keep a wholesome fear of idleness alive in the community.

Now he who says this has no understanding of any spirit higher than his own. He does not know that men will always work, because it is their nature to work that they may be like God. Men enjoy work, creative and regenerative work especially, more than they enjoy anything else — unless they work in the fear of what will happen to them if they do not do it.

True is it that men must sow and reap if they would live on earth. But they would infinitely rather sow their seed and watch it come to glory than live in idleness. They prove this by the flower gardens which they will cultivate for no useful end, but just that they may see the beauty of the flowers. And they prove something deeper yet by the temples which they raise, not for the preservation of their crops, but that the Spirit of the Lord may have some place where it may dwell on earth. There is no danger that men will ever pass their time in idleness simply because they have ceased to fear that they will starve unless they toil. So we dispose of the self-justification of the man who keeps back what he has from needy persons, saying that it is for their moral good to suffer as the result of their improvidence, when his real reason for not giving is fear of what may happen to himself if he should do so.

I am not saying that it is not distinctly for man's moral good that he should suffer as the result of an improvidence either spiritual or physical. He

must inevitably suffer until he learns to make a truly wise provision for his future, to do unceasingly the things which are to make the future beautiful as well as safe. I am attacking merely the position of the individual man who, knowing there are things which he himself might give or do to help his neighbor in distress, refuses to give or do these things on the ground that it is 'right' for the improvident to suffer, as the fit punishment of idleness, ignorance, and sin. If he can be sure that this is his reason for not helping them, well and good. Some men may possibly be sure enough of their own merit to feel quite confident that God intended them to keep the wealth that they have, while others starve. But in Christian thought the presumption has been from the first that if a man saw a neighbor in distress he was to look upon himself as the provided agent for the extension of God's mercy. No Christian thought will justify his failure to extend it on the score that he has at heart the sufferer's moral good.

To do us justice, I think the modern world has fathomed and discredited the hypocrisy of this position, which was so well received not very long ago. We realize that we refuse to give because we are afraid that we ourselves will suffer if we do so. But in the realization we have lost self-respect and power of calm continuance in our old ways. We cannot respect ourselves while we perceive that every day we let our neighbors suffer for fear that if we help them we shall suffer too. Naked and ashamed we look on our own inhumanity and cry for any light on what we ought to do, in a world where the life of those who have can apparently be preserved only by hanging on to their possessions in spite of the dire need of those around them. And it is not lack of self-respect alone from which we suffer. We suffer from the terror which is

seizing us for our own life and the life of every one we care for. How soon shall we and they sink down a little lower in the struggling mass of human beings upon the ruin of whose physical and mental powers the social order rests? How can we possibly earn enough money to-day to make ourselves secure against to-morrow? Happy is the man who has no children to inherit life in such a world as this, and no old superstition to keep him from removing his own inefficiency by self-destruction, and lightening his fellows of the burden of supporting him in his old age. Wretched that we are, who or what can deliver us from the body of this death?

III

It was to men who felt as we are feeling now that Christ declared the way of personal salvation which Christian thought supported up to a few years ago, and which it does not advocate to-day. He told them to give and it would be given unto them; to lend, hoping for no return, and find themselves repaid by God; to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, tend the sick, and pardon sinners. And he said that as they did these things for others needing help, they would themselves be cared for in their turn by other men, who would act toward them in their own time of need, as they themselves were called upon to act to-day toward their fellows. Christ told men not to keep the things they had as a defense against anticipated evils, but to use them every moment for the relief of misery and evil that they saw around them. They were to let their sun shine on the just and on the unjust equally, to give and to forgive, not questioning who was 'deserving' and who was not a worthy object of their care. The moral situation was one with which man was not called upon to deal. Judgment belonged to God;

man's part was just to do to others as he would have those others do to him, to personify on earth the mercy of the God in whom he trusted his own sins might find forgiveness.

Christ was enabled to proclaim this way of salvation from the spiritual death which threatens every man, because he had conceived a God able as well as willing to support the man who would obey and trust Him. Christ's church no longer advocates it because it has lost faith in the existence of this God. And the proof of what I say lies in the fact that clergymen believe, as you and I believe, that it is 'necessary' for every man to keep back part of what he has to meet his own future material need. The church can show no way and make no promise of salvation. Instead of that the clergy tremble in the night with the same terror of the future which we feel ourselves, and vestries are exerting all their efforts to get together *now* a sum of money upon the interest of which their praise of God may be supported in the years to come.

Christ set the *individual* at liberty to use all that he seemed to have in human service, without the slightest reservation for his own future need. The understanding of to-day makes it imperative, makes it man's 'duty' to himself, his family, his fellow citizens, that he should be provided with 'visible means of support,' not only for the present but for future time. The man who cannot show these means is viewed with an intense suspicion as being a menace to the whole community. If he have children and a wife, who is to look after them in case he dies? And if he have no children, who is to take care of him when he grows old, and pay his funeral expenses? To-day the widow whom Christ praised would be condemned for casting into the treasury of the poor 'all the living that she had.' Such charity would merely signify to

the onlookers that she herself was now to be supported by her fellow men.

Just where we lost faith in the God of Moses and the prophets, the God who cared for fatherless and widows, who never had forsaken righteous men or let their seed beg bread, I do not know. I only know I never yet have met any one who believed in Him sufficiently to advocate complete relinquishment of a material provision for the future. One and all, we are clinging hard to what we have, because we do not see how we can live without it. And as it is called from us by the daily cost of living, we feel the terror clutching at our hearts. Whereas if we all did our best to use and spend everything that we had in the development of the world's possibilities, in the nourishment of life, and in the saving of all that is perishing for want of care, we should find that our wealth increased beyond our utmost power to employ it.

That is supposing *every one* should do this. What are the chances for the man who starts to do it in a world where no one else is doing it, where everything is coming to be 'organized' on the assumption that provision for the future is the one thing a man must not neglect? Will the God of Christ support him in his folly if he despises the warnings of life-insurance agents, and spends his money to save other people's lives instead of spending his own life in saving money?

My answer is that the God of Christ will support him just so long as he himself can do without misgiving what Christ told him to do. And this answer I make from personal experience. No man can walk on water under the weight of his own fear of drowning. The moment that he hesitates to render human service because he is afraid it will involve him in material disaster, that moment he has lost his faith in God, and the treasure of God's king-

dom is no longer his to draw upon. And any man will hesitate, and therefore fail, as long as he cares more for his own ease and comfort than for the ease and comfort of his fellow men.

IV

So it has been with me. When I first had my vision of life's possibilities I was quite confident that I could just walk out into the world and mend its wrongs. I meant to feed the hungry and to tend the sick, to bind up all the broken hearts and tell the sinners that their errors were forgiven and that they might go in peace. I thought how all the world would bless me, and how I should restore to it the secret of salvation it had lost. And for a little while I acted in the exaltation of this great idea, and what I did succeeded just sufficiently to confirm me in my faith that what Christ said was true. But very soon I found I did not want to feed the hungry enough to go and find them, and that I positively hated tending sickness and disease. So long as my own heart was comfortable and happy I felt that other people's sorrows were something that I had better keep away from; and as to telling sinners that they were forgiven, I should have had to change my whole habit of mind, which led me constantly to criticize the lives of other people, to point out where they were in error and how their troubles came from their own mistakes. I could not show the world how God intended men to live because I was not good enough to do it. The way of life was not for me to walk in, my light could not illumine any path for other men. There was no reason to suppose God would work miracles with loaves and fishes to gratify my own desire to shine, even if this desire were strongly mixed with honest longing to find the true salvation He had promised to man-

kind. Seeing myself for what I really was, I lost my confidence that God was on my side, and would support my actions.

And having lost this confidence, I again became involved in the common struggle for existence, from which I had found respite for a moment, through my belief that I was chosen to dispense a divine charity to other men. I was no longer living positively, doing with joy a thing I knew God meant to have me do, but found myself involved in sordid effort not to spend so much money as it seemed positively necessary to spend. I tried to live as cheaply as I could, thinking I should have more to give away; but the effort to live cheaply absorbed my energy to the exclusion of all better interest. And then I asked myself *why* life — just simple, wholesome life — cost so much money to support. And I discovered that I had to pay, not only for the selfishness and laziness of myself and others, but for the great belief which we all held in common, that every man must lay up money enough for his own future needs. Each article I used, each thing I did, involved the services of other men, who, every one of them, thought that he must make sufficient profit on his work to-day to keep him in his coming time of economic uselessness. I could not possibly command enough to pay them for their services on such an understanding and have anything left over to give away. I could not even exercise an ordinary hospitality, because it took so much to pay the bills. And I myself had not outgrown the notion that 'duty' called on us to put aside material for our own needs. How on earth could I lead the charitable life which I had come to think essential for my soul's salvation? What had I got that I could give my fellow men?

For when I questioned them to learn what they required of me, I found they

wanted help and reassurance, not for the present, but for future time. They were all 'self-respecting' men and women, and what they asked was not for charity, but for a 'job' that would enable them to make enough to live on, *and* to put a little by. Unless I could provide them with that job, a job enabling them to *save some money*, their misery was past my power to help, and keeping them alive another day meant only that I should prolong it. It existed partly in their own imagination of the position they would occupy without material means wherewith they might defray the cost of their existence; but this could not be treated as a mere delusion which destroyed their joy and peace without a cause. It was an imagination justified by the facts of life, as these appear to-day, because they lived in a community where they had to pay for daily bread, just as I paid myself, the price of all the fear involved in its production. They lived in a community where, if they had no money, they might easily be allowed to suffer, even unto death — not because there was not enough of all that they needed to supply their needs, but simply because every other man believed it was his 'duty' to keep back from their immediate necessity part of the wealth which he himself controlled, to feed and clothe himself in the lean years to come. How could I help these people, when I myself was wondering if I could not get along without a servant, because her board and wages were beyond the sum on which I felt that we 'ought' to live? Was I not acting on the same principle that they acted on themselves?

There was just one thing that I might have given them for their salvation — a knowledge of the truth which my experiments convinced me was a truth that 'worked' for any man who could believe and act upon it in a discerning

faith. I might have said, 'Give, and it will be given unto you. Lend, and God will repay your trust. Your fear of what may come upon you creates the very situation that, in its turn augments the deadly fear. You will not want so long as you can be content freely to serve the wants of other men, without anticipation of your own. The world is full of jobs. What are you waiting for? Go out and do the things that should be done, without this sordid bargaining for pay from men, and your own need will be supplied by God, from day to day.' I knew that these things which I might have said were true. I could not say them with sufficient force for any one's conviction, because I evidently did not live by them myself.

No one can advocate the life of trust who does not live it, unless he chooses to expose, to his own shame, the reasons why he does not do, himself, the thing he advocates. It is absurd to sit in a warm house, clothed with abundant garments, eating the best food that we think we can afford, secure of our own job and what it brings us, and tell those poorer than ourselves to trust in the Lord and do good. So long as we ourselves are evidently holding back from the distress of other men anything that we have that would relieve them, *because we are afraid lest we ourselves should suffer bodily discomfort from its loss*, we have no faith which will support us in the hour of trial, and surely none which can convince our neighbors of the truth of our belief. I live the life to which I was born and am accustomed. And I am, by nature, so distrustful and so mean that I cannot use the things I have with generosity and freedom, either for myself or others.

I believe in the Truth which my own life has proved to me, more firmly than in any fact of physical existence. It is a Truth which would have made me free if I had had the courage and the

character to act upon it. All around me I see people who do act upon it, who do, from instinct or from principle, the simple, kindly things, and are, in consequence, more or less unconscious of the aspect of the world which I am trying, for a purpose of my own, to emphasize. Because they do not think about themselves with apprehension, because they have warm hearts and ready sympathy, they do not come into the state of mind which I am able to expose because it has been so thoroughly my own. The good that they have done protects them from the fear of being wronged; and being kind themselves, they do not dream that others can be unkind. But I have seldom done the simple kindnesses, partly because I am not naturally kind, partly from laziness and selfishness, partly because I really thought that I could not afford to do them — though I imagine, now, that I used this thought chiefly to justify myself for what I failed to do.

There was one other, and, I think, more worthy reason, why doing simple kindnesses did not appear to me to be worth while. They did not seem to me really to help the trouble, any more than applications of cold cream would help a cancer. Such applications might make the man who put on the cold cream feel happier and less futile, but the disease would continue just the same. I was not even sure that it was well to have the ease of conscience which these personal ministrations were able to produce. I wanted to find out the *reason* for the trouble, the cause of the disease. I spent my thought and energy in doing things which I had any ground for thinking would teach me what was really wrong and what really right; and for that reason I undertook to do the things that Jesus told us to do, believing that thus I could learn whether his doctrine were of God or of himself. Being what I was, I failed.

And then I sought a consolation for my failure in what seemed to me the wonderful idea that, since human nature was the same in each man that it was in all, I might, by understanding my own failure, understand in epitome the failure of the world — might know, as God knew, what was meant by human sin.

. v

What I am writing now is nothing more than the result of self-analysis, pursued in the belief that if I could endure it to the very end I should obtain the knowledge that I sought. To me it seems entirely satisfactory, both as explaining all the suffering and as offering a solution of the problem which the modern world presents. I thought that I was fairly typical of its condition — having been brought up in the old traditions of generosity and honor, without having been told of any way in which these old traditions could find an adequate support for the nobility they asked of men. I thought that through this analysis of my own mind, and actual (not pretended) motives, I should uncover the real Truth behind the world's defense of its great faithlessness, and consequent dishonor. The old traditions rested on some ground of common thought, which somehow seemed to have undergone a change. What was it that men *used to think* which made it possible for them to do, quite simply, the things nobility required? What was it we believed to-day which let us stand excused in our own eyes for failure to act nobly, and look on the demand of Christ as one we could not be expected to fulfill?

My self-analysis revealed the change of understanding which perplexed me. Men *used to think* that each man's chief concern was the salvation of his soul. By some sublimely sentimental thinkers this had been stigmatized as

selfish preoccupation. We were almost ashamed to be preoccupied in such a way. Men *used to think* they saved their souls by freely giving what they had to give, and serving faithfully wherever they could serve. Many of us have not discarded this idea to-day, but we have limited both our giving and our service by what we think, *ourselves*, is economically possible for us to give and do. Men *used to think* free giving and free service had a divine support, — that God would really give to those who gave to others, — and this belief enabled them to disregard or overcome their natural solicitude about the future. We have lost our belief in this divine support, so that we are without defense against our apprehension. Men brought up in the old ideas dared not deny a human claim upon their charity, lest they should be denying God Himself. The background of their thought was filled with divine possibilities, which robbed them of excuse for inhumanity. The poor man at their door was the Son of Man disguised, and in supplying any want of his they had no fear of bringing want on their own households. The men of our own time dare not neglect to take out life insurance for the protection of their families. And when this step is taken, they dare not fail to pay the premium, no matter who may call upon their charity. The generation which has been persuaded that it is selfish for a man to be concerned for the salvation of his soul, has been, at the same time, persuaded that it is his 'duty' to concern himself about what he shall eat and drink, and wherewithal he shall be clothed, in time to come. And every one is doing it.

It is impressed on every man to-day, from very birth, that he must put aside as much as possible of what he has, so as to live, in evil days to come, upon the money which the men who want it then will pay him for the use of what he can

reserve in face of present need. Following Christ, for any one who has accepted this idea, involves a ceaseless calculation as to just how much will be required for this inspiring purpose. Until that needful sum has been safely 'invested' he cannot feel that he is really justified in helping any one at all. He helps because he cannot stand the sight of misery, — most of us get away from that as soon as we can move to better neighborhoods, — or because he is persuaded that it is cheaper to give to Fresh-Air funds and trade schools in the present than to support hospitals and prisons later on. As the appeals for charity affectingly remark: 'A boy at large costs less than one in jail.'

A world composed of individuals conducting life upon this understanding must necessarily develop and display just the phenomena we deprecate in modern life. Where these phenomena are less apparent we shall find people who refuse to act upon this understanding. The world is in the condition which I know well in my own consciousness — it does not dare use and enjoy the things that God has given it to-day, for fear lest it be destitute to-morrow. And in its fear it lets life perish for the lack of food. It is bad enough when a man ruins merely his own life and joy from such unworthy thought, for it means that he has no faith in the continuance toward himself of the love and mercy which have hitherto sustained him. But it is infinitely worse when he allows his neighbor to suffer and to die, simply because he thinks that he himself cannot afford to help him. The moment he does this he is himself an active agent of the evil which destroys him — he is helping to make other men believe the lie that ruins his own life. He becomes one of those who make our world a place where men are dying in the midst of plenty, simply because no other man believes that he himself

can freely give the money, strength, and time required to save them.

We go to-day, not to the priests of God but to the agents of insurance companies, to learn what we should do. And we do this because the agent is quite certain what we ought to do, and has the way marked out for us to walk in — a way which he says will preserve our self-respect, and save our wives and children from the hardships we anticipate. The priest can tell us a great many things, and some of them are very pitiful, and some are very pretty. But he cannot tell us we must not believe what the insurance agent says, because he thinks, himself, that it is true. So, in the absence of alternative, every one gives what he himself can save into the hands of men he does not trust, that they may 'make,' by using it, money enough for him to live on in a future wherein he fears that life will cost him even more than it seems to cost to-day. He gives them all he can keep back, in face of present need — and what they do with it the devil only knows, till the poor fools who let them have it start a commission of inquiry to learn where it has gone.

The alternative for which we long exists to-day, just as it always has existed. It is as possible to live without a sordid care in a cold climate as it was in Palestine. But it is only possible to him who can content himself to live, as a child lives, for one day at a time, doing that day what comes to him to do as well as he is qualified to do it, and trusting that the next day will bring forth new work, as well as wages, for itself. This is a mental attitude. It may be that of a rich man as well as of a poor one. But it cannot be the attitude of any man who thinks that he himself will stand excused, in sight of God, for keeping back from the relief of human suffering around him the things that he himself might give or do

to help it, merely that he himself may live upon the profits of such reservations in the years to come. The Babel of industrial development is towering high to-day on the assumption, utterly unwarranted by either reason or experience, that it is *necessary*, therefore ‘right,’ for every man to do this very thing. All our well-meant endeavors to reform it are undertaken in the same idea. And this is why I say I am in intellectual and moral opposition to the understanding on which modern institutions rest.

I have committed or omitted many acts from willfulness or laziness, from vanity or passion. But my repentance for those sins has not the bitterness of my repentance for the things I did or did not do in the belief to which the world is sacrificing now the fairest of its possibilities. I want to save it from self-condemnation — from such a hell as I have made of my own consciousness.

Free, fearless, and abundant living is the result of free and fearless and abundant labor. We shall have both when we convince the individual, as Christ convinced him centuries ago, that it is necessary, and *possible*, and therefore ‘right,’ for him freely to give, in human service, all that he seems to have, trusting to God for the provision of his own necessities. And he can be convinced of this only by men who live in the large-mindedness of gods themselves — who act, under all circumstances, as if it were the Truth. I have not found myself at all able to do this. It requires a full development of Christian virtues which I possess in very scanty measure. If I could do the thing I advocate, I should not need to write about it. But none the less, I know it is the Truth I advocate — the Truth to which the life of Christ is witness, and which, when men believe *and act upon it*, is bound to make them free.

“1915?”

BY AUSTIN TAPPAN WRIGHT

I

CAREFULLY locking the door behind him, Clark left his house at the usual time that morning. He went down the hill toward the stopping place of the line of electric cars that ran from the suburb where he lived to the city. It had been a hurried and disquieting night, after the stunning and unbelievable news. Then had come the gathering of friends and neighbors, and wives and daughters had been sent away, pro-

testing, in various automobiles toward the state capital.

He had slept scarcely at all, but that was now no matter, for even if he was a little shaky, he was going to his office, to-day and every other day, to carry on the work of his publicity agency. His partners and staff must be on hand, too. There was to be no giving way to panic and hysteria, and the normal business life of the city must not suffer.

At the foot of the hill he found Carter and Higgins, lawyer and merchant, his

neighbors and 'social,' as well as 'business,' friends. On the broad, double-tracked road leading cityward was no sign of any electric car.

'We have waited ten minutes,' said Carter. 'I don't believe they are running.'

'I don't see any reason for this,' grumbled Higgins.

'Nor do I,' added Clark. 'It is just the sort of thing that will foster hysteria. I suppose it is up to us to walk.'

He turned briskly, and the others followed him. Almost at once they began to meet men and women, mostly of the lower classes, heavily laden with shapeless bundles and bulging suit-cases, hastening from the city. Interspersed were carts loaded with furniture, on which were perched children and old people. Here and there an automobile threaded its way through the crowd with impatient, retching noises. The faces of all were pale and frightened.

Against this flood, at intervals, a few men struggled.

'Look at them,' cried Clark. 'There is, of course, absolutely no need of this exodus. It is just the thing to start a bad panic and throw the whole community into confusion.'

'I expect to do business to-day anyway,' said the merchant. 'I am doubtful about giving any more credit, but I telephoned to open the store.'

They stopped a man who carried a heavy bundle on his back. 'Are any stores open?'

He shook his head vaguely; then — 'Turn back, you fellers,' he cried suddenly. 'There are a hundred thousand of them. They are burning houses and shooting people.'

They passed on.

'I, for one, don't believe it,' Clark said; but the hearts of all three had quickened a little.

Nearer the city, the crowd was thicker.

'I don't see any more autos,' remarked the lawyer.

'Those who are rich enough to own them have too much sense to run away,' Clark answered; and then continued, 'These people have no right to clutter up the whole sidewalk. They ought to realize that some one is going in the opposite direction. The world is n't coming to an end.'

The streaming throng, now pressing closer about them, consisted mostly of recent immigrants, moving with a spontaneous fear that Clark, Carter, and Higgins did not understand; for the apprehension that lurked in their own hearts was slightly stimulating and related only to their business. All three were actively considering ways and means by which to weather the crisis and its results, while breasting the moving mass of men and women with the unconscious skill of city men.

In the poorer quarters at the outskirts of the city, which they had reached, some houses were already closed, with drawn blinds, and from others the inmates were still hurrying, loaded with bundles of their household goods.

'Just what one expects of Greeks and dagoes,' said Clark, elbowing his way viciously.

In front of him the crowd had all at once become much thicker, and along both curbs, at a little distance ahead, were rows of automobiles.

A rectangular group of inconspicuous figures dressed in a uniform of neutral color were standing motionless across the middle of the street. For a moment Clark seemed to feel an icy finger stealing through his hair.

'Look!' he whispered, 'there they are! They must be stopping automobiles.'

The crowd had thinned away to give the group of soldiers a wide berth, and the three men found themselves almost alone as they approached, resolutely, but with beating hearts.

An erect officer, tightly buttoned, stepped up to them.

'Where do you go?' he said with a strong foreign accent.

"I am going to my office to look after my business," said Clark shortly; 'so are these others.'

'Then you may pass,' the officer replied, and continued, pointing to a sign tacked to a near-by trolley-wire pole, 'but read that, and remember for the next time.'

In heavy, black letters was the word

ATTENTION!

and under it paragraphs in finer print. They glanced at it, — Clark in his excitement scarcely comprehending its purport, — then hurried onward into the heart of the city.

'It is to be expected, I suppose,' remarked the lawyer nervously; 'they have to take stringent measures.'

Down the narrowed way between the automobiles, which lined both curbs, a file of pedestrians and wagons, closely packed, was moving slowly.

They forced a pathway for themselves through the equally dense mass on the sidewalk. Clark's mind, teased into desperation by the inert throng, reached forward anxiously to his office. Come what might, he would keep his contracts and make others keep theirs. Every man of business must carry on his business, as in any other time, for in business was the greatness of his country. He must bring off the 'deals' he was planning, and then he could buy a motor-car in the spring, spend the summer at that hotel on the shore, do all the ambitious things he dreamed of.

The flood that they were stemming brought him at last to a stop. In front of them, headed as they, was a big man in a fur coat buffeting his way with two suit-cases.

Carter, recognizing a friend, hailed him.

'They have taken my car!' was the frantic answer. 'I was going out to our summer place. Isn't it horrible? — Do you think I shall ever get it back?'

'They probably intend to pay you,' replied the lawyer.

'I don't believe it. I wish I did.'

'Well, that sign they put up says this is merely a temporary occupation for strategic purposes, and that everything is to be paid for,' said the lawyer without conviction. 'Did you read it?'

'I did, but I don't believe any of it. I tried first to get out by rail early this morning, but all service is suspended. They have seized all passenger and freight cars — they won't pay for them.'

A low rumbling in the distance brought a sudden terrified silence. Those in the street began pressing back upon the sidewalk, and the crowd became rough and pushing.

Along the road came files of horsemen, all in their neutral color, riding in perfect line, and after them, with a heavy roar, rolled a long train of guns and gun carriages on which sat swaying soldiers.

The mass on the sidewalk moved back and forth. Clark felt it crushing him, and in an eddy was swept away from the others. With a final row of horsemen the passing regiment came to an end, and when the crowd flooded back into the street, he seized the opportunity offered by the loosening of pressure upon him, and pushed rapidly on.

At a news-stand where he regularly bought a morning paper he stopped.

'Have you got a *Crier*?' he asked the boy who was idly standing near.

'No papers to-day.'

This was a blow indeed, for newspapers were essential to much of his work.

'How long is it going to last?' he said to the boy.

'Don't ask me.'

'Got any yesterday's papers?'

'All sold out.'

Clark went on his way empty-handed. This could not continue, he told himself; there would be papers in a day or two; and though the text might be censored, the advertisements of course would not be.

In the business centre it was unexpectedly quiet. Only here and there were shops open, and in many of these an anxious salesman stood in the doorway, prepared to close at a moment's notice. As on a Sunday, there were none of the innumerable wagons and drays of trade, whose rattle and rumble comforts the business man's deep-lying love of movement and commerce.

Clark's heart sank at the strange hush; his own fellow countrymen in their silent and complete abandonment of their daily labor seemed to be deserting him. Then he had a sudden idea: new fields for his work were perhaps open to him. There must be a way to reach the commissary of the invaders or the taste of the individual soldiers. He must procure the services of some one who spoke their language!

Here and there were knots of them, well armed and quiet, with officers, tightly uniformed, strutting proudly. Their numerous presence, that seemed so idle, was to keep his city in order! It was perhaps necessary from their point of view, but it was annoying that they had to flaunt themselves in doing it. Policing of this sort was not needed, if people kept their heads. Panic, he told himself, was often largely psychological. The business men of the city and these newcomers must somehow be brought together in an effort to keep matters normal until the latter withdrew, — he seemed to remember that in their proclamation they had made a promise so to do. The next one he came to he must read with more care.

In the square in front of City Hall a vast number of soldiers were massed

in regular lines. Around the outskirts slowly moved a silent, loitering, sullen crowd.

Clark, in passing, examined the massed men. In their uniforms they looked all of the same size, a well-set-up, muscular lot, with foreign faces — veterans all. They were standing in close ranks, at attention, and their subservience to command made them seem to him sheepish and slightly absurd. 'This is not *their* doing,' said he, congratulating himself profoundly that he lived in a democratic land, where the people ruled and were not subject to a despot.

Something was evidently going on at City Hall. He hoped with all his heart that the mayor and aldermen were aware that they must bend every effort to preserve normal commercial life. If he only had a chance, he could make clear what was essential.

Seeing a copy of the proclamation, he stopped with several others to read it carefully.

In explicit terms it stated that the seizure of the city was a strategic necessity; that there was no intention to occupy it permanently if no resistance was offered, but that strict measures were required if any citizens in any way opposed or hindered military measures; that in such an event the city would be treated as conquered territory and all guilty persons would be punished with death; that the city officials were being held as hostages and would pay the penalty if there were outbreaks or sniping; that for all supplies taken by the garrisoning force prompt payment would be made in cash (or redeemable notes), but that all demands for any commodity must receive instantaneous compliance; that all citizens must remember that they were now subject to military rule and must at once obey implicitly any order or requirement of any soldier; that respect must be paid

all soldiers, and, accordingly, civilians must salute officers; and, further, if in doubt as to whether a soldier were an officer, the civilian must still salute; and that if all these regulations were obeyed, great benefits would result from the kindly feelings and other advantages of the occupying force.

Clark turned away suddenly. This was going very far, he thought, although he had to admit that they were in a ticklish position, those fellows.

As he was leaving the proclamation, it was all at once as if a hand squeezed his heart. He was angry. What right had they to make such demands upon peaceful citizens? He quickened his steps.

II

In the great building that housed his offices there was none of the usual morning rush of workers. Only one elevator was running, and the middle-aged 'boy' in charge could not tell where the other boys were. They had not come in, he stated, but he had seen no reason why he should not turn up.

'That is right,' cried Clark, 'business must go on as usual.'

'Yes, sir,' said the boy.

At his office he found that only his youngest partner, Harry Miller, formerly an employee, had arrived. The absence of bookkeeper and stenographers was perhaps explained by the fact that they were women; but Smith, his immediate junior, and the other men ought to have come.

'Where is Smith?' he asked Miller crossly.

Miller shook his head. 'Had n't we better close up shop for a few days?'

Clark had been expecting some such proposal and was ready. 'No! not at all. I did n't expect that, Miller. We must stick to the ship, and incidentally we will be an example to the panic-stricken fools who have shut down and

tried to run away. We will be accustomed to this occupation in a day or two. Now, there are three hundred thousand persons in this city earning their daily bread, who face ruin if they stop work. We will perform our part. I am going to tell our large customers that we are doing business. I have several ideas. We have a busy day ahead. — I hope to God that the telephone is working.'

'Have you read the proclamation?' asked Miller.

'Yes, I have,' Clark replied; 'you noticed that they urged us to keep on with our regular occupations.' He had spoken partly to reassure himself, for in his heart was an aching fear for his business, which was just beginning to seem a little gold mine of profit.

'Miller,' he said earnestly, 'you and I must keep things going here. There is psychology in the present moment. If we do big things now, the future will take care of itself. First of all, we need a man who speaks their language. Can't you drum up one of your college friends? Those fellows must do buying — so why not go after their trade?'

Under Miller's eyes his face flushed slightly.

'Take it from me!' he continued vehemently. 'Now find some such man. I am going after our customers — if I can get them — and tell them what we plan to do.'

The younger man turned and walked away slowly.

'Miller,' called Clark, 'this is no time for sentiment.'

'I am not sentimental. I was just thinking what's the use.'

Clark sat down at his desk and lifted the receiver of his telephone to his ear. Almost at once came a staccato voice, 'What number?' and he felt like crying aloud with relief.

He interviewed such of his customers as he could reach, telling eagerly his

plans. He found demoralization and dread of business loss, but the fearful minds of his 'people' were susceptible to his suggestions. He felt that he was making progress. The telephone was a wonderful thing. If only his stenographer were here!

He gave to Central the number of the house in an outlying town where she lived, and was told that suburban and long-distance services had been discontinued.

They were isolating the city! He had a moment of quick rage. It was with effort that his thoughts returned to his work, and while he was telephoning, he organized mentally a representative delegation to present the needs of the business world to the general in charge. It was an idea which might help him. He rather flattered himself that he had great executive ability, once granted opportunity.

Miller, returning later in the morning, came to Clark's desk, and said rather sullenly, —

'I think I have found the man you want — for a time at least. The schools are closed, so I hunted up one of the teachers of foreign languages. He is coming in this afternoon.'

'Good!' cried Clark, and in turn told what he had been accomplishing.

Miller did not brighten as usual.

'Are you with me, Miller, in all this?'

'Yes — I am with you, but I can't get over the disgrace.'

'Disgrace? There is no disgrace in attending to business.'

'No — I suppose not, but there is disgrace in letting these fellows walk all over us.'

'Is Clark, Smith & Co. responsible for that? If any one, the government at Washington is to blame. What happened was this: we were not prepared to keep the invaders out and they knew it; this city makes a convenient base; they saw their chance and seized it; we

are not at war with them; and it was necessity, from their point of view, I suppose. But all this gets you and me nowhere. As business men, we have a civic duty to perform in keeping things going right here at home.'

Miller did not answer for a moment, for he was too recently an employee to argue with his senior partner.

'I am with you, Clark,' he said.

The other clapped him on the shoulder, and exclaimed, 'That's the talk. Now to work!' — But in his heart was an unexpected and troubling sense of shame.

Shortly afterwards the advertising manager of a large retail grocery called upon them in response to a suggestion of Clark's as to inserting an announcement in the newspapers in the language of the invaders; and after a conference, Clark went out for lunch and to make the rounds of the newspaper offices to ascertain what might be done there.

III

The street still wore the Sunday morning aspect of sombre desertion, now more ominous, and the few others who were abroad were moving hurriedly, close to the walls of buildings.

Stimulated and excited by the changed conditions, Clark walked along boldly toward the lunch counter, where perched on a high stool he often ate his noontime sandwich and drank a cup of coffee. Advertised as 'Never Closed,' it was shut and lifeless now. That might be because the help were mostly women, he told himself, and sought a down-town hotel. In the restaurant were few diners, except at a centre table where a group of men were talking eagerly in a foreign language. They were in uniform, and Clark felt a slight tightening across his scalp.

There were no bills of fare on the table by the window where he sat.

'Where is the menu, Sam?' he asked of the old negro who came at last to take his order.

'None were printed, sir. We did n't expect many gentlemen, and we are short-handed, but I guess we can serve you with something, sir.' A few dishes were named.

Clark was giving his order, when one of the officers called loudly to the old man, who hurried away instantly. The waiter was detained interminably.

'Damned rudeness!' said Clark to himself. 'If they want to keep in our good graces, this is n't the way to go about it.' And then it came to him suddenly that they did not care at all for the good graces either of himself or his fellow citizens.

His anger grew steadily. He was hungry. He wanted to expostulate, but was aware that he did not dare. One of the officers glanced over at him and laughed. The waiter, after being released and called back several times, at last started toward Clark to finish taking the order, but one of them belloyed at him and he turned and fled to the kitchen.

Clark sat in silence, endeavoring to be calm. Such insults had to be endured, he told himself, for he had a big task to perform. Still too angry not to rage at something, he transferred his wrath to the government of his country for not saving its citizens from this disgrace.

At last he was served, but not until the officers had finished. He ate hurriedly to make up time needlessly wasted, and feeling a little calmer, set out again toward the office of the *Crier*.

At a cross street leading up from the water-front, he found a straggling crowd on the sidewalk, in front of which were marching a long file of men, eight abreast, all in their neutrally colored uniforms. The precision of the lines was so perfect that they looked like lead

soldiers turned out of a common mould.

Blocked from crossing the street, Clark felt his irritation returning with renewed force. He was not going to be stopped from attending to his business. Mastering a sudden sinking of the heart, he elbowed his way to the front of the crowd of bystanders, watched his chance, and made a dash between two ranks.

Foreign voices shouted around him, he was seized, prodded with something sharp, and hustled back to the spot whence he had come, while an angry man stood shaking him and yelling in his ear words he did not understand. His hat was knocked off, his hand was thrust up to his face and down in a forced salute, he was prodded again, and then he was left trembling and weak on the edge of the sidewalk.

A sullen murmur passed through the crowd around him, and he was steadied by a friendly hand. Though not frightened, he was badly shaken, and it was slowly that self-possession returned to him; but with it came anger, deeper and stronger.

'Best not to try that again,' said a voice in his ear. 'There is no telling what they will do. You got off easy.'

At last the regiment passed and, with the others, he crossed the street a little unsteadily, still feeling pain in the places where he had been prodded.

Outside the *Crier's* office was a file of soldiers standing with grounded arms, and a sentry at the door barred the way in. Clark explained why he had come, but the man shook his head, not understanding, and motioned him to stand aside and wait with several others. After a long time an officer appeared with an editor, and one by one those waiting were summoned, but only a few were admitted. When Clark's turn came, the editor said to him, 'Mr. Clark, I believe. I am afraid that I must ask your errand.'

‘I want to arrange about some advertising. Some of my regular customers may want to place ads with you in those fellows’ language. It will help you, and me, too, in this crisis.’

The editor explained to the officer, who listened dubiously but at last nodded absently, and Clark was allowed to enter the building. He found his way to the desk of Green, the advertising editor, who received him dejectedly and told him, leaning over the desk and speaking low, that the paper was practically in the charge of the invaders now and that they had suppressed the issue of that morning but had given orders that the issue of the next day must appear as usual, containing matter largely of their own. Everything else would have to be passed by a censor. Clark’s idea, however, seemed to him a practicable one. He hazarded a guess that an advertisement, addressed to the invaders in their own language, of things they were accustomed to have at home, not only would be good business but would pass the censor as well. They discussed details.

Clark found himself quite unexpectedly weary. Surprise at the news of the invaders’ coming, that had spread on the magical swift feet of rumor during the evening and night before, the long hours of anxiety, the busy morning, and above all the shock of rough handling, had transported him into a strange realm of fatigue where other men moved before his eyes like mechanical, grimacing figures. With great effort he braced himself to think and act, deciding that he had need of a drink of something strong on his way to the office of the *Courier*.

‘There are only two or three of us who can speak their language,’ Green was saying; ‘we are much tied up consequently. Still, if you get your stuff around at the usual time we can print it, I think.’

Clark rose. ‘Business must go on—’ he began wearily; but had not the energy to continue.

Once more in the street, he looked up at the sky. Overhead was the familiar, smoke-tinged blue, but in the motionless façades of the buildings, in the many curtained shops, in the emptiness of the streets, and in the furtive silence of the few passers was something chilling and sinister. Before the big guns of the invaders’ battleships in the harbor below, what houses of cards were all these apparently substantial structures! He knew that, in many of the trades which they housed, the margin of profit — gained with infinite care and worry — was figured so closely that without the usual pressure of daily business one would follow another in a widening circle of disaster, no less ruinous than destruction by bombardment. Against this moral ruin he must fight with other sane-minded men, and he, an intermediary between business and the public in his occupation, was above all able to act effectively. He must not let languor overcome him.

At that moment he saw a group of officers approaching and remembered the proclamation. He was supposed to salute! In an ecstasy of angry, silent swearing at these men, his plans were at once forgotten. He crossed the street to avoid them.

There was no guard at the offices of the *Courier*, but instead, a blackboard with the words: ‘CLOSED. The *Courier* has been ordered to suspend publication.’

At the near-by office of the *Patriot* (the great evening paper that begot prejudices and then fed them with garbled news) he found a placard: ‘Publication resumed in a few days.’ The advertising manager, who was at his office, notwithstanding, told Clark that all the papers except the *Crier* had been suspended by order of the general in

charge, but that the *Patriot* was moving heaven and earth to be allowed to continue publication, and, therefore, advertising matter would be accepted conditionally. A campaign to keep business going was to be started as soon as publication was resumed.

Clark kindled for a moment. 'Count on me to help in that,' he said; 'I have been talking it up all day. It is our only hope' — But suddenly his enthusiasm drained away. Not admitting that he was weary, he told himself that those *Patriot* fellows were a yellow crowd, and were not the sort with whom he cared to ally himself.

IV

Returning to his office, he found Miller and the schoolmaster there. They had made a few drafts for proposed advertisements, but these had been cast aside unfinished.

'I have got in touch with the newspaper situation,' Clark began. 'The *Crier* will be out to-morrow, and I have practically arranged to run two quarter-page ads for the rest of the week. That is a beginning. I hope you have something ready, Miller; if so, I'll call up and arrange definitely about it.'

Miller showed the sketches.

'We must make these more striking,' said Clark. 'Let us take the first word of their proclamation and run it in full block letters, translated, all the way across the top.'

He bent over the plans, but it was several minutes before he could force his mind to comprehend them fully.

'This is the strangest situation that ever was!' said Miller suddenly and irrelevantly. 'Here is the city fallen into the hands of these fellows, with only half a dozen shots fired from an antiquated fort down the harbor and not a man killed on the ships. It makes my blood boil. Thirty men fell at the fort.'

'Thirty men killed!' cried Clark, a wave of red flashing before his eyes. 'How did you learn that?'

'I went around to the Lodge, where I thought some of the men might drop in with news. There are all kinds of rumors abroad. The militia are called out all over the state, but round here nothing will happen, of course. They have seized the armory — marched right to it at once. Early this morning they commandeered every freight and passenger car in the yards, and ten thousand men at least are on their way inland now. They are trying to suppress it, but I was told for a fact that the Governor got out the militia at midnight and marched them all south to Bellport. Some of the local men are going there if they can get through. I'd go if I were in the militia.'

Clark, listening eagerly, felt a swell of pride at the Governor, forgetting that just before the last election he had called him and his party crooks.

'I wonder what militia can do,' he said meditatively.

'They can at least protest.'

'They will stick to it like men. We can be sure of that anyway.'

He had a mental vision of the militia — many were his friends — harried by the superior number and equipment of the invaders, but fighting and dying without a murmur. It was more than he could bear, and for refuge he turned again to the plans.

'This discussion is getting us nowhere. We must turn to on this job. The duty of us civilians here is to attend to business,' he said; but the thought of business seemed at that moment somehow a base desertion. He flushed first with shame and then with sudden anger.

'I suppose it is,' Miller was saying. 'It is all we can do anyway. How helpless we are!'

Clark was quite motionless — but

idleness helped no one. He turned to their work, and his mind wandered. The unusual silence of the street beneath the high window of the office made him listen constantly, breaking the thread of plans and schemes. Through his mind they ran, as memories of a day's work run through an overtaxed brain at night, with endless repetitions leading nowhere; and continually he reverted to the ruinous, insulting blow dealt his city and country from a peaceful sky.

Yet under all his thoughts lay anger, impotent, helpless, and wearying. He wanted to slink away somewhere, until conditions were changed by forces outside himself into something within the grasp of his mind. He was actually becoming sympathetic with those who had dropped everything! He concentrated his attention with determination, and the draft was at last finished. The teacher left, to return on the morrow, and Miller and Clark were left alone.

It had begun to grow dark. The whole city was very still. In the cessation of the friendly activity, which usually wrapped so closely the busy days of the two men, was something terrible.

'This is awful,' murmured Miller.

'I wonder if they have met the militia yet.'

'What can militia do?'

'Nothing but hold them back for a while, and be killed doing it! These are trained veterans. We have no regulars within a thousand miles. Oh, have we got to lie down under it, Miller?'

'We have been cowards all these years, not getting ready for this!'

'Not a bit of it. We were too busy. But see here — you and I must not be morbid. I am going over to the *Crier* office with this stuff. Then I shall come back, and spend the night in town somewhere. I think that this evening

I shall hunt up some of our big customers and talk things over.'

'I'll stay here and wait for you.'

Once more in the street Clark felt very lonely, helpless, and isolated. He was a mere dot in the great city of his fellow countrymen, but was it not his duty, nevertheless, to live and work as usual and do his best to preserve the delicate adjustment of business life?

He made his way through the now deserted streets to the office of the newspaper. The wandering throng of curious idlers had found little to interest them in this part of the city, but outside the office of the *Crier* there was still a knot of them watching a group of sentries and the bulletin board, on which was now written: 'The *Crier* will appear as usual to-morrow.'

Green was at his desk and the proposed advertisement was submitted to him and approved.

'I have to show this to the captain in charge,' he said to Clark, 'before we can print it. Come with me. He has the president's room. They have got together a lot of stuff for to-morrow's issue. There was a great row, but the president finally induced them to sign all their articles, "Printed by order."'

At the president's desk sat a young officer, with a quick, intelligent face, who spoke excellent English. He looked through the advertisement hastily, signed it with a flourish, then gave a keen glance at Clark.

'Good,' he said; 'we do not wish to hinder any more than is quite necessary the business of your city. We shall be most friendly, until provoked — then we shall strike and strike hard. But do not be afraid of us. Tell your men of business that we are glad to help them to keep their shops open. This advertisement is a right step. It may lead to friendly and profitable relations in future. I, therefore, approve it. That is all.'

'Little rat,' whispered Clark to himself, 'I would like to strangle you!'

The officer had ceased to regard him, and he turned and left the room and the building, too angry to speak to Green.

'You will have to keep cool,' he continued to himself, 'if you wish to get along with these fellows.'

V

Twilight was nearer now. At rare intervals a window or door glowed wanly, and, except for these, the street was filled with a diffused and rather ghostly light reflected from the flaming sky overhead. He had often hurried home to his wife in this evening glow. It used to mean affection and peacefulness, dinner, and a few idle hours with newspaper or novel of adventure; but now his city was overrun with alien people; there was no peace anywhere, and no place was any longer his own privacy. The buildings about him seemed deserted and pitiful.

'You'll have to keep cool,' he told himself again, and then laughed grimly; for anger, instead of lessening, had grown into something greater than himself, in which he could exult.

He made his way to his office by back streets, where the buildings towered over him, unlighted and enormous. There were no stragglers here.

All at once he saw approaching him two men who spoke loudly together in foreign voices. Something on their uniforms glittered for a moment. A wave of terror swept over him, but he continued steadily on his way with eyes to the front. The two men, abreast, were leaving no room to pass. He set his teeth and walked straight ahead, looking beyond them.

'Civilians must salute officers, and if in doubt—'

Suddenly a face with wide, bright

eyes was close to his own, and his body had struck another body.

Two voices bellowed. He felt a hot, vinous breath. 'Salute!' came a cry in his ear, and a hand leaped at his wrist to force it.

Hard and gloriously his fist came against something that crunched, and the face in front of him sank suddenly away.

As in a flash of light he remembered a trick of school days. With the sole of his boot he kicked sideways viciously at the ankle of the other officer, felt him fall, and then turned and ran.

Hearing behind him a furious shouting and uproar, he fled along the street, swung through the revolving door of an office building, raced along the entry and out again upon another street, and then through another building, across an alley, and out upon a third street. He knew his way unerringly.

His heart was pounding madly now, and he was laughing through his panting breath.

'I am good for two of them when I get going,' he repeated over and over.

He knew that the officers could not find him.

At last he reached his rooms, where he found Miller at the window looking out. It was dark now except for a fiery, saffron band in the west.

He sank into a chair, suddenly weary. His heart drummed frantically. Exultation seemed to be fading; he was a very weak and little thing after all.

There was a long silence.

'Clark,' said Miller, 'in spite of all this shame, I never loved my country more.'

The older man collected himself slowly, resolutely, and mastered betraying weakness.

'Harry,' he answered firmly, 'I am going to Bellport to-night if I have to walk all the way. Come with me. They need us there.'

THE HOUSE ON HENRY STREET

II. CHILDREN AND PLAY

BY LILLIAN D. WALD

I

THE visitor who sees our neighborhood for the first time at the hour when school is dismissed, reacts with joy or dismay to the sight, not paralleled in any part of the world, of thousands of little ones on a single city block.

Out they pour, the little hyphenated Americans, more conscious of their patriotism than perhaps any other large group of children that could be found in our land; unaware that to some of us they carry on their shoulders our hopes of a finer, more democratic America, when the worthy things they bring to us shall be recognized, and the good in their old-world traditions and culture shall be mingled with the best that lies within our new-world ideals. Only through knowledge is one fortified to resist the onslaught of arguments of the superficial observer who, dismayed by the sight, is conscious only of 'hordes' and 'danger to America' in these little children.

They are irresistible. They open up wide vistas of the many lands from which they come. The multitude passes: swinging walk, lagging step; smiling, serious — just little children, forever appealing, and these, perhaps, more than others stir the emotions. 'Crime, ignorance, dirt, anarchy!' Not theirs the fault if any of these be true, although sometimes perfectly good children are spoiled, as Jacob Riis, that buoyant

lover of them, has said. As a nation we must rise or fall as we serve or fail these future citizens.

Their appeal suggests that social exclusions and prejudices separate far more effectively than distance and differing language. They bring a hope that a better relationship — even the great brotherhood — is not impossible, and that through love and understanding we shall come to know the shame of prejudice.

Instinctively the sympathetic observer feels the possibilities of the young life that passes before the settlement doors, and sincerity demands that something shall be known of the conditions, economic, political, religious, or, perchance, of the mere spirit of venture that brought them here. How often have the conventionally educated been driven to the library to obtain that historic perspective of the people who are in our midst, without which they cannot be understood! What fascinating excursions have been made into folklore in the effort to comprehend some strange custom unexpectedly encountered!

When the anxious friends of the dying Italian brought a chicken to be killed over him, the tenement-house bed became the sacrificial altar of long ago; and when the old, rabbinical-looking grandfather took hairs from the head of the sick child, a bit of his fingernail, and a garment that had been close to

his body, and cast them into the river while he devoutly prayed that the little life might be spared, he declared his faith in the purification of running water.

It is necessary to spend a summer in our neighborhood to realize fully the conditions under which many thousands of children are reared. One night during my first month on the East Side, sleepless because of the heat, I leaned out of the window and looked down on Rivington Street. Life was in full course there. Some of the pushcart vendors still sold their wares. Sitting on the curb directly under my window, with her feet in the gutter, was a woman, drooping from exhaustion, a baby at her breast. The fire-escapes, considered the most desirable sleeping-places, were crowded with the youngest and the oldest; children were asleep on the sidewalks, on the steps of the houses, and in the empty pushcarts; some of the more venturesome men and women with mattress or pillow staggered toward the river-front or the parks. I looked at my watch. It was two o'clock in the morning!

Many times since that summer of 1893 have I seen similar sights, and always I have been impressed with the kindness and patience, sometimes the fortitude, of our neighbors, and I have marveled that out of conditions distressing and nerve-destroying as these, so many children have emerged into fine manhood and womanhood, and often, because of their early experiences, have become intelligent factors in promoting measures to guard the next generation against conditions which they know to be destructive.

Before I lived in the midst of this dense child-population, and while I was still in the hospital, I had been touched by glimpses of the life revealed in the games played in the children's ward. Up to that time my knowledge of little

ones had been limited to those to whom the people in fairy tales were real, and whose games and stories reflected the protective care of their elders. My own earliest recollections of play had been of story-telling, of housekeeping with all the things in miniature that grown-ups use, and of awed admiration of the big brother who graciously permitted us to witness hair-raising performances in the barn, to which we paid admittance in pins. The children in the hospital ward who were able to be about, usually on crutches or with arms in slings, played 'Ambulance' and the 'Gerry Society.' The latter game dramatized their conception of the famous Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children as an ogre that would catch them. The ambulance game was of a child, or a man at work, injured and carried away to the hospital.

Many years' familiarity with the children's attempts to play in the streets has not made me indifferent to its pathos, which is not the less real because the children themselves are unconscious of it. In the midst of the pushcart market, with its noise, confusion, and jostling, the checker or crokinole board is precariously perched on the top of a hydrant, constantly knocked over by the crowd and patiently replaced by the little children. One tearful small boy described his morning when he said he had done nothing but play, but first the 'cop' had snatched his dice, then his 'cat' (a piece of wood sharpened at both ends), and nobody wanted him to chalk on the sidewalk, and he had been arrested for throwing a ball.

A man since risen to distinction in educational circles, whose childhood was passed in our neighborhood, told me how he and his companions had once taken a dressmaker's lay figure. They had no money to spend on the theatre and no place to play in but a cellar. They had admired the gaudy

posters of a melodrama in which the hero rescues the lady and carries her over a chasm. Having no lady in their cast, they borrowed the dressmaker's lay figure — without permission. Fortunately, and accidentally, they escaped detection. It is not difficult to see how the entire course of this boy's career might have been altered if arrest had followed, with its consequent humiliation and degradation. At least, looking back upon it, the young man sees how the incident might have deflected his life.

The instruction in folk-dancing which the children now receive in the public schools and recreation centres has done much to develop a wholesome and delightful form of exercise, and has given picturesqueness to the dancing in the streets. But yesterday I found myself pausing on East Houston Street to watch a group of children assemble at the sound of a familiar dance from a hurdy-gurdy, and looking up I met the sympathetic smile of a teamster who also had stopped. The children, absorbed in their dance, were quite unconscious that congested traffic had halted and that busy people had taken a moment from their engrossing problems to be refreshed by the sight of their youth and grace. For that brief instant even the cry of 'War Extra' was unheeded.

. II

Touching as are the little children deprived of opportunity for wholesome play, a deeper compassion stirred our hearts when we began to realize the critically tender age at which many of them share the experiences, anxieties, and tragedies of the adult. I cannot efface from my memory the picture of a little eight-year-old girl whom I once found standing on a chair to reach a washtub, trying with her tiny hands to cleanse some bed-linen which would

have been a task for an older person. Every few minutes the child got down from her chair to peer into the next room where her mother and the new-born baby lay, all her little mind intent upon giving relief and comfort. She had been alone with her mother when the baby was born and terror was on her face.

I think the memory never left her, but it may be only that her presence called up, even after the lapse of years, a vision of the anxious little face inevitably contrasted in my mind with the picture of irresponsible childhood.

At about the same time we made the acquaintance of the K—— family, through nursing one of the children. The mother was a large-framed, phlegmatic, seemingly emotionless type, although she did show appreciation of our liking for her children. The father was only occasionally mentioned. We assumed that he was away seeking work, a common explanation then of the absence of the men of the families. One afternoon I stopped at their house to make arrangements for the children's trip to the country. Early the next morning, awakened by a pounding on the door, I opened it to find little Esther beside herself with excitement, repeating over and over, 'My mother she die! My mother she die!' Following fast, it was not possible to keep pace with her. When, breathless, I entered their rooms it was to see the mother's body hanging from a doorway. She had been brooding over a summons to testify in court that morning against her husband, who had been arrested for bigamy, and this was her answer to the court and to the other woman.

The frightened little children were scattered among different institutions. From one of these Esther was sent West to a home that was found for her. Possibly she was so young that the terrible picture faded from her mind. At least

there was no mention of it in the first letter which she wrote, announcing that her new home was a farm and that they had 'six cows, eighty chickens, eleven pigs, and a *nephew*.' The nephew Esther eventually married.

In the first party of children that we sent to the country were three little girls, daughters of a skilled cobbler. The mother, a complaining, exacting invalid, spent a large proportion of her husband's earnings for patent medicines. Annie, not quite twelve, was the household drudge, and the coming of the settlement nurse lifted only part of her burden. The new friends, determined to get at least two weeks of care-free childhood for the little girls, procured an invitation for them, through a Fresh-Air agency, from a farmer in the western part of the state. It was necessary to secure the mother's admission to a hospital during the time the children would be absent from home — not an easy task, as she was not what is termed a 'hospital case.' When we met the children at the railroad station on their return, their joyousness and bubbling spirits attracted the attention of the onlookers; but as Annie neared home its responsibilities fell like a heavy cloud upon her, and before we reached the tenement she was silent. Her quick eye discerned the absence of the brick which had kept the front hall door open, and in a second she had darted into the yard and replaced it. Before we left, with sleeves rolled up she was beginning to wash the pile of dishes that had accumulated in her absence. Gone was the gayety. The little drudge had resumed her place. Later, when the child swore falsely to her age, and the notary public, upon whose certificate employment papers could at that time be obtained, affixed his signature to her perjury, the position she secured as cash girl in the basement of a department store was, to

her, emancipation from hateful labor and an opportunity for fellowship with children.

III

Recalling early days, I am constantly reminded of the sympathy and comprehension of those friends who, though not stimulated as my comrade and I were by constant reminders of the children's needs, from the beginning promoted and often anticipated our efforts to provide innocent recreation. We had not thought of the possibility of giving pleasure to large groups of children in picnics and day parties, when a friend, a few days after our arrival in the neighborhood, asked us to celebrate his sister's birthday by giving 'fun' to some of our new acquaintances. I yet remember the thrill I felt when I realized that this gift was not for shoes or practical necessities, but for 'just what children anywhere would like.'

Two memories of this first party stand out sharply: the songs the children sang, — 'She's More to be Pitied than Censured,' and 'Judge, Forgive Him, 'Tis His First Offence,' — painfully revealing a precocious knowledge, and their ecstasy at the sight of a wonderful dogwood tree. Now, when the settlement children go on day parties, they have another repertory, and the music they learn in the public schools reflects the finer thought for the child.

During the two years that Miss Brewster and I lived in the Jefferson Street house we frequently made up impromptu parties to visit the distant parks, usually on Sunday afternoons when we were likely to be free. After a while it was not difficult to secure comradeship for the children from men and women of our acquaintance, and the parties were multiplied. In the winter, rumors of 'a fine hill all covered with snow' on Riverside Drive would be a

stimulus to secure a sled or improvise a toboggan, and we found that, given opportunity and encouragement, the city tenement boys threw themselves readily into venturesome sport.

Happily some of the early prejudice against ball-playing on Sunday has vanished. We were perplexed in those days to explain to the lads why, when they saw the ferries and trains convey golfers suitably attired and expensively equipped for a day's sport, their own games should outrage respectable citizens and cause them to be constantly 'chased' by the police. The saloons could be entered, as everybody knew, and I remember a father, defending his eight-year-old son from an accusation of theft, instancing as proof of the child's trustworthiness that 'all the Christians on Jackson Street sent him for their beer on Sundays.'

In our search for a place where the boys might play undisturbed, one of the settlement residents, a never-failing friend of the young people, invoked the federal government itself, and secured for them an unused field on Governor's Island.

Now, in the summer-time, many of the organized activities of the settlement are removed from the neighborhood. Early in the season the 'hikers' begin their walks with club leaders. I felt a glow of happiness one Sunday morning when I stood on the steps of our house and watched six different groups of boys set off for the country, with ball and bat and sandwiches, each group led by a young man who had himself been a member of our early parties and had been first introduced to trees and open spaces and the more active forms of healthful play by his settlement friends.

The woeful lack of imagination displayed in building a city without recognizing the need of its citizens for recreation through play, music, and art, has

been borne in upon us many times. New Yorkers need to be reminded that the Metropolitan Museum of Art was effectually closed to a large proportion of the citizens until, on May 31, 1891, it opened its doors on Sundays. It is interesting to recall that of the 80,000 signatures to the petition for this privilege, 50,000 were of residents of the lower East Side and were presented by the 'Working People's Petition Committee.' The report of the Museum trustees following the Sunday opening, notes that after a little disorder and confusion at the start, the experiment proved a success; that the attendance was 'respectable, law-abiding, and intelligent,' and that 'the laboring classes are well represented.' They were also obliged to report, however, that the Sunday opening had 'offended some of the Museum's best friends and supporters,' and that it had 'resulted in the loss of a bequest of \$50,000.'

IV

When we left the tenement house we were fortunate to find for sale, on a street that still bore evidences of its by-gone social glory, a house which readily lent itself to the restorer's touch. Tradition says that many of these fine old East Side houses were built by cabinet-makers who came over from England during the War of 1812 and remained here as citizens. The generous purchaser allowed us freedom to repair, restore, and alter, as our taste directed. Attractive as we found the house, we were even more excited over the possibilities of the little back yard. Our first organized effort for the neighborhood was to convert this yard and one belonging to an adjacent school, with, later, the yard of a third house rented by one of our residents, into a miniature but very complete playground. There was so little precedent to guide us that our re-

sourcefulness was stimulated, and we succeeded in achieving what the distinguished Bostonian who is President of the National Playground Association has called the 'Bunker Hill' of playgrounds.

Along the borders we planted bright-colored flowers — which were not disturbed by the children. An old wistaria vine on a trellis covered nearly a third of the playground, and two ailanthus trees, usually regarded with contempt by tree lovers, were highly cherished by those who otherwise would have lived a treeless life. Window-boxes jutted from the rear windows of the two houses controlled by the settlement, and in one corner, shaded by a striped awning, we put the big sand-pile. Joy-giving 'scups' (the local name for swings) were erected, and some suitable gymnastic apparatus, parallel bars and overhead ladder, placed. Baby hammocks were swung, their occupants tenderly cared for by little mothers and little fathers. Manual training was provided by a picturesque sailor from Sailor's Snug Harbor who, at a stretching frame, taught the making of hammocks.

In the morning under the pergola an informal kindergarten was conducted, and in the afternoon attendants directed play and taught the use of gymnastic apparatus. Later in the day the mothers and older children came, and a little hurdy-gurdy occasionally marked the rhythm of the dance. So interested in the playground were the household and their visitors, that at odd moments an enthusiast would rush in from other duties and give the hurdy-gurdy an extra turn, to supplement the entertainment. At night the baby hammocks and chairs were stored away and Japanese lanterns illuminated the playground, which then welcomed the young people who, after their day's work, took pleasure in each other's society and in singing familiar songs.

On Saturday afternoons the playground was used almost exclusively by fathers and mothers, but it was a pretty sight at all times, and the value placed upon it by those who used it was far in excess of our own estimate. It was something more than amusement that moved us when a young couple, who had been invited to one of the evening parties, stood at the back door of the settlement house and gazed admiringly at the little pleasure place. Gowned in white, we awaited our guests, and as I rose from the bench under the pergola to cross the yard and give them welcome, the young printer said with enthusiasm, 'This must be like the scenes of country life in English novels.'

It was a heaven of delight to the children, and ingenuity was displayed by those who sought admittance. The children soon learned that 'little mothers' and their charges had precedence, and there was rivalry as to who should hold the family baby. When (as rarely happened) there was none in the family, a baby was borrowed. Six-year olds, clasping babies of stature almost equal to their own, would stand outside, hoping to attract attention to their special claims. Once, when the playground was filled to capacity, and the sidewalk in front of the house was thronged, the Olympian at the gate endeavored to make it clear that no more could enter. One persistent small girl stood stolidly and when reminded of the condition said, 'Yes, teacher, but can't I get in? I ain't got no mother.'

There was much illness, unemployment, and consequent suffering the next winter. One day, when I visited a school in the neighborhood, the principal asked the pupils if they knew me. She doubtless anticipated some reference to the material services which the settlement had rendered, but the answer to her question was a glad chorus of, 'Yes, ma'am, yes, ma'am, she's our scupping

teacher.' 'Teacher' was a generic term for the residents, and nothing that the settlement had contributed to the life of the neighborhood impressed the children as the playground had. It is worth reminding those who are associated with young people that the power to influence is given to those who play with, rather than to those who only teach them. Our children on the East Side are not peculiar in this respect. To this day I receive letters from men and women who try to recall themselves to my memory by saying that they once played in our back yard.

An organized propaganda for outdoor gymnasia and playgrounds crystallized in 1898 in the formation of the Outdoor Recreation League, in which the settlement participated. The tireless President of the League eventually succeeded in obtaining the use of a large space in our neighborhood, originally purchased by the city, during a brief reform administration, for a park. Some very undesirable tenement houses had been destroyed, and when a Tammany administration returned to power a hot summer was allowed to pass with nothing done to accomplish the original purpose. Unsightly holes, once cellars, remained to fill with stagnant water, amputated sewer- and gas-pipes were exposed, and among these the children played mimic battles of the Spanish-American War, then in progress.

The accident that the Commissioner of Health, a semi-invalid, felt gratitude to a trained nurse who had cared for him, gave me an opportunity to approach him on the subject. He promised (and he kept his promise) to use his influence to get an appropriation on the score of the menace to the health of the city. The appropriation was sufficient to fill in the space and surround it with a fence, and the Outdoor Recreation League was able to demonstrate the value of playgrounds. In 1902 the

Board of Estimate and Apportionment of a reform administration, at its first meeting, appropriated money for the equipment and maintenance of Seward Park, as it was named, — the first municipal playground in New York City. So much interest had been aroused in this phase of city government that two city officials left the board meeting while it was in progress to telephone to the settlement that the appropriation had been passed.

Many friends of the children combined to urge the use of the public schools as recreation centres, and in the summer of 1898 the first schools were opened for that purpose. Those of us who had practical experience helped to start these by acting as volunteer inspectors. The settlement then felt justified in devoting less effort to its own playground, and deflected some of the energies it required to meet other pressing needs.

V

The dramatic instinct is very strong in the Jewish child, and musical gifts are not uncommon. With encouragement, a high degree of talent is often developed. Perhaps the most impressive evidence of this has been given in the cycle of Hebrew ritual festivals in which gifted club leaders have worked out a poetical interpretation of the ceremonies cherished by the Henry Street neighborhood. The value of these is not limited to the educational effect on the children. They interpret anew to the community the rich inheritance of our neighbors, and the parents of those who participate give touching evidence of their appreciation. When a beautiful pageant based on the incident of Miriam and her maidens was in rehearsal, an intractable small boy was dismissed from the cast. In the evening his father, a printer, called and expressed the hope that if his son's be-

havior was not unforgivable we would take him back. He wished that the boy might carry through life the memory of having had a part in something as beautiful as this festival. After a performance given before an audience of neighbors and people from other parts of the city, a woman who had suffered bitterly in her Russian home blocked for a moment the outgoing crowd at the door while she stopped to say how beautiful she thought it, adding with deep feeling, 'I thank most for showing respect to our religion.'¹

It is a delight to give the children stories from the Bible and the old mythologies, fairy tales, and lives of heroes, and we mark as epochal Maude Adams's inspiration to invite our children and others not likely to have the opportunity, to see *Peter Pan*. She has given joy to thousands, but it is doubtful if she can measure, as we do, the influence of 'the everlasting boy.' Through him romance has touched these children, and not a few of the letters spontaneously written to Peter Pan from tenement homes, have seemed to us not unworthy of Barrie himself. Protest against leaving the big familiar farmhouse at one of our country places, when an overflow of visitors necessitated a division of the little ones at night, was immediately withdrawn when the children were told that the annex, perched on high ground, was a 'Wendy House.'

The need of care for convalescents was early recognized, and the settlement's first country house was for them. It was opened in 1899, the generous gift of a young woman, a member of

¹ Our beautiful Neighborhood Playhouse on Grand Street, opened in February, 1915, is the result of years of experience in the settlement's dramatic clubs and festival classes. We believe that this well-appointed theatre will fulfill the expectations of those who built it by becoming a community theatre in the full meaning of that term. — THE AUTHOR.

the early group that gathered at Henry Street. We soon felt, however, that it was essential that children and young people as well as invalids should have knowledge of life other than that of the crowded tenement and factory; and from the time of the establishment of our first kindergarten we longed to have the children know the reality of the things they sang about, the birds and animals which so often formed the subject of their games. A little girl in one of the parties taken to see *Peter Pan* turned to her beloved club leader when the crocodile appeared and asked timidly if it was a *field-mouse*! A recent lesson had been about that 'animal.' It seems almost incredible that the description, probably supplemented by a picture, should not have made a more definite impression upon the child's mind; but I am inclined to think that little children can form no accurate conception of unknown objects from pictures or description. A neighborhood teacher took her class to the menagerie in Central Park just after a lesson on the cow and its 'gifts' — milk, cream, butter. She hoped that the young buffalo's resemblance to the cow might suggest itself to the children who, of course, had never seen a cow. In answer to her question an eager little boy gave testimony to the impression the lesson had made on his mind when he answered, 'Yes, ma'am. I know it. It's a *butterfly*.'

We value the 'day parties,' for incidental education as well as for the pleasure they afford. Each year as spring approaches a census is taken of the surrounding blocks, that the new arrivals may be included in the excursions. The most treasured invitations for these parties come from friends whose country estates are near enough to offer hospitality, and to whose gardens and stables the children are taken. The larger parties, composed of women and

children, usually go to the seashore in chartered cars, and these excursions, purely recreative, compete, and not unsuccessfully, with the clambakes and outings of the old-time political leaders.

The beautiful country places presented to the settlement for vacation purposes, and the comparative readiness with which money for equipment and maintenance of non-paying guests has been given, indicates the favor with which this development of neighborhood work is regarded. Opportunities for confidence and mutual understanding, not always possible in the formal relationships of clubs and classes, are afforded by the intimacy of country-house parties. The possibility of giving direction at critical periods of character-formation, particularly during adolescence, and of discovering clues to deep-lying causes of disturbance, makes the country life a valuable extension of the organized social work of the settlement. 'Riverholm,' overhanging the Hudson; 'Camp Henry,' on a beautiful lake; the 'House in the Woods,' 'Echo Hill Farm,' and a commodious week-end house in New Jersey, lent by friends during the summer months, give us the means whereby some of the plans we cherish may be carried out.

It would be inconsistent with settlement theories if these country places did not express refinement and beauty, — the beauty that belongs to simplicity, — not only in the buildings, but also in the service and housekeeping. It has seemed to us, therefore, worth the additional expenditure of effort to have small, distinct household units wherever practicable. People who live in crowded homes, walk on crowded streets, ride on crowded cars, and as children attend crowded classrooms, must inevitably acquire distorted views of life; and the settlement is reluctant to add to these the experience of crowded country life. Valuable training in

housekeeping is possible in a household even of from fifteen to twenty-five persons, — a small unit according to New York standards, — and tactful direction can often be given toward acquiring those manners generally recognized as 'good.' Many of the children who come to us know only foreign customs and foreign table-manners; and the extreme difficulty of maintaining orderly home life in the tenement makes it important to supplement the home-training or to supply what it can never give. Indeed, we recognize in this desire to protect our children from being marked as peculiar or alien because of non-essential differences, the same reason that urges the careful mother to insist on 'manners,' that her children may not be discredited when they mingle with the fastidious.

The ideal of limitation as to numbers cannot always be carried out, and naturally it does not apply to the camp, where a freer and less conventional life attracts and satisfies boys and young men.

The older members of the settlement, who are earning money, use the camp and country places as clubs, paying for the privilege and conforming to the regulations which they have had a share in establishing. At the time of writing, one of the men of the neighborhood has brought from a group of his associates an offer to erect a building to increase the accommodations at the camp, the privileges of which they appreciate for their sons. They are in hearty agreement with the democratic principle that all settlement members must meet on the same terms, and they make this offer in order that the membership of their sons may not be secured at the risk of taking the place of poorer boys.

Those who have promoted the various Fresh-Air agencies throughout the country may not realize that physical benefit is not all that has been secured.

We are persuaded that opportunity to know life away from the city is the explanation of the increasing number of city boys who elect training in agriculture and forestry. Formerly when careers were discussed, the future held no happiness unless it promised a profession — law or medicine.

If I appear to lay too much stress upon the importance of play and recreation, it may be well to point out that it is one way of recognizing the dignity of the child. The study of juvenile delinquency shows how often the young offender's presence in the courts may be traced to a play-impulse for which there was no safe outlet.

Perhaps nothing more definitely indicates the changed attitude toward children and play than the fact that last summer (1914) the police officers of the precinct called to enlist our coöperation in carrying out the orders of the city administration that during certain hours of the day traffic was to be shut off from designated streets, that the children might play there. The visit brought to mind years of painstaking effort to secure the toleration of harmless play, and the hope we had dared to express, despite incredulity on

the part of the police, that some day the children might come to regard them as guardians and protectors, rather than as a fear-inspiring and hated force. One captain of the precinct, at least, had proved the practicability of our theory, and when he was transferred we lost a valuable co-worker. The Governor of New York, campaigning for reelection in the fall of this year (1914), advocated that public schools should be surrounded by playgrounds at 'no matter what cost.'

Tremendous impetus has been given to the playground movement throughout the entire country by individuals and societies organized for the purpose. Wise men and women have expounded the social philosophy of play and recreation, pointing out that these may afford wholesome expression for energies which might otherwise be diverted into channels disastrous to peace and happiness; that clean sport and stimulating competition can replace the gang feud and even modify racial antagonisms. The most satisfactory evidence of this conviction is, of course, the recognition of the child's right to play, as an integral part of his claim upon the state.

(To be continued.)

HYMN TO BEAUTY

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

THERE is a tyrannous lord and taskmaster
Whom men call Beauty. To be born his slave
Is to be sleepless and a wanderer
Always by day and night, and not to have
The promise of much quiet in the grave.

The colors of the world are in a plot
To snatch my spirit from me through the eyes;
They dance before me in a weedy knot
Of woodland broideries.
They lean to catch me from the woven skies,
Woo me in light, and half
Tempt with the sea's immeasurable laugh.
Beauty is too much with me: I would live
A free man, not a fugitive,
Be for an interval
The hourglass of the hours of sun and shower,
And for one hour
Feel with the drowsy oxen in the stall
Nothing at all.

Only, it may not be;
For the avenging Beauty follows me,
And whips me from my sloth
And goads me on to some new adoration.
I cannot walk through any city street
Where labor hardly elbows by starvation,

But I must meet
The inhuman Beauty both
In subtly wasted cheeks and in the spilth
Of the enriching gutter's plague-green filth.

Beauty is poured
Out of the vats of darkness; Beauty runs
Through leakages of suns,
And scatters in the splinters of the seas.
This naked wall is high enough to hoard
Legions of beauty in its crevices,
Enough for the immortal soul to endure;
And the immortal sky is not more pure,
Nor God
More empty of defect, than this brown clod.

O infinite
And endless spirit of the world's disguise,
Spirit of lies,
Beauty, the very light
Wherein we see, the sight
We see by, and the thing we seem to see,
Either give me
Humility to be indeed content
With that which thou hast lent,
And grace to take it simply as my right,
Or power not less divine
Than thine,
That I may make a world and call it mine.

REVERIE OF A SPORTSMAN

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

I SET out one morning in late August, with some potted-grouse sandwiches in one pocket and a magazine in the other, for a tramp toward Causdon. I had not been in that particular part of the moor since I used to go snipe-shooting there as a boy — my first introduction, by the way, to sport. It was a very lovely day, almost too hot; and I never saw the carpet of the moor more exquisite, — heather, fern, the silvery-white cotton grass, dark peat turves, and green bog-moss, all more than customarily clear in hue under a very blue sky. I walked till two o'clock, then sat down in a little scoop of valley by a thread of stream, taking rise from an awkward-looking bog at the top. It was wonderfully lovely. A heron rose below me, and flapped away; and while I was eating my potted grouse I heard the harsh cheep of a snipe, and caught sight of the twisting bird vanishing against the line of sky above the bog. 'That must have been one of the bogs we used to shoot,' I thought; and having finished my snack of lunch, I rolled myself a cigarette, opened the magazine, and idly turned its pages. I had no serious intention of reading — the calm and silence were too seductive; but my attention became riveted by an exciting story of some man-eating lions, and I read on till I had followed the adventure to the death of the two ferocious brutes, and found my cigarette actually burning my fingers. Crushing it out against the dampish roots of the heather, I lay back with my eyes fixed on the sky, thinking of nothing.

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Suddenly I became conscious that between me and the sky a leash of snipe high up were fighting and twisting, and gradually coming lower; I appeared indeed to have a sort of attraction for them. They would dash toward each other, seem to exchange ideas, and rush away again, like flies that waltz together for hours in the centre of a room. As they came lower and lower over me, I could almost swear I heard them whisper to each other with their long bills; till presently I absolutely caught what they were saying: 'Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!'

Amazed at such an extraordinary violation of all the laws of Nature, I was about to rub my eyes and ears, when I distinctly heard the 'Go-back, go-back' of an old cock grouse, and on turning my head cautiously, saw him perched on a heathery knob within twenty yards of where I lay. Now, I knew very well that all efforts to introduce grouse on Dartmoor have been quite unsuccessful, since for some reason connected with the quality of the heather, the nature of the soil, or the over-mild dampness of the air, this king of game birds most unfortunately refuses to become domiciled there; so that I could hardly credit my senses. But suddenly I heard him also: 'Look at him! Go back! The ferocious brute! Go back!' He seemed to speak to something just below; and there, sure enough, was the first hare I had ever seen out on the full of the moor. I have always thought a hare a jolly beast, and not infrequently felt sorry

when I rolled one over; it has a way of crying like a child if not killed outright. I confess, then, that in hearing it, too, whisper, 'Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!' I experienced the sensation that comes over one when one has not been quite fairly treated. But just at that moment, with a warm stirring of the air, there pitched within six yards of me a magnificent old black-cock, — the very spit of that splendid fellow I shot last season at Balnagie, whose tail my wife now wears in her hat. He was accompanied by four gray hens, who, settling in a semi-circle, began at once, 'Look at him! Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!' At that moment I say with candor that I regretted the many times that I have spared gray hens, with the sportsmanlike desire to encourage their breed.

For several bewildered minutes after that, I could not turn my eyes without seeing some bird or other alight close by me: more and more grouse, and black game, pheasants, partridges, — not only the excellent English bird, but the very sporting Hungarian variety, — and that unsatisfactory red-legged Frenchman which runs any distance rather than get up and give you a decent shot at him. There were wood-cock too, those twisting delights of the sportsman's heart, whose tiny wing-feather trophies have always given me a distinct sensation of achievement when pinned in the side of my shooting-cap; wood-pigeons too, very shy and difficult, owing to the thickness of their breast-feathers, and, after all, only coming under the heading of 'sundry'; wild duck, with their snaky dark heads, that I have shot chiefly in Canada, lurking among rushes in twilight at flying time, — a delightful sport, exciting as the darkness grows; excellent eating too, with red pepper and sliced oranges in oil! Certain other sun-

dries kept coming also: landrails, a plump, delicious little bird; green and golden plover; even one of those queer little creatures, moorhens, that always amuse one by their quick, quiet movements, plaintive note, and quaint curiosity, though not really, of course, fit to shoot, with their niggling flight and fishy flavor! Ptarmigan too, a bird I admire very much, but have only once or twice succeeded in bringing down, shy and scarce as it is in Scotland. And, side by side, the alpha and omega of the birds to be shot in these islands, a capercaillie and a quail. I well remember shooting the latter in a turnip-field in Lincolnshire — scrap of a bird, the only one I ever saw in England. Apart from the pleasurable sensation at its rarity, I recollect feeling that it was almost a mercy to put the little thing out of its loneliness. It ate very well. There, too, was that loon or Northern diver that I shot with a rifle off Denman Island, as it swam about fifty yards from the shore. A handsome bird; I still have the mat it made. One bird only seemed to refuse to alight, remaining up there in the sky, and uttering continually that trilling cry which makes it perhaps the most spiritual of all birds that can be eaten, — I mean, of course, the curlew. I don't think I ever shot one. They fly, as a rule, very high, and seem to have a more than natural distrust of the human being. This curlew — ah! and a Blue Rock (I have always despised pigeon-shooting) — were the only two winged creatures that one can shoot for sport in this country, that did not come and sit round me.

There must have been, I should say, as many hundreds altogether as I have shot in my time — a tremendous number. There they sat in a sort of ring, moving their beaks from side to side, just as I have seen penguins doing on the films that explorers bring back from the Antarctic; and all the time

repeating to each other those amazing words: 'Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!'

Then, to my increased astonishment, I saw behind the circles of the birds a number of other animals besides the hare. At least five kinds of deer — the red, the fallow, the roe, the common deer, whose name I've forgotten, that one finds in Vancouver Island, and the South African springbok, that swarm in from the Karoo at certain seasons, among which I had that happy week once in Namaqualand, shooting them from horseback after a gallop to cut them off — very good eating as camp fare goes, and making nice rugs if you sew their skins together. There, too, was the hyena I missed, probably not altogether; but he got off, to my chagrin — queer-looking brute! Rabbits of course had come — hundreds and hundreds of them. Though, like everybody else, I've done such a lot of it, I can't honestly say I've ever cared much for shooting rabbits, though the effect is neat enough when you get them just right, and they turn head over heels — and anyway, the prolific little brutes have to be kept down. There, too, actually was my wild ostrich — the one I galloped so hard after, letting off my Winchester at half a mile, only to see him vanish over the horizon. Next him was that bear whose lair I came across at the Nanaimo Lakes. How I did lurk about to get that fellow! And, by Jove! close to him, two cougars. I never got a shot at them, never even saw one of the brutes all the time I was camping in Vancouver Island, where they lie flat along the branches over your head, waiting to get a chance at deer, sheep, dog, pig, or anything handy. But they had come now sure enough, glaring at me with their greenish cats' eyes — powerful-looking creatures! And next them sat a little meerkat — not much larger than a weasel — without its head!

Ah yes! — that trial shot, as we trekked out from Rous's farm, and I wanted to try the little new rifle I had borrowed. It was sitting over its hole fully seventy yards from the wagon, quite unconscious of danger. I just took aim and pulled; and there it was, without its head, fallen across its hole. I remember well how pleased our 'boys' were. And I too! Not a bad little rifle, that!

Outside the ring of beasts I could see foxes moving, not mixing with the stationary creatures, as if afraid of suggesting that I had shot them, instead of being present at their deaths in the proper fashion. One, quite a cub, kept limping round on three legs — the one, no doubt, whose pad was given me, out cubbing, as a boy. I put that wretched pad in my hat-box, and forgot it, so that I was compelled to throw the whole stinking show away. There were quite a lot of grown foxes; it certainly showed delicacy on their part, not sitting down with the others. There was really a tremendous crowd of creatures altogether by this time! I should think every beast and bird I ever shot or even had a chance of killing, must have been there, and all whispering, 'Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!'

Animal lover, as every true sportsman is, those words hurt me. If there is one thing on which we sportsmen pride ourselves, and legitimately, it is a humane feeling toward all furred and feathered creatures — and as every one knows, we are foremost in all efforts to diminish their unnecessary sufferings.

The corroboree about me which they were obviously holding became, as I grew used to their manner of talking, increasingly audible. But it was the quail's words that I first distinguished.

'He certainly ate me,' it said; 'said I was good, too!'

'I do not believe' — this was the first hare speaking — 'that he shot me for

that reason; he did shoot me, and I was jugged, but he would n't touch me. And the same day he shot eleven brace of partridges, did n't he?' Twenty-two partridges assented. 'And he only ate two of you, all told — that proves it.'

The hare's words had given me relief; for I somehow disliked intensely the gluttonous notion conveyed by the quail that I shot merely in order to devour the result. Any one with the faintest instincts of a sportsman will bear me out in this.

When the hare had spoken there was a murmur all round. I could not at first make out its significance, till I heard one of the cougars say, 'We kill only when we want to eat'; and the bear, who, I noticed, was a lady, added, 'No bear kills anything she cannot devour'; and, quite clear, I caught the quacking words of a wild duck: 'We eat every worm we kill.' Then again from the whole throng came that shivering whisper: 'Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!'

In spite of their numbers, they seemed afraid of me, seemed actually to hold me in a kind of horror — me, an animal lover, without a gun! I felt it bitterly. 'How is it,' I thought, 'that not one of them seems to have an inkling of what it means to be a sportsman, not one of them seems to comprehend the instinct which makes one love sport just for the —' I was going to add 'the skill and — er — danger of it,' when the hare spoke again.

'Foxes,' it said, 'kill for the love of killing. Man is a kind of fox.' A violent dissent at once rose from the foxes, till one of them, who seemed the eldest, said, 'We do kill as much as we can, but we should always carry them off and eat them ourselves, if man gave us time — the ferocious brutes!' You cannot expect much of foxes, but it certainly struck me as unfair the way he thus put his wanton destructiveness off

on man, especially when he must have known how carefully we preserve him, in the best interests of sport. A pheasant ejaculated shrilly, 'He killed sixty of us one day to his own gun, and went off that same evening without eating even a wing!' And again came that shivering whisper: 'Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!' It was too absurd! As if they could not realize that a sportsman shoots almost entirely for the mouths of others. But, after all, one must remember that altruism is a purely human attribute. 'They get a big price for us!' said a woodcock, 'especially if they shoot us early. I fetched several shillings.' Really, the ignorance of these birds! The modern sportsman knows nothing of what happens after he has shot them. All that is left to the butler and the keeper. Beaters, of course, and cartridges must be paid for, to say nothing of the sin of waste. 'I would not think them so much worse than foxes,' said a rabbit, 'if they did n't often hurt you, so that you take hours dying. I was seven hours dying in great agony, and one of my brothers was twelve. Were n't you, brother?' A second rabbit nodded. 'But perhaps they're better than gins,' he said. 'Remember mother!' 'Ah!' a partridge muttered, 'foxes at all events do bite your head off clean. But men often break your wing, or your leg, and leave you!' And again that shivering whisper rose: 'Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!'

By this time the whole thing was so getting on my nerves that if I could have risen I should have rushed at them; but a weight as of lead seemed to bind me to the ground, and all I could do was to thank God that they did not seem to know of my condition, for, though there were no man-eaters among them, I could not tell what they might do if they realized that I was helpless, the sentiments of chivalry and

generosity being confined to man, as we know.

'Yes,' said the capercailzie slowly, 'I am a shy bird, and was often shot at before this one got me; and though I'm strong, my size is so against me that I always took a pellet or two away with me; and what can you do then? Those ferocious brutes take the shot out of their faces and hands when they shoot each other by mistake, as we see from a distance; but we have no chance to do that.' A snipe said shrilly, 'What I object to is that he did n't eat me till he'd had too much already. I came in on toast at the fifth course; it was n't dignified.'

'Ferocious brute, killing everything he sees.'

I felt my blood fairly boil, and longed to cry out, 'You beasts! You know that we don't kill everything we see! We leave that to cads, and cockneys, and Italians.' But just as I had no power of movement, so I seemed to have no power of speech. And suddenly a little voice, high up over me, piped down, 'He's right there; they never shoot us larks.' I have always loved the lark; how grateful I felt to that little creature — till it added, 'They do worse; they take and shut us up in little traps of wire till we pine away! Ferocious brutes!' In all my life I think I never was more disappointed! The second cougar spoke: 'He once passed within spring of me. What do you say, friends; shall we go for him?' And the shivering answer came from all: 'Go for him! Ferocious brute! Oh, go for him!' And I heard the sound of hundreds of soft wings and pads ruffling and shuffling. And, knowing that I had no power to move an inch, I shut my eyes. Lying there motionless, as a beetle that shams dead, I felt them creeping, creeping, till all round me and over me was the sound of nostrils sniffing; and every second I expected to feel the

nip of teeth and beaks in the fleshy parts of me. But nothing came, and with an effort I reopened my eyes. There they were, hideously close, with an expression on their faces that I could not read: a sort of wry look, every nose and beak turned a little to one side. And suddenly I heard the old fox saying, 'It's impossible, with a smell like that; we could never eat him!' From every one of them came a sort of sniff or sneeze as of disgust, and as they began to back away I distinctly heard the hyena mutter, 'He's not wholesome — not wholesome — the ferocious brute!'

The utter relief of that moment was entirely swamped by my indignation that these impudent birds and beasts should presume to think that I, a British sportsman, would not be good to eat. Then that beastly hyena added, 'If we killed him and buried him for a few days, he might be tolerable.'

An old cock grouse called out at once, 'Go back! Let us hang him! *We* are always well hung. They like us a little decayed — ferocious brutes! Go back!' Once more I felt, from the stir and shuffle, that my fate hung in the balance; and once more I shut my eyes, lest they might be tempted to begin on them. Then, to my infinite relief, I heard the cougar — have we not always been told that they were the friends of man? — mutter, 'Pah! No! It's clear we could never eat him fresh, and what we do not eat at once, we do not touch!'

All the birds cried out in chorus, 'No! That is crow's work.' And I felt that I was saved again. Then, to my horror, that infernal loon shrieked, 'Shall we not kill him and have him stuffed — specimen of Ferocious Brute! Or fix his skin on a tree, and look at it — as he did with me!'

For a full minute I could feel the currents of opinion swaying over me, at this infamous proposal; then that old blackcock, the one whose tail is in my

wife's hat, said sharply, 'Specimen! He's not good enough!' And, once more, for all my indignation at that gratuitous insult, I breathed freely.

'Come!' said the lady bear quietly: 'Let us dribble on him a little; and go. The ferocious brute is not worth more!' And, during what seemed to me an eternity, one by one they came up, deposited on me a little saliva, looking into my eyes the while with a sort of horror and contempt, then vanished on the moor. The last to come up was the little meerkat without its head. It stood there, and, since it could neither look at me nor drop saliva, said, 'God forgive you, ferocious brute! I was very happy!' And it too withdrew. And from all around, out of invisible presences in the air and the heather,

came once more the shivering whisper, 'Look at him! The ferocious brute! Oh, look at him!'

I sat up. There was a trilling sound in my ears. Above me in the blue a curlew was passing, uttering its cry. Yes! Thank heaven! — I had been asleep! My nightmare had been caused by the potted grouse, and the pressure of the Review, which had lain, face downwards, on my chest, open at the page where I had been reading about the man-eating lions, and the death of those ferocious brutes. It shows what tricks of disproportion little things will play with the mind when it is not under reasonable control.

And, to get the unwholesome taste out of my mouth, I at once jumped up, and started for home at a round pace.

LETTERS ON AN ELK HUNT

III. THE ADVENTURE OF DANYUL AND HIS MOTHER

BY ELINORE RUPERT STEWART

IN CAMP ON THE GREVONNE,
Sept. 6, 1914.

MY DEAR FRIEND, —

I have neglected you for almost a week, but when you read this letter and learn why, I feel sure you will forgive me.

To begin with, we bade Mrs. Mortimer good-bye, and started out to find better fishing than the pretty little stream we were on afforded us. Our way lay up Green River and we were getting nearer our final camp-ground all the time, but we were in no hurry to

begin hunting, so we were just loitering along. There were a great many little lakes along the valley, and thousands of duck. Mr. Stewart was driving, but as he wanted to shoot ducks, I took the lines and drove along. There is so much that is beautiful, and I was trying so hard to see it all, that I took the wrong road; but none of us noticed it at first, and then we did n't think it worth while to turn back.

The road we were on had lain along the foothills, but when I first thought I had missed the right road we were

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coming down into a grassy valley. Mr. Stewart came across a marshy stretch of meadow and climbed up on the wagon. The ground was more level, and on every side were marshes and pools; the willows grew higher here so that we could n't see far ahead. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was behind, and she called out, 'Say, I believe we are off the road.' Elizabeth said she had noticed a road winding off on our right; so we agreed that I must have taken the wrong one, but as we could n't turn in the willows, we had to go on. Soon we reached higher, drier ground and passed through a yellow grove of quaking asp.

A man came along with an axe on his shoulder, and Mr. Stewart asked him about the road. 'Yes,' he said, 'you are off the main road, but on a better. You'll cross the same stream you were going to camp on, right at my ranch. It is just a little way across here and it's almost sundown, so I will show you the way.'

He strode along ahead. We drove through an avenue of great dark pines and across a log bridge that spanned a noisy, brawling stream. The man opened a set of bars and we drove into a big clean corral. Comfortable sheds and stables lined one side, and big stacks of hay were conveniently placed. He began to help unharness the teams, saying that they might just as well run in his meadow, as he was through hay-ing; then the horses would be safe while we fished. He insisted on our stopping in his cabin, which we found to be a comfortable two-room affair with a veranda the whole length. The *biggest* pines overshadowed the house; just behind it was a garden, in which some late vegetables were still growing. The air was rather frosty and some worried hens were trying hard to cover some chirping half-feathered chicks.

It was such a homey place that we felt welcome and perfectly comfortable

at once. The inside of the house will not be hard to describe. It was clean as could be, but with a typical bachelor's cleanliness: there was no dirt, but a great deal of disorder. Across the head of the iron bed was hung a miscellany of socks, neckties, and suspenders. A discouraging assortment of boots, shoes, and leggings protruded from beneath the bed. Some calendars ornamented the wall, and upon a table stood a smoky lamp and some tobacco and a smelly pipe. On a rack over the door lay a rifle.

Pretty soon our host came bustling in and exclaimed, 'The kitchen is more pleasant than this room and there's a fire there, too.' Then, catching sight of his lamp, he picked it up hurriedly and said, 'Jest as shore as I leave anything undone, that shore somebody comes and sees how slouchy I am. Come on into the kitchen where you can warm, and I'll clean this lamp. One of the cows was sick this morning; I hurried over things so as to doctor her, and I forgot the lamp. I smoke and the lamp smokes to keep me company.'

The kitchen would have delighted the heart of any one. Two great windows, one in the east and one in the south, gave plenty of sunlight. A shining new range and a fine assortment of vessels — which were not all yet in their place — were in one corner. There was a slow ticking clock up on a high shelf; near the door stood a home-made washstand with a tin basin, and above it hung a long narrow mirror. On the back of the door was a towel-rack. The floor was made of white pine and was spotlessly clean. In the centre of the room stood the table, with a cover of red oilcloth. Some chairs were placed about the table, but he quickly hauled them out for us. He opened his store-room and told us to 'dish in dirty-face,' and help ourselves to anything we wanted, because we were to be his

'somebody come' for that night; then he hurried out to help with the teams again. He was so friendly and so likeable that we did n't feel a bit backward about 'dishin' in,' and it was not long before we had a smoking supper on the table.

While we were at supper he said, 'I wonder, now, if any of you women can make aprons and bonnets. I don't mean them dinky little things like they make now, but rale wearin' things like they used to make.'

I was afraid of another advertisement romance and did n't reply, but Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said, 'Indade we can, none better.'

Then he answered, 'I want a blue chambray bonnet and a bunch of aprons made for my mother. She is on the way here from Pennsylvania. I ain't seen her for fifteen years. I left home longer'n that ago, but I remember everything, — just how everything looked, — and I'd like to have things inside the house as nearly like home as I can, anyway.'

I did n't know how long we could stop there, so I still made no promises, but Mrs. O'Shaughnessy could easily answer every question for a dozen women.

'Have you the cloth?' she asked.

Yes, he said; he had had it for a long time, but he had not had it sewn because he had not been sure mother *could* come.

'What's your name?' asked Mrs. O'Shaughnessy.

He hesitated a moment, then said, 'Daniel Holt.'

I wondered why he hesitated, but forgot all about it when Clyde said we would stop there for a few days, if we wanted to help Mr. Holt. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's mind was already made up. Elizabeth said she would be glad to help, and I was not long in deciding when Daniel said, 'I'll take it as a rale

friendly favor if you women could help, because mother ain't had what could rightly be called a home since I left home. She's crippled, too, and I want to do all I can. I know she'd just like to have some aprons and a sunbonnet.'

His eyes had such a pathetic, appealing look that I was ashamed, and we at once began planning our work. Daniel helped with the dishes and as soon as they were done brought out his cloth. He had a heap of it, — a bolt of checked gingham, enough blue chambray for half a dozen bonnets, and a great many remnants which he said he had bought from peddlers from time to time. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy selected what she said we would begin on, and dampened it so as to shrink it by morning. We then spread our beds and made ready for an early start next day.

Next morning we ate breakfast by the light of the lamp that smoked for the sake of companionship, and then started to cut out our work. Daniel and Mr. Stewart went fishing, and we packed their lunch so as to have them out of the way all day. I undertook the making of the bonnet, because I knew how, and because I can remember the kind my mother wore; I reckoned Daniel's mother would have worn about the same style. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Elizabeth can both cross-stitch, so they went out to Daniel's granary and ripped up some grain-bags, in order to get the thread with which they were sewed, to work one apron in cross-stitch.

But when we were ready to sew we were dismayed, for there was no machine. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, however, was of the opinion that *some one* in the country must have a sewing machine, so she saddled a horse and went out, she said, to 'beat the brush.'

She was hardly out of sight before a man rode up and said there had been a telephone message saying that Mrs.

Holt had arrived in Rock Springs, and was on her way as far as Newfork in an automobile. That threw Elizabeth and myself into a panic. We posted the messenger off on a hunt for Daniel. Elizabeth soon got over her flurry and went at her cross-stitching. I hardly knew what to do, but acting from force of habit, I reckon, I began cleaning. A powerfully good way to reason out things sometimes is to work; and just then I had to work. I began on the storeroom, which was well lighted and which was also used as a pantry. As soon as I began straightening up I began to wonder where the mother would sleep. By arranging things in the storeroom a little differently, I was able to make room for a bed and a trunk. I decided on putting Daniel there; so then I began work in earnest. Elizabeth laid down her work and helped me. We tacked white cheesecloth over the wall, and although the floor was clean, we scrubbed it to freshen it. We polished the window until it sparkled. We were right in the middle of our work when Mrs. O'Shaughnessy came, and Daniel with her.

They were all excitement, but Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is a real general and soon marshaled her forces. Daniel had to go to Newfork after his mother; that would take three days. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy pointed out to him the need of a few pieces of furniture; so he took a wagon and team, which he got a neighbor to drive, while he took another team and a buggy for his mother. Newfork is a day's drive beyond Pinedale, and the necessary furniture could be had in Pinedale; so the neighbor went along and brought back a new bed, a rocker, and some rugs. But of course he had to stay overnight. I was for keeping right on house-cleaning; but as Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had arranged for us all to come and sew that afternoon at a nearby house, we took our sewing and clam-

bered into the buckboard and set out.

We found Mrs. Bonham a pleasant little woman whose husband had earned her pretty new machine by chewing tobacco. I reckon you think that is a mighty funny method of earning anything, but some tobacco has tags which are redeemable, and the machine was one of the premiums. Mrs. Bonham just beamed with pride as she rolled out her machine. 'I never had a machine before,' she explained. 'I just went to the neighbors' when I had to sew. So of course I wanted a machine awfully bad. So Frank jest chewed and chewed, and I saved every tag till we got enough, and last year we got the machine. Frank is chawin' out a clock now; but that won't take him so long as the machine did.'

Well, the 'chawed-out' machine did splendidly, and we turned out some good work that afternoon. I completed the blue bonnet which was to be used as 'best,' and made a 'splint' bonnet. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Elizabeth did well on their aprons. We took turn about at the machine and not a minute was wasted. Mrs. Bonham showed us some crochet lace which she said she hoped to sell; and right at once Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's fertile mind began to hatch plans. She would make Mrs. Holt a 'Sunday apron,' she said, and she bought the lace to trim it with. I thought Mrs. Holt must be an old-fashioned lady who liked pillow-shams. Mrs. Bonham had a pretty pair she was willing to sell. On one was worked, 'Good Morning'; on the other, 'Good Night'; it was done with red cotton. The shams had a dainty edge of home-made lace. Elizabeth would not be outdone; she purchased a star quilt pieced in red and white. At sundown we went home. We were all tired, but as soon as supper was over we went to work again. We took down the bed and set it up in Dan's new quarters, and we

made such headway on what had been his bedroom that we knew we could finish in a little while next day.

The next morning, as soon as we had breakfasted, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Elizabeth went back to sew, taking with them a lot of white cheesecloth for lining for the bedroom we were preparing for Mrs. Holt. Mr. Stewart had had fine luck fishing, but he said he felt plumb left out with so much bustling about and he not helping. He is very handy with a saw and hammer, and he contrived what we called a 'chist of drawers,' for Daniel's room. The 'chist' had only one drawer; into that we put all the gloves, ties, handkerchiefs, and suspenders, and on the shelves below we put his shoes and boots. Then I made a blue curtain for the 'chist' and one for the window, and the room looked plumb nice, I can tell you. I liked the 'chist' so well that I asked Mr. Stewart to make something of the kind for Mrs. Holt's room. He said there would n't be time, but he went to work on it.

Promptly at noon Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Elizabeth came with the lining for the room. We worked like beavers, and had the room sweet and ready by mid-afternoon, when the man came from Pinedale with the new furniture. In just a little while we had the room in perfect order: the bed nicely made with soft, new blankets for sheets; the pretty star quilt on, and the nice, clean pillows protected by the shams. They could buy no rugs, but a weaver of rag carpets in Pinedale had some pieces of carpet which Daniel sent back to us. They were really better and greatly more in keeping. We were very proud of the pretty white and red room when we were through. Only the kitchen was left, but we decided we could clean that early next day; so we sat down to sew and to plan the next day's dinner. We could hear Mr. Stewart out in the

barn hammering and sawing on the 'chist.'

While we were debating whether to have fried chicken or trout for dinner, two little girls, both on one horse, rode up. They entered shyly, and after carefully explaining to us that they had heard that a wagon-load of women were buying everything they could see, had run Mr. Holt off, and were living in his house, they told us they had come to sell us some blueing. When they got two dollars' worth sold, the blueing company would send them a big doll; so, please, would we buy a lot?

We did n't think we could use any blueing, but we hated to disappoint the little things. We talked along and presently they told us of their mother's flowers. Daniel had told us his mother *always* had a red flower in her kitchen window. When the little girls assured us their mother had a red geranium in bloom, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy set out to get it; and about dark she returned with a beautiful plant just beginning to bloom. We were all as happy as children; we had all worked very hard, too. Mr. Stewart said we deserved no sympathy because we cleaned a perfectly clean house; but, anyway, we felt much better for having gone over it.

The 'chist' was finished early next morning. It would have looked better, perhaps, if it had had a little paint, but as we had no paint and were short of time, we persuaded ourselves it looked beautiful with only its clean, pretty curtain. We did n't make many changes in the kitchen. All we did was to take down the mirror and turn it lengthways above the mantel-shelf over the fireplace. We put the new rocker in the bright, sunny corner, where it would be easier for dim old eyes to see to read or sew. We set the geranium on the broad clean sill of the window, and I think you would have agreed with us that it was a cozy, cheerful home to come to

after fifteen years of lonely homelessness. We could n't get the dinner question settled, so we 'dished in dirty-face'; each cooked what she thought best. Like Samantha Ann Allen, we had 'everything good and plenty of it.'

Elizabeth took a real interest and worked well. She is the *dearest* girl and would be a precious daughter to some mother. She has not yet told us anything about herself. All we know is, she taught school somewhere in the East. She was a little surprised at the way we took possession of a stranger's home, but she enjoyed it as much as we. 'It is so nice to be doing something for some one again, something real homey and family-like,' she remarked as she laid the table for dinner.

We had dinner almost ready when we heard the wheels crossing the mossy log bridge. We raced to let down the bars. Beside Daniel sat a dear dumpy little woman, her head very much bundled up with a lot of old black veils. Daniel drove through the corral, into the yard, and right up to the door. He helped her out *so* gently. She kept admonishing him, 'Careful, Danyul, careful.' He handed out her crutch and helped her into the kitchen, where she sank, panting, into the rocker. 'It is my leg,' she explained; 'it has been that way ever since Danyul was a baby.' Then she pleaded, 'Careful, careful,' to Elizabeth, who was tenderly unwrapping her. 'I would n't have anything happen to this brown alapacky for anything; it is my very best, and I've had it ever since before I went to the pore farm; but I wanted to look nice for Danyul, comin' to his home for the first time an' all.'

We had the happiest dinner party I ever remember. It would be powerfully hard for me to say which was happier, 'Danyul' or his mother. They just beamed upon each other. She was proud of her boy and his pleasant home.

'Danyul says he's got a little red heifer for me and he's got ten cows of his own. Now ain't that fine? It is a pity we can't have a few apple trees,—a little orchard. We'd live like kings, we would that.' We explained to her how we got our fruit by parcel post, and Danyul said he would order his winter supply of apples at once.

As soon as dinner was over, Danyul had to mend a fence so as to keep his cattle in their own pasture. Mr. Stewart went to help and we women were left alone. We improved the time well. Mrs. Holt would not lie down and rest, as we tried to persuade her to, but hobbled about, admiring everything. She was delighted with the big, clean cellar and its orderly bins, in which Danyul was beginning to store his vegetables. She was as pleased as a child with her room, and almost wept when we told her which were 'welcoming presents' from us. She was particularly delighted with her red flower, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy will be happy for days remembering it was she who gave it. I shall be happy longer than that remembering how tickled she was with her bonnets.

She wanted to wipe the dishes, so she and I did up the dishes while Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Elizabeth put some finishing stitches in on their aprons. She sat on the highest seat we could find, and as she deftly handled the dishes she told us this: 'I should think you would wonder why Danyul ain't got me out of the porehouse before now. I've been there more'n ten years, but Danyul did n't know it until a month ago. Charlotte Nash wrote him. Neither Danyul nor me are any master-hand at writin', and I did n't want him to know anyhow. When Danyul got into trouble, I signed over the little farm his pa left us, to pay the lawyer person to defend him. Danyul had enough trouble, so he went to the penitentiary without finding out I was homeless. I should

think you would be put out to know Danyul has been to the pen, but he has. He always said to me that he never done what he was accused of, so I am not going to tell you what it was. Danyul was always a good boy, honest and good to me and a hard worker. I ain't got no call to doubt him when he says he's innocent.

'Well, I fought his case the best I could, but he got ten years. Then the lawyer person claimed the home an' all, so I went out to work, but bein' crippled I found it hard. When Danyul had been gone four years I had saved enough to buy my brown alapacky and go to see him. He looked pale and sad, — afraid even to speak to his own mother. I went back to work as broke up as Danyul, and that winter I come down with such a long spell of sickness that they sent me to the pore farm. I always wrote to Danyul on his birthday and I could n't bear to let him know where I was.

'Soon's his time was out, he come here; he could n't bear the scorn that he'd get at home, so he come out to this big, free West, and took the chance it offers. Once he wrote and asked me if I would like to live West. He said if I did, after he got a start I must sell out and come to him. Bless his heart, all that time I was going to my meals just when I was told to and eatin' just what I was helped to, going to bed and getting up at some one else's word! Oh, it was bitter, but I did n't want Danyul to taste it; so, when I did n't come, he thought I did n't want to give up the old home, and did n't say no more about it. Charlotte was on the pore farm too, until her cousin died and she got left a home and enough to live on. Sometimes she would come out to the farm

and take me back with her for a little visit. She was good that way. I never would tell her about Danyul; but this summer I was helpin' her dry apples and somehow she jist coaxed the secret out. She wrote to Danyul, and he wrote to me, and here I am. Danyul and me are so happy that we are goin' to send a ticket back to the farm for Maggie Harper. She ain't got no home and will be glad to help me and get a rale home.'

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Elizabeth debated what more was needed to make the kitchen a bit more homey. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said a red cushion for the rocker, and Elizabeth said a white cat to lie on the hearth. Mrs. Holt said, 'Yes, I *do* need 'em both, — only it must be an old stray tabby cat. This house is going to be the shelter of the homeless.'

Well, I can't tell you any more about the Holts because we left next morning. Danyul came across the bridge to bid us good-bye. He said he could never thank us enough, but it is we who should be and are thankful. We got a little glow of happiness from their great blaze. We are all so glad to know that everything is secure and bright for the Holts in the future.

That stop is the cause of my missing two letters to you, but this letter is as long as half a dozen letters should be. You know I never could get along with few words. I'll try to do better next time. But I can't imagine how I shall get the letters mailed. We are miles and miles and miles away in the mountains; it is two days' ride to a small office, so maybe I will not get letters to you as often as I planned.

Sincerely yours,

ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

THE AMENITIES OF BOOK-COLLECTING

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

II. COLLECTING AT HOME

I

IN the March *Atlantic* I wrote of the amenities of book-collecting in London, of my adventures in the shops of Bond Street and Piccadilly, of Holborn and the Strand, — almost as though this paradise of the book-collector were his only happy hunting ground. But all the good hunting is not found in London: New York has a number of attractive shops, Philadelphia at least two, while there are several in Chicago and in unexpected places in the West.

Where in all the world will you find so free a buyer, always ready to take a chance to turn a volume at a profit, as George D. Smith? He holds the record for having paid the highest price ever paid for a book at auction: fifty thousand dollars, for a copy of the *Gutenberg Bible* purchased for Mr. Henry E. Huntington at the Hoe sale; and not only did he pay the highest price, he also bought the largest number of fine books disposed of at that sale.

I have heard his rivals complain that he is not a bookseller in the proper sense of the word, — that he buys without discretion and without exact knowledge. Such criticism, I take it, is only the natural result of jealousy. George Smith has sold more fine books than perhaps any two of his rivals.

There is no affectation of dignity or of knowledge about him, and it is well that there is not. No one knows all there

is to know about books; a man might know much more than he — such men there are — and yet lack the qualities which have enabled him to secure and retain the confidence and commissions of his patrons. He is practically the main support of the auction rooms in this country, and I have frequently seen him leave a sale at which he had purchased every important book that came up. He had knowledge and confidence enough for that, and I cannot see why his frankness and lack of affectation should be counted against him. It takes all kinds of men to make a world, and George is several kinds in himself. As I write, the newspapers tell us he is in London attending the auctions there and buying the best, against all comers.

Twenty-five years ago, in London, early in my book-collecting days, I came across a bundle of dusty volumes in an old book shop in the Strand — the shop and that part of the Strand have long since disappeared — and bought the lot for, as I remember, two guineas. Subsequently, upon going through the contents carefully, I found that I had acquired what appeared to be quite a valuable little parcel. There were the following: —

Tales from Shakespeare: Baldwin and Cradock, Fifth Edition, 1831.

Lamb's Prose Works: 3 volumes, Moxon, 1836.

The Letters of Charles Lamb: 2 volumes, Moxon, 1837; with the inscription, 'To J. P. Collier, Esq. from his friend H. C. Robinson.'

Talfourd's Final Memorials of Charles Lamb: 2 volumes, Moxon, 1848.

By the way, the last was Wordsworth's copy, with his signature on the title-page of each volume; and I observed for the first time that the book was dedicated to him. Loosely inserted in several of the volumes were newspaper clippings, a number of pages of manuscript in John Payne Collier's handwriting, a part of a letter from Mary Lamb addressed to Jane Collier, his mother, and in several of the volumes were notes in Collier's handwriting referring to matters in the text: as where, against a reference to Lamb's essay on 'Roast Pig,' Collier says, in pencil, 'My mother sent the pig to Lamb.' Again, where Talfourd, referring to an evening with Lamb, says, 'We mounted to the top story and were soon seated beside a cheerful fire: hot water and its better adjuncts were soon before us,' Collier writes, 'Both Lamb and Talfourd died of the "Better Adjuncts."'

There was a large number of such pencil notes. The pages of manuscript in Collier's heavy and, as he calls it, 'infirm' hand begin:—

'In relation to C. Lamb and Southey, Mr. Cosens possesses as interesting a MS. as I know. It is bound as a small quarto, but the writing of Lamb, and chiefly by Southey is post 8vo. They seem to have been contributions to an "Annual Anthology" published by Cottle of Bristol.

'The MS. begins with an "Advertisement" in the handwriting of Southey, and it is followed immediately by a poem in Lamb's handwriting headed "Elegy on a Quid of Tobacco" in ten stanzas rhiming alternately thus:—

'It lay before me on the close grazed grass,
Beside my path, an old tobacco quid:
And shall I by the mute adviser pass
Without one serious thought? now Heaven forbid!'

The next day, Collier copied more of the poem, for on another sheet he remarks, 'As my hand is steadier to-day I have copied the remaining stanzas.'

On still another sheet, referring to the Cosens MS., Collier writes:—

'The whole consists of about sixty leaves chiefly in the handwriting of Southey and it contains . . . productions by Lamb, one a sort of jeu d'esprit called "The Rhedycinian Barbers" on the hair-dressing of twelve young men of Christ Church College, and the other headed, "Dirge for Him Who Shall Deserve It." This 'has no signature but the whole is in Lamb's young clear hand, and it shows very plainly that he partook not only of the poetical but of the political feeling of the time.

'The signatures are various, Erthuryo, Ryalto, Walter, and so forth, and at the end are four Love Elegies and a serious poem by Charles Lamb, entitled, "Living without God in the World."

'How many of these were printed elsewhere, or in Cottle's "Anthology," I do not know. I would willingly copy more did not my hand fail me.

J. P. C.'

Twenty years later, in New York one day, George Smith asked me if I would care to buy an interesting volume of Southey MSS., and to my great surprise handed me the identical little quarto which Collier had many years before found so interesting that he had made excerpts from it. It might not have made such instant appeal to my recollection of my purchase in London had it not been for an inserted note, almost identical with the one on the loose slip in my Lamb volume, obviously in Collier's 'infirm' hand, repeat-

ing briefly what he had said on the loose sheets in my volumes at home.

Mr. Cosens, the former owner of the manuscripts, had added a note: 'In 1798 or 1799 Charles Lamb contributed to the "Annual Anthology" which a Mr. Cottle, a bookseller of Bristol, published jointly with Coleridge and Southey.

'This manuscript is partly in the handwriting of Southey and was formerly the property of Cottle of Bristol.'

Upon investigation I ascertained that the little volume of manuscript verse had passed from Mr. Cosens's possession into that of Augustin Daly, at whose sale it had been catalogued as a Southey MS., with small reference to its Lamb interest. Although the price was high the temptation to buy was too strong to be resisted; so after many years the small quarto of original poems by Lamb, Southey, and others, and Collier's description of it, stand side by side in my library. For me the three little poems by Lamb outweigh in interest and value all others. They were labeled 'Southey Manuscripts, a long time since the property of a Mr. Cottle of Bristol.'

II

The most scholarly bookseller in this country to-day is Dr. Rosenbach, — 'Rosy' as we who know him well call him. It was not his original intention to deal in rare books, but to become a professor of English, a calling for which few have a finer appreciation; but mere scholars abound. He must have felt that we collectors needed some one to guide our tastes and deplete our bank accounts. In both he is unequalled.

His spacious second-floor room in Walnut Street is filled with the rarest volumes. 'Ask and it shall be given you' — with a bill at the end of the month. It is a delightful place in which

to spend a rainy morning, and you are certain to depart a wiser if a poorer man. I once spent some hours with the doctor in company with my friend Tinker, — not the great Tinker who plays ball for a bank president's wage, but the less famous Professor of English at Yale. We had been looking at Shakespeare folios and quartos, and Spenser's and Herrick's and Milton's priceless volumes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when, looking out of the window, 'Rosy' remarked, 'There goes John G. Johnson.' 'Oh!' said my friend, 'I thought you were going to say John Dryden. It would not have surprised me in the least.'

Don't expect ever to 'discover' anything at Rosenbach's, except how ignorant you are. 'Rosy' does all the discovering himself, as when he, a few years ago, found in a volume of old pamphlets a copy of the first edition of Dr. Johnson's famous 'Prologue Spoken at the Opening of the Theatre in Drury Lane.' It will be remembered that this Prologue contains several of the Doctor's most famous lines: criticisms of the stage, as true to-day as when they were uttered; as where he says, —

'The Drama's laws, the Drama's patrons give.
For we that live to please, must please to live.'

It has also the line in which, speaking of Shakespeare, he says, 'And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.' Garrick having criticized this line, Johnson remarked, 'Sir, Garrick is a prosaic rogue. The next time I write I will make both Time and Space pant.'

The discovery by Dr. Rosenbach of this Prologue shows that the days of romance in book-hunting are not over. It is not to be found in the British Museum. So far as we know, it is the only copy in existence. 'Rosy' has declined to sell it, although tempting offers have been made, for he is a book-lover as well as a bookseller.

That he is a rare judge of human na-

ture, too, is evidenced by a little card over his desk on which is printed the text, —

‘It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he hath gone his way then he boasteth.’ — PROVERBS XX. 14.

That is exactly what I did when I secured from him my *Robinson Crusoe*, the first edition in two volumes, with the third which may not be Defoe’s. It lacks one ‘point’ perhaps: the word ‘apply,’ the last word on page 1 of the preface, is correctly spelled, not spelled ‘apyly’ as in some copies I have seen. The matter, I believe, is not clear. The type may have been correctly set at first and have become corrupted in process of printing, or a few copies may have been so printed before the error, being noted, was corrected. After page 304, of Volume 1, the paper is of thinner and poorer quality than in the pages preceding it. The three volumes are clean, the binding contemporary calf, the folding maps immaculate, and the first two volumes were once the property of ‘Mr. William Congreve.’ Altogether it is a book of which this collector ‘boasteth.’

For some unexplained reason I have never been able to buy as many books from Walter Hill of Chicago as I should like. He is one of the most amiable and reliable men in the business. His catalogues issued from time to time are delightful. He once put me under an obligation which I have not yet repaid and which I want to record.

Several years ago I met him in the streets of Philadelphia and said to him, ‘Hello! what are you doing here? Are you buying or selling?’ ‘Both,’ said he; ‘I bought some nice books only a few minutes ago at Sessler’s.’ ‘Don’t tell me,’ I cried, ‘that *Oliver Twist*, that presentation copy to Macready, was among them.’ ‘It was,’ said he; ‘why, did you want it?’ ‘Want it!’ said I; ‘I have just been waiting for my bank ac-

count to recover from a capital operation to buy it.’ ‘All right,’ said he, ‘I’ll turn it over at just what I paid for it, and you can send me your check when you are ready.’ I was mean enough to accept his offer, and the book is to-day worth at least twice what I paid.

Yet, come to think of it, several nice volumes, ‘collated and perfect,’ came from him. There is my *Vicar*, not the first edition, with the misprints in volume 2, page 159, page 165; and page 95, ‘Waekcfield’ for ‘Wakefield,’ — that came from North, — but the one with Rowlandson plates. And *Evelina*, embellished with engravings, and wretchedly printed on vile paper; and *She Stoops*, with all the errors just as they should be, — a printer’s carnival; and I have no doubt there are many more.

Sessler has some unexpectedly fine things from time to time. He goes abroad every year with his pocket full of money and comes back with a lot of things that quickly empty ours. Dickens is one of his specialties, and from him I have secured at least five of the ten presentation Dickenses I boast of. A few years ago quite a number came on the market at prices which to-day seem very low. In my last book-hunting experience in London I saw only one presentation Dickens; but as the price was about three times what I had accustomed myself to pay Sessler, I let it pass.

Sessler studies his customer’s weaknesses — that’s where his strength lies. When I came back from Europe a few weeks ago, I discovered that he had bought for me, in my absence, at the Lambert sale, one item which he knew I could not resist. It was a little pen-and-ink drawing by Thackeray, the first sketch, afterwards more fully elaborated, illustrating *Vanity Fair*, where at the end of the first chapter the immortal Becky, driving away from Miss Pinkerton’s school, throws Dr. John-

son's 'Dixonary' out of the window of the carriage as it drives off.

Luther Livingston,¹ who enjoys the love and respect of all book-collectors, has graduated from the bookshop to the library. For many years in charge of the rare-book department of Dodd, Mead & Company, and subsequently a partner of Robert Dodd, he has recently been appointed custodian of the choice collection of books formed by the late Harry Elkins Widener and bequeathed by the latter's mother to Harvard. A more admirable selection could not have been made. A scholar and a gentleman, he brings to his new position just the qualities needed for a post of such distinction.

James F. Drake, in New York, specializes in association books and in first editions of nineteenth-century authors. His stock I have frequently laid under contribution. My Surtees and many other colored-plate books came from him, and first editions innumerable of authors now becoming 'collected.'

I know of no bibliography of George Moore, but my set is, I think, complete. Many are presentation copies. My *Literature at Nurse*, a pamphlet attacking the censorship of the novel established by Mudie, which was published at three pence, and now commands thirty dollars, is inscribed to Willie Wilde; while *Pagan Poems* was a suitable gift to 'Oscar Wilde with the author's compliments.'

There is no halt in the constantly advancing value of first editions of Oscar Wilde. That interest in the man still continues is evidenced by the steady stream of books about him. Ransome's *Oscar Wilde*, immediately suppressed, *Oscar Wilde Three Times Tried*, and *The First Stone*, privately printed by the 'Unspeakable Scot,' already difficult to procure, are among the latest.

¹ Mr. Livingston died on Christmas eve, 1914.
—THE EDITORS.

For books of the moment, published in small editions which almost immediately become scarce, Drake's shop in Forty-second Street is headquarters; and as my club in New York is near by, I find myself frequently dropping in for a book and a bit of gossip.

III

I take little or no interest in bindings; I want the book as originally published, in boards, uncut, in old sheep or in cloth, and as clean and fair as may be.

I am not without a sense for color, and the backs of books bound in various colored leathers, suitably gilt, placed with some eye for arrangement on the shelves, are to me as beautiful and suggestive as any picture, yet, as one cannot have everything, I yield the beauty and fragrance of leather for the fascination of the 'original state as issued.'

Nor am I unmindful how invariably in binding a book, in trimming, be it ever so little, and gilding its edges, one lops off no small part of its value. This fact should be pointed out to all young collectors. They should learn to leave their books alone, and if they must patronize a binder, have slip or pull cases made. They serve every purpose. The book will be protected if it is falling apart and unpresentable, and one's craving for color and gilt will be satisfied. As Eckel says in his *Bibliography of Dickens*, 'The tendency of the modern collector has steadily moved toward books in their original state, — books as they were when created, — and it is doubtful if there will be much deviation from this taste in the future.'

Only the very immature book-buyer will deprive himself of the pleasure of 'collecting,' and buy a complete set of some author he much esteems, in first editions, assembled and bound without care or thought other than to produce

a piece of merchandise and sell it for as much as it will fetch. The rich and ignorant buyer should be made to confine his attention to the purchase of 'subscription' books. These are produced in quantity especially for his benefit, and he should leave our books alone. The present combination of many rich men and relatively few fine books is slowly working my ruin; I know it is. We live in a law-full age, an age in which it seems to be every one's idea to pass laws. I would have a law for the protection of old books, and our legislators in Washington might do much worse than consider this suggestion.

One other form of book the collector should be warned against, the extra-illustrated volume. The extra illustration of a favorite author is a tedious and expensive method of wasting money, and mutilating other books the while. I confess to having a few, but I have bought them at a very small part of what they cost to produce and I do not encourage their production.

I know something of the art of inlaying prints. I had a distinguished and venerable teacher, the late Ferdinand J. Dreer of Philadelphia, who formed a priceless collection of autographs which at his death he bequeathed to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Mr. Dreer was a collector of the old school. He was a friend of John Allan, one of the earliest book-collectors in this country, whose 'Memorial' was published by the Bradford Club in 1864. Mr. Dreer spent the leisure of years and a small fortune in inlaying plates and pages of text of such books as he fancied. I remember well as a lad being allowed to pore over his sumptuous extra-illustrated books, filled with autograph letters, portraits, and views, for hours at a time. Little did I think that these volumes, the object of such loving care, would be sold at auction.

Many years after his death the family decided to dispose of a portion of his library. Stan. Henkels conducted the sale. When the well-known volumes came up I was all in a tremble. It seemed hardly possible that any of the famous Dreer books were to come within my grasp; but alas! fashions change, as I have said before. A *History of the Bank of North America*, our oldest national bank, which enjoys the unique distinction of not calling itself a national bank, went, not to an officer or director of that sound old Philadelphia institution, but to George D. Smith of New York for a song — in a high key, but a song nevertheless.

An *Oration in Carpenter's Hall* in Philadelphia brought close to a thousand dollars; but in addition to the rare portraits and views there were fifty-seven autograph letters in it. Sold separately they would have brought several times as much. Smith was the buyer. Then there came a *History of Christ Church*, full of most interesting material, as 'old Christ Church' is the most beautiful and interesting colonial church in America. Where was the rector, where were the wardens and the vestry thereof? No sign of them. Smith was the buyer.

The books were going and for almost nothing, in every case to 'Smith.' At last came the *Memoirs of Nicholas Biddle*, of the famous old Bank of the United States. Hear! ye Biddles, if any Biddles there be. There are, in plenty, but not here. Smith, having bought all the rest, when he saw me bidding, stopped; the hammer fell, and I was the owner of the most interesting volume in the whole Dreer collection — the volume I had so often coveted as a boy, with the letters and portraits of Penn, Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Marshall, and so forth, in all twenty-eight of them, and mine for ten dollars apiece, — book, portraits, and binding

thrown in. It is painful to witness the slaughter of another's possessions; it makes one wonder — But that is not what we collect books for.

In the last analysis pretty much everything, including poetry, is merchandise, and every important book sooner or later turns up in the auction rooms. The dozen or fifty men present represent the book-buyers of the world — you are buying against them. When you sell a book at auction the whole world is your market. This refers, of course, only to important sales. At other times books are frequently disposed of at much less than their real value. These sales it pays the book-collector to attend, personally if he can, or better still, to entrust his bid to the auctioneer or to some representative in whom he has confidence. Most profitable of all for the buyer are the sales where furniture, pictures, and rugs are disposed of, with, finally, a few books knocked down by one who knows nothing of their value.

Many are the volumes in my library which have been picked up on such occasions for a very few dollars, which are worth infinitely more than I paid for them. I have in mind my copy of the first edition of Boswell's *Corsica*, in fine old calf, with the inscription 'To the Right Honourable, The Earl Marischal of Scotland, as a mark of sincere regard and affection, from the Author, James Boswell.' This stands me only a few dollars. In London I should have been asked, and would have paid, twenty pounds for it.

Some men haunt the auction rooms all the time. I do not. I have a living to make and I am not quick in making it; moreover the spirit of competition invariably leads me astray, and I never come away without finding myself the owner of at least one book, usually a large one, which should properly be entitled, 'What Will He Do with It?'

IV

No book-collector should be without a book-plate, and a book-plate once inserted in a volume should never be removed. When the plate is that of a good collector it constitutes an indorsement, and adds a certain interest and value to the volume.

I was once going through the collection of a friend, and observing the absence of a book-plate, I asked him why it was. He replied, 'The selection of a book-plate is such a serious matter.' It is; and I should never have been able to get one to suit me entirely had not my good friend, Osgood of Princeton, come to my rescue.

He was working in my library some years ago on an exquisite appreciation of Johnson, when, noticing on my writing table a pen-and-ink sketch, he asked, 'What's this?' I replied with a sigh that it was a suggestion for a book-plate which I had just received from London. I had described in a letter exactly what I wanted — an association plate strictly in eighteenth-century style. Fleet Street was to be indicated, with Temple Bar in the background. It was to be plain and dignified in treatment. What came was indeed a sketch of Fleet Street and very much more. There were scrolls and flourishes, eggs and darts and *fleurs-de-lis* — a little of everything. In a word it was impossible. 'Let me see what I can do,' said Osgood.

When I returned home that evening there was waiting for me an exquisite pencil sketch, every detail faultless: Fleet Street with its tavern signs, in the background Temple Bar with Johnson and Goldsmith, the latter pointing to it and remarking slyly, '*Forsitan et nomen nostrum miscebitur istis.*' I was delighted, as I had reason to be. In due course, after discussions as to the selection of a suitable motto, we finally

agreed on a line out of Boswell: 'Sir, the biographical part of literature is what I love most'; and the sketch went off to Sidney Smith of Boston, the distinguished book-plate engraver.

I have a fondness for college professors. I must have inherited it from a rich old uncle from whom I unluckily inherited nothing else, who had a similar weakness for preachers. Let a man, however stupid, once get a license to wear his collar backwards, and the door was flung wide and the table spread. I have often thought what an ecstasy of delight he would have been thrown into had he met a churchman whose rank permitted him to wear his entire ecclesiastical panoply backwards.

My weakness for scholars is just such a whimsy. As a rule they are not so indulgent to collectors as they should be. They write books that we buy and read — when we can. My lifelong friend, Felix Schelling (in England he would be Sir Felix), is more lenient than most. My copy of his *Elizabethan Drama*, which has made him famous among students, is uncut and I am afraid to some extent unopened. Frankly, it is too scholarly to read with enjoyment. Indeed I sometimes think that it was my protest that led him to adopt the easier and smoother style apparent in his later books, *English Literature during the Lifetime of Shakespeare* and *The English Lyric*. Be this as it may, he has shown that he can use the scholarly and the familiar style with equal facility, and when he chooses he can turn a compliment like one of his own sixteenth-century courtiers.

I had always doubted that famous book-index story, 'Mill, J.S., "On Liberty"; Ditto, "On the Floss,"' until one day my friend Tinker sent me a dedication copy of his *Dr. Johnson and Fanny Burney* in which I read — and knew that he was poking fun at me for my bookish weakness — this: —

'This copy is a genuine specimen of the first edition, uncut and unopened, signed and certified by the editor.

Chauncey Brewster Tinker.

No copy is now known to exist of the suppressed first state of the first edition — that in which instead of the present entry in the index, under Pope, Alexander, page 111, occurred the words, "Pope Alexander 111." How much more valuable this copy would have been if this blunder — 'point,' the judicious would call it — had not been corrected until the second edition.

The work of my office was interrupted one summer morning several years ago by the receipt of a cable from London, apparently in code, which, I was advised, would not translate. Upon its being submitted to me I found that it did not require translating, but I was not surprised that it was somewhat bewildering to others. It read, '*Johnson Piazza Dictionary Pounds Forty Hut.*' To me it was perfectly clear that Mrs. Thrale Piozzi's copy of Johnson's Dictionary in two volumes folio was to be had from my friend Hutt for forty pounds. I dispatched the money and in due course received the volumes. Inserted in one of them was a long holograph letter to the Thrales giving them some excellent advice on the management of their affairs. 'I think it very probably in your power to lay up eight thousand pounds a year for every year to come, increasing all the time, what needs not be increased, the splendour of all external appearance, and surely such a state is not to be put in yearly hazard for the pleasure of keeping the house full, or the ambition of outbreeding Whitbread. Stop now and you are safe — stop a few years and you may go safely on thereafter, if to go on shall seem worth the while.'

Johnson's letters like his talks are compact with wisdom, and many of them are as easy as the proverbial old

shoe. Fancy Sam Johnson, the great lexicographer, writing to Mrs. Thrale and telling her to come home and take care of him and, as he says, to

'Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will, or come not at all.'

I own thirty or forty Johnson letters, including the one in which he describes what she called his 'menagerie' — dependents too old, too poor, or too peevish to find asylum elsewhere. He writes, 'We have tolerable concord at home, but no love. Williams hates everybody. Levet hates Desmoulines, and does not love Williams. Desmoulines hates them both. Poll loves none of them.'

But I must be careful. I had firmly resolved not to say anything in this paper which would lead any one to suspect that I am Johnson-mad, but I admit that such is the case. I am never without a copy of Boswell. What edition? Any edition. I have them all — the first in boards uncut for my personal satisfaction; an extra-illustrated copy of the same for display; Birkbeck Hill's for reference, and the cheap, old Bohn copy which I thirty years ago first read, because I know it by heart. Yes, I can truly say with Leslie Stephen, 'My enjoyment of books began and will end with Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.'

WOMAN'S SPHERE

BY S. H. KEMPER

'WILBUR, dear,' said Aunt Susan, 'Rosa is very busy with the washing this morning, and if you will go down into the garden and gather this basket full of peas and then shell them for her to cook for dinner, I will —' Aunt Susan paused to reflect a moment and then continued, 'I will give you a new ball for a birthday present.'

Aunt Susan smiled kindly at the flashing look of intense joy that Wilbur lifted to her face as he seized the basket she was holding out to him.

'I — I'd just love to have it!' he exclaimed. He was quite overcome with emotion and tore away toward the garden at top speed.

Wilbur's mother was ill, and Wilbur had been sent to visit Aunt Susan in order that the house might be quiet. Aunt Susan was really Wilbur's father's

aunt. She was grandma's sister, and she was very old. Grandma was not old. Her hair was white, but it went in nice squiggles around her face, and she wore big hats with plumes and shiny, rusty dresses and high-heeled shoes. And when she kissed you she clasped you in a powerful embrace against her chest. Grandma was not old. But Aunt Susan, with her smooth gray hair and her wrinkled face and spectacles, her plain black dress and little shawl, and her funny cloth shoes, seemed to Wilbur a being inconceivably stricken of old. You felt intensely sorry for her for being so old. You were so sorry that you felt it inside of you; it was almost as if your stomach ached. And she was always kind and gentle. You felt that it would be a grievous thing to hurt her feelings or trouble her in any way.

Wilbur's birthday came on Thursday and this was only Monday. A long time to wait. Wilbur needed a ball very badly. He had made friends with a number of boys here in Aunt Susan's town, and the baseball season was at its height. Wilbur's friends owned several perfectly worthy bats and two or three gloves, but there was a serious lack of balls.

That afternoon, joining the boys on the vacant lot where they played, Wilbur informed them with great satisfaction of Aunt Susan's promise.

'My aunt is going to give me a new ball on my birthday,' he said to them.

They were more than pleased with the news. Wilbur found himself the centre of flattering interest. He told them that he guessed it would be a regular league ball.

Wilbur exerted himself earnestly to be helpful to Aunt Susan and Rosa all day on Tuesday and Wednesday. He felt that he could not do enough for Aunt Susan, and also that it would be well to remind her of her promise by constant acts of courtesy and service, for it was a long time before Thursday. But it did not seem possible that any one could really forget an affair so important and so agreeable as the purchase of a ball. Wilbur knew where Aunt Susan would get the ball: at Reiter's store, of course. Reiter kept a store where books and magazines and athletic goods were sold. He kept all the standard things; the ball would be of a good make, Wilbur was sure.

Aunt Susan did not often go down town. Except when busy about her housekeeping, she was likely to spend the time rocking in her old-fashioned rocker on the front porch with a workbasket beside her, occupying herself with needlework or knitting. She knitted a great deal. There were many bright-colored wools in her workbasket.

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On Wednesday afternoon Wilbur's heart gave an excited jump when he saw Aunt Susan coming downstairs tying her little bonnet over her gray hair. Her black silk shopping-bag hung on her arm. Wilbur did not doubt that she was going down town with an eye single to Reiter's store. He assumed an unconscious air, just as one did when mother went shopping before Christmas. He watched Aunt Susan out of sight and afterward hung about the front yard till he saw her returning. He ran to open the gate for her and took her parasol and bag, looking up at her with bright, trustful eyes. The bag seemed quite full of small parcels as he carried it for Aunt Susan.

Wilbur fell asleep that night wondering whether Aunt Susan would put the ball on the breakfast table next morning, where he would see it when he entered the dining-room. Perhaps she would bring it after he was asleep, and place it on the chair beside his bed, or perhaps on the old-fashioned bureau. There were many happy possibilities.

When the window opposite his bed began to grow bright with the pink and gold of sunrise, Wilbur woke and sat up, looking first at the chair, then at the bureau. No, it was not in the room. It would be in the dining-room, then. When he went downstairs he was surprised to find that Aunt Susan had not yet left her room. In the kitchen Rosa was only beginning her preparations for breakfast. Wilbur spent a long time, a restless but happy hour, waiting, idling about the dewy garden and the front yard, feeding the chickens and playing with the cat.

At last Rosa rang the bell and Wilbur went into the house. Aunt Susan, seated at the breakfast table, greeted him affectionately.

'Many happy returns, dear!' she said, holding out her hand. She drew him to her and kissed his cheek. Now,

surely — But the ball was not on the table beside his plate. He could not see it anywhere in the room.

The breakfasts at Aunt Susan's were always good. There would be fried chicken and waffles or muffins and squashy corn bread. Indeed all meal-times at Aunt Susan's would have been periods of unmixed joy if Aunt Susan had not felt obliged to keep up a steady conversation. Aunt Susan made small talk laboriously. It distracted your mind. She had a strange delusion that one was avidly interested in one's school-books. She constantly dwelt upon the subject of school. It made things difficult, for school was over now and all its rigors happily forgotten. This morning, what with Aunt Susan's talk and his excitement, Wilbur could hardly eat anything.

Breakfast was over. Aunt Susan and Rosa were in the pantry consulting on housekeeping matters. Wilbur sat down in a rocking-chair on the front porch and waited. He waited and waited, rocking violently. And then at last he heard Aunt Susan calling him.

He was out of his chair and in the hall like a flash.

'Yes'm,' he answered. 'Yes'm? What is it, Aunt Susan?'

Aunt Susan was coming down the stairs.

'Here is the ball I promised you, dear,' she said. She placed in his outstretched hand —

Wilbur had visualized it so vividly, he imagined the desired thing with such intensity, that it was as if a strange transformation had taken place before his eyes. He was holding, not the hard, heavy, white ball he had seemed actually to see, with its miraculously perfect stitching and the trim lettering of the name upon it; a curious, soft thing lay in his hand, a home-made ball constructed of wools. There seemed to be millions of short strands of bright-col-

ored wools all held together in the centre by some means and sticking out in every direction. Their smoothly clipped ends formed the surface of the ball.

It was the kind of thing you would give a baby in a go-cart.

Wilbur stood and gazed at it. The kind of thing you would give a baby in a go-cart! Then he looked up at Aunt Susan, and suddenly the sense of his great disappointment was lost in that immense, aching pity for her. She was so old, and she had made it herself, thinking it would please him.

'It's — it's awful pretty!' Wilbur stammered. He felt inexpressibly sorry for Aunt Susan. How could any one be so utterly without comprehension!

Aunt Susan patted his cheek.

'You have been a good boy,' she said. 'I hope you will enjoy playing at ball with your little friends.'

Wilbur went cold. The other fellows! He foresaw well enough their attitude toward his misfortune. To them it would seem a subject for unsparing derision. The kind of thing you would give a baby in a go-cart! And he had said, 'I guess it will be a regular league ball.'

Aunt Susan went away upon her housekeeping activities, and Wilbur, after standing for a while turning the woolly ball in his hands, went upstairs to his room. He hid the ball under the neatly folded garments in the upper drawer of the bureau. It was a relief to get it out of sight. He had a heavy, sickish feeling in his chest. The more he thought over his trouble the greater it seemed. A great dread of having the other boys know about it possessed him. He felt that he could not possibly bear the ignominy.

The morning dragged itself heavily away. Wilbur remained indoors. He could not go out for fear the other fellows might see him. He winced painfully at the thought of meeting them.

Rosa baked a fine cake for him, decorating it tastefully with nine pink candles, but Wilbur regarded it wanly.

At dinner Aunt Susan noticed his lack of appetite and fussed over him anxiously, dismaying his soul with dark hints of doses of medicine.

'I don't feel a bit sick, Aunt Susan,' he protested, 'honest, I don't.'

He felt almost desperate. He was heavy-hearted with his disappointment, oppressed with the fear of discovery; and now he must be harried and pursued with threats of medicine.

It was a miserable afternoon. Wilbur undertook to write a letter to his mother. Usually Aunt Susan was obliged to urge him to this duty, but to-day it offered an excuse to remain indoors and Wilbur seized it gladly. Writing a letter was a business that took time and effort. After a while, as Wilbur sat in the attitude of composition, with his legs wrapped around the legs of his chair and his shoulders hunched over the table, Aunt Susan's anxious eye detected the fact that he was not writing but was absently chewing his pencil.

'Wilbur, dear,' Aunt Susan said, 'you are staying in the house too much. Put your letter away now and run out of doors. I think you need the fresh air. You can finish your letter to-morrow.'

'Oh, I would rather finish it now, please,' Wilbur said; 'you know poppa is coming to see us this evening, and if I get it done I can give it to him to take to mamma.'

He hastily stuck out his tongue, and breathing heavily, began to write.

Throughout the afternoon Wilbur contrived by one excuse or another to remain in the house. After the early tea Aunt Susan sat down in one of the porch rockers with her knitting and Wilbur sedately took another. With great effort he sustained the conversation which Aunt Susan considered necessary. Presently, with a throb of

alarm, Wilbur saw Henry, the boy who lived next door, climbing the fence dividing the two yards. With fascinated dread Wilbur watched him approach. He stood still at the foot of the porch steps.

'Hello,' he said in his deep and husky voice.

'Hello,' Wilbur replied coldly.

'Good evening, Henry,' said Aunt Susan; 'sit down and make us a visit. How is your father? How is your mother? When is your married sister coming home for a visit?' And so on.

Henry sat down on the steps, answering Aunt Susan with weary civility. Wilbur rocked and rocked with nervous violence. Sitting in a chair like a grown person, he felt a certain aloofness from Henry on the steps. It was a poor enough security, but he clung to it. And then suddenly Aunt Susan was saying, —

'Wilbur, get the ball I gave you and play a game of ball with Henry.'

The moment of discovery had come. And Wilbur found himself wondering dully what Aunt Susan's idea of a ball game could be like. His mind seemed to fumble stiffly with the unimportant thought. He rose heavily. Henry had snapped up briskly from his place on the steps as Aunt Susan spoke.

'That's right!' he said. 'Let's get out there in the road and warm up.'

Wilbur turned to enter the house.

'I'll go with you,' Henry said.

They ascended the stairs, Wilbur lagging on every step and Henry breasting forward like a homeward-bound horse. They crossed the little upstairs hall and stood at the door of Wilbur's room. The woolly ball lay on the bureau, its many colors garish in the sunset. Wilbur had left it in the drawer, but Rosa had been in the room putting away his freshly ironed clothes, and had taken it out and placed it on top of the bureau for all the world to see.

Wilbur shut his eyes and waited for a bitter outcry from Henry. There was, however, a moment of silence, and then Henry demanded impatiently, —

‘Well, where is it at?’

Wilbur opened his eyes and regarded Henry stupidly. Henry then did not even recognize the strange, bright object on the bureau as a ball. Probably he took it for a pincushion. The shock of the unexpected reprieve made Wilbur feel faint and confused.

‘It’s here — it’s right in this room,’ he stammered.

‘In the bruy-yo?’ Henry asked, pointing toward the old-fashioned bureau.

‘I — I left it in the top drawer of the bruy-yo.’

Henry went and opened the drawers one by one and rummaged in them.

‘It ain’t here!’ he exclaimed; ‘I bet somebody’s stolen it from you! The colored girl! I bet she’s stolen it!’

‘Aw, she would n’t steal! She’s nice!’ Wilbur exclaimed; but even as he spoke, he saw his mistake. Henry had made the descent to a course of deceit, of hideous disloyalty to a dear friend, fearfully easy! Wilbur descended. ‘Maybe,’ he faltered, ‘maybe she needed a ball awfully and just had to take it! Maybe she needed it awfully!’

‘Well, ain’t you going to try to get it back from her?’

‘Oh, no!’ Wilbur cried in horror. ‘I won’t say a word about it. It would hurt her feelings. She’s nice —’

‘Well, I bet if it was my ball and anybody stole it I would raise an awful row!’

‘I won’t say anything about it,’ Wilbur repeated. ‘It would hurt her feelings. And I guess you better go home now, Henry. Maybe your mother is wondering where you are.’

Wilbur adopted the formula with which other boys’ mothers were wont to put him on the social inclined plane. He felt a desperate need to be rid of Henry. Henry departed without resentment.

A little later Wilbur’s father came. It was a comfort to have poppa there. Wilbur’s tired spirit leaned against his big, quiet strength. In the dusk Aunt Susan and poppa sat on the porch and talked. Wilbur stood beside poppa’s chair. It was peaceful and cool in the late evening. Wilbur liked to hear the noise the katydids made in the trees. It went on, over and over and over —

Suddenly, as if recollecting something he had forgotten, poppa put his hand into his coat pocket and drew out — It was the ball of Wilbur’s dreams. Poppa, still talking to Aunt Susan, was holding it out to him. He saw it in all its utterly desirable excellence, its natty charms, hard and heavy and smooth and gleaming white. Wilbur’s small brown fingers curved themselves feebly upon its taut sides. He did not speak, but his long-lashed eyes, brooding upon the perfection within his grasp, lifted for a moment to his father’s face a deep look of such intensity that poppa was startled.

‘It’s your birthday, old chap,’ he said, putting his arm around Wilbur. ‘I thought you might like a new ball.’

He felt Wilbur trembling slightly and wondered whether, in spite of the little fellow’s seemingly perfect health, he could be an over-strung and nervous child.

‘Now you have two balls,’ Aunt Susan said fatuously, rocking herself in her old rocker.

‘Yes’m,’ said Wilbur. From the security of his immense felicity he smiled at her kindly, very kindly, very indulgently, for how could she understand?

RECENT REFLECTIONS OF A NOVEL-READER

BROADLY speaking, the novels of the past autumn and winter are fewer in number than usual, and weaker in interest. They lack something of their wonted depth of color and intensity of flavor. With certain exceptions, at least one of which is extraordinarily significant, they are washed-out.

The reader asks himself why this is. It has no immediate relation to the great affairs that occupy the world-stage, for these books were in the publishers' hands before Europe went to war. Is it a matter, then, of contrast? Are they few compared to war extras, or pale beside the actualities of strife? This might be. What novelist can compete in dramatic interest with the World Builder dealing before our eyes with peoples and continents as a child deals with lead soldiers and puzzle-maps?

Nevertheless, on soberly comparing the publishers' lists of this season with previous lists, and the quality of most of the season's performances in fiction with previous achievements by the same authors, we shall see that the diminution in quantity and quality is a matter neither of contrast nor of imagination. It is both real and measurable.

Those more sensitive than we, more skilled in interpreting the auspices, might perhaps have apprehended the approach of new and great phenomena destined to shake all forms of art as they shook other, weightier human activities. Certainly, both art and life have shown strange, hysteric symptoms in the last few years. The art of painting, we know, took a spectacular plunge down a blind alley. 'No Thoroughfare' was written in huge letters over the road of the Cubists and Futur-

ists, whom already we speak of as in the past!

It is easy to say now that quite three fifths of the International Exhibition of two years ago was, shriekingly, the kind of creation that precedes *débâcle*. A hundred years hence it will be one of the commonplaces of criticism that art went mad in the dozen years preceding 1914. Some sapient critic will affirm: 'The sensitiveness of the art-worker to the motion of those subtler ethers charged with waves of thought, feeling, and perhaps prescience, was never more vividly exhibited than in the plight of Continental art for some years preceding the Great War. In it, as in a mirror, the increasing discord of Europe was reflected. The demonstration that discord makes for hideousness was complete. Certain cliques of painters affirmed that it was their affair to penetrate to the core of things painted and represent their souls; certain others claimed it their sole duty to transcribe in pigments the mental impression received from the visible objects dealt with. Among the former there were a scant two or three artists, truly great, who could indeed paint and model the souls of things, but the work of those who strove to render their own mental impressions only, was hysteria made visible. Such few survivals of the work of Picasso, Picabia, and their like, as exist, carry the effect of disintegration so far that it produces an actual nausea in the beholder. It is as if he saw solid matter refusing to cohere in accepted shapes, dizzily falling apart into its elements. The final suggestion involved is inevitably that of corruption and decay. Disintegration connotes these

states as its ultimate. If the literature of that period shows itself in somewhat better case, it perhaps owes that fact to the dependence of authors on publisher. Whatever their other failings, the successful publishers of that age were not hysteric!

We, who are nearer that literature, know that a few writers used futurist methods. Noteworthy also has been a violent ebullition of the flesh in fiction. The present critic confesses with regret to having minimized deliberately a perception that the main current of fiction a year ago ran turbid as the Mississippi in flood. 'It is temporary, it is coincidence, that so very many *Titans* and *Salamanders* come together,' one said to one's self. 'It is an accident not to be considered, a phenomenon unjust to dwell upon.' And behold! It was, instead, the brown boiling-up that the spring gives before it runs scantily and perhaps ceases. Such things are signs of some disaster at the hidden source of springs. Marked as always by the violent, the *outré*, the utterly unreasonable and unspiritual, the end of an era was upon us and we knew it not. One wonders that, seeing what we saw, we saw no more.

When worlds are rocking, the consequent gyrations of art may seem of tertiary importance, yet are not really so. For if we ask ourselves what, then, *is* art, that its connection with the world of events is so intimate, sensitive, and apparently prescient, we come at once to the core of things; we open so great a question that it can be dealt with here only most humbly and hastily, by guesses and intimations.

Let us examine what some recognized authorities have lately said about art's obvious decline. George Moore, when asked two years ago his opinion of modern painting as an investment, affirmed vehemently that there was money in it, because 'in fifty years'

time there will be no more art in Europe.' His explanation ran thus: 'Art is an intellectual formula. We get the formula on one condition, and that is segregation. . . . Art is essentially nationality. . . . It is now impossible to distinguish between the art of one country and that of another. Without segregation every one imitates another. . . . The question is, can we get a new formula?' And to this he answers, No.

Victor Auburtin in *Die Kunst Stirbt* attacks the question from the Teutonic viewpoint. The German formula for life, which he accepts tacitly as that of the whole modern world, is, he finds, death to art. The gospel of utility, efficiency, comfort, leaves no room for mystery, splendor, passion; no room for illusion and *naïveté*. These things furnish the soil for art, and they have been improved out of existence. So, we have done with art. He suggests sadly that perhaps we can very well do without it. Good sewerage is necessary; good poetry is not. It may even be, he thinks, that art is some raving fever that has to be cured. At all events there is no place for it in that improved economic future which modern *Kultur* must bring to pass.

Thus England and Germany. As to America, Ralph Adams Cram, himself a great creator in the building art, looks forward hopefully. In *The Ministry of Art* he announces again and again that 'we approach one of those great movements of readjustment when much that has been, finishes, and much that was not, comes into being'; but he divines the approaching epoch as nobler than the last, as 'again synthetic, creative, centripetal.' Precisely because he himself is a creator, he knows what art's self is. Concerning this matter the artist is usually inarticulate, while the more loquacious are less qualified to speak. Mr. Cram expresses the essential revelation in many ways, but most

clearly, perhaps, in saying that art is 'the only adequate expression in time and space of spiritual things.'

This may be said more concretely than Mr. Cram has chosen to do. Art is what the artist sees, hears, apprehends, when he steps aside into that Timeless World that all creators know. The actual things they bring back from it, — lyrics; sonatas; pictures; tales; little miracles of color, craft, design; structures of marble, brick, wood, fit to stand as houses of worship or shelters for human love, even as roofs for our great material activities, — all these things are scattered thoughts of the One. The creative art-worker gives them material form, putting them into shapes our ears can hear, our eyes see. To do this successfully, it must be done simply and directly, because — it was said in China long ago — 'in the domain of the One there may not be man-aging.'

Thus and not otherwise is art what Mr. Cram calls it, 'the voicing of the Over-Soul,' 'the record and the revelation of man's spiritual adventures,' 'the handmaid and exponent of religion.' The word religion has here no conventional meaning. It covers all our relations to the One.

Well, this is very simple if you once admit the possibility, so vivid an actuality to every art-worker, of passing into the Timeless World. It explains, too, both Mr. Cram's fine optimism and the pessimism of European critics.

The plain man also makes his journeys into the Timeless Country, bringing back — in the shape of moral impulse, ideals, right resolution — those perceptions of something beyond ourselves and more beautiful than we, which the art-worker receives as concrete beauty in varied shapes. It is, all of it, stuff of the Over-Soul. In older and more reverent words, it is the very graciousness of God.

Thus, art is the steam-gauge on the boiler of life. It marks the force of the spiritual pressure within. The amount of real relationship with the sustaining spirit beneath the show of things may, or may not, correspond with the more formal expressions of religion at any given time.

In periods and lands where this relationship, which is the real religion, fails, art may seem moribund. The critic who is not spiritually minded (and with all his perception George Moore is certainly not that) can thus imagine no future for art. The man living, as Auburtin, in a country whose thought is strongly rationalistic, a country moreover which has made Nietzsche its prophet, is bound to feel that art is swiftly dying, once for all. No other conception is possible in such an atmosphere.

No outsider should speak with authority concerning the interrelation of rationalism and militarism in Germany. Neither can any outsider say whether Nietzsche only gave voice to a philosophy native to autocratic Prussia, or whether he shaped the thought of the more militant section of united Germany. Nor can any outsider determine at this time what spirit actually preponderates in the German people — the practical and Christian spirit which we have all seen so often and loved so well in individual Germans, — mostly, however, in the women! — or the death-to-the-weaker spirit which Nietzsche so stridently proclaimed. But what one may surely affirm is that Germany, more wholly and devotedly than other nations, lives in and by and for ideas. Therefore wrong and vicious ideas do more damage there than elsewhere. They 'take' with tremendous virulence, if at all. They poison more people, and poison them more violently. Perhaps the true *furor Teutonicus* is the delirium caused by wrong thinking.

Rationalism unbalanced by reason-

ableness is sheer madness. The advantage of not committing one's self irrevocably to ideas is that thus one escapes the damnation of acting without reserve upon the wrong idea.

What has all this to do with current fiction? It leads straight to a consideration of *The Encounter*,¹ by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, a novel which incarnates the religion of Nietzsche and that of Christ, as well as the creed of the hedonist, and shows them fighting their battle out on the virgin field of a young girl's heart and brain. This most penetrating and unusual book is the author's finest achievement. One hardly sees how she can again equal, not to say outdo, such work as this. It shows distinction, subtlety, inevitableness, an absolute mastery of the tools of her art, a crystalline delineation of difficult, amorphous character. But deeper than its truth to actual life lies its truth to the underlying spirit of things. It is one of those rare works that emerge unbroken and unmarred, a perfect whole, from the Timeless World. And with all this it has that mysterious timeliness which seems too significant to be mere coincidence, since it records the utter rout of Nietzsche's philosophy of 'the world for the strong' before that nobler conception which the Christian world is slowly stumbling toward through long and bitter paths. And this demonstration comes at the precise moment when the whole earth is wondering if that philosophy is to replace, for an æon or two, the ideal of the Golden Rule.

Nietzsche's self is made protagonist here in his person and habit as he lived. Ludwig Wehlitz frankly embodies the writer's impression of that 'piteous and splendid' figure. The contest of the story takes place between Persis Fennamy, a young American girl of beauty

and great intelligence but unstirred, perhaps unstimulable, heart, and three vividly individualized Germans, each a philosopher after his fashion. Wehlitz's philosophy, of course, is Nietzsche's own, quite wonderfully interpreted; Graf von Lüdenstein is hedonist and materialist; Conrad Sachs, ugly, crippled, poor, despised, believes that the highest strength desires and chooses goodness. 'If only strength is good, it is still more true that only goodness is strong.' To him, the breath of the spirit is the world's great reality. Each of these men loves the girl after his nature. The swift interplay between their emotion and her dawning consciousness takes strange and dramatic forms, too complicated to rehearse. But even the casual reader need not fear the book's philosophy, for it is concreted and made absolutely definite in personalities. The story, as a story, is as rapid and absorbing as it is subtle, but one despairs of setting it forth fully, just as one despairs of any adequate account of the marvelous Mrs. Fennamy, perhaps its most trenchant personality.

Probably no one with the instinct for character ever read Nietzsche without feeling that he did protest too much. The vehement champion of force is never strong. The delineation of the man himself as it is here,—acute, exalted, puerile, egotistic, ignoble, impotent, half-mad with visions that go far, yet not quite far enough,—accords unforgettably with the impression that his work imparts. Here was a brave coward whom the universe drove mad with fear. No prophet, this, for nations to build upon.

Wehlitz hates too much to be capable of love. He cannot woo, for philosophers may not sing the Song of Songs; yet had Persis loved him first, it might have freed him and have let him be the lover she so blindly but so righteously demanded. Von Lüdenstein

¹ *The Encounter*. By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. New York: The Century Co.

asked merely to be allowed to teach her the intoxication of the flesh. In the end it emerges clear that only Sachs, standing aside in complete renunciation, has registered himself upon the girl's soul. The thought of him is as necessary, as reviving, to her as his presence is to the furious and shattered Wehlitz. He only can bring peace. His is the strength of the selfless, and they all live in his strength. 'O Galiléen, tu as vaincu,' might well be written on the final page.

This is an inadequate account of an inimitable achievement. I confess that to me the book seems entirely perfect as art, philosophy, religion. No one who cares for either should let it pass unread.

A group of belated novels about modern woman might have seemed vital, even exciting, a year ago. But now — what are feminists, anyhow? Was there once a lecturer named — what is it? — Pankhurst? Did anybody but George Washington ever own a hatchet? The whole hectic aspect of woman-agitation has disappeared by magic, as hysterical seizures disappear when the house takes fire. But its literary traces still remain.

*Delia Blanchflower*¹ is Mrs. Humphry Ward's account of some phases of the English militant movement. It is sane, comprehensive, and forcible. Generalizing quite frankly from the particular cases here presented, one may say that frantic militancy seems to arise from some repression or divagation of the sex-instinct. Mrs. Ward's militants are women embittered by events in their individual lives rather than martyrs to a holy cause. In them the natural attraction of woman to man is turned to an insane and bitter hate. Like all forms of hate, it leads direct to some form of hell. There is no

escaping this. Even though you admit fully the injustice of the English law toward women, the fury of militancy remains as before, a malign and evil mood, most destructive to those who develop it. The only unconvincing thing in *Delia Blanchflower* is the love story. It reads as if the author continued to believe in love stories with her head, but had lost interest in them with her heart.

*Her Wings*² just flutters the edge of the problem tentatively, since the heroine, solemnly dedicated to useful celibacy by her mother, is so obviously designed by Nature for other ends that her struggle against manifest destiny can have but one end. *Faces in the Dawn*³ is a pleasing and poetic account of a German pastor's browbeaten wife (*she* had reasons for rebellion, if you like!) who was given new ideals by Gudrun, the baron's daughter. Gudrun returns from Colorado engaged to a good American who knows how women should be treated. Between them all, they almost made Pastor Adam Samuels see that men might be 'as brave, noble, and happy a company where the wives were considered intellectually and spiritually their equals, as in countries where they were sentimentally idealized but actually regarded as inferiors.' The objection to this excellent story as propaganda is that no Pastor Adam will read it.

If Esperanza, Pastor Adam's wife, is the woman of yesterday, Bambi is a chortling, joyous specimen of the girl of day-after-to-morrow.⁴ Bambi's historian is bright, vivacious, and obviously so young as to be unhampered by any real knowledge of people, so she artlessly

² *Her Wings*. By FRANCES NEWTON SYMMES ALLEN. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

³ *Faces in the Dawn*. By HERMAN HAGEDORN. New York: The Macmillan Co.

⁴ *Bambi*. By MARJORIE BENTON COOKE. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

¹ *Delia Blanchflower*. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. New York: Hearst's International Library Co.

presents, in a series of motion pictures, her idea of a really fine girl. Bambi, aged nineteen, relentlessly marries Mr. Jarvis Jocelyn, would-be dramatist, because she sees in him the makings of a success and wishes a hand in the work. She has to catch him when he is so stupefied with creative writing that he does n't know what he is doing — otherwise he would refuse to be married; but little does Bambi care for that! She keeps him in a room in her father's house, working at his drama. Presumably father pays the bills while Bambi earns enough money by story-writing to send Jarvis to New York to market the play. She gets him the job of dramatizing her own anonymous novel, makes him fall in love with the unknown author, and reveals the secret only on the highly successful 'first night.' In brief, she drags him about by one arm, head bobbing in the dust, as a child drags a Teddy-bear. And these are the dearest dreams of the Newest Girl! Her doctrine would seem to be this: it is Man's turn to be a toy; let him take his medicine!

Even the cowed and shrinking Esperanza is a more pleasing spectacle than Bambi. If you are down-trodden and submissive, you are at least saved from the disgrace of flagrant egotism. But there are two or three women in the new novels who approximate a happier state than either. I admit a violent attachment for Hilda Maneley, the little lady of *The Nightingale*.¹ She is so deliciously unreasonable, such a happiness-giver, so humanly gay and comforting! We all know some one she reminds us of: some woman who, without achievements or talent save the highly developed talent of taking an interest in other people, succeeds in warming a corner of the world for us whenever our thoughts turn that way.

¹ *The Nightingale*. By ELLENOR STOOTHOFF. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Hilda's personality is heart-filling, and it really 'gets across.' One humbly submits to militant ladies the opinion that here is Woman-at-her-Best.

Little Eve Edgarton is a rebellious mite who has been dragged from sea to sea ever since she was born.² Said her mother who died, 'Any foolish woman can keep house, but the woman who travels with your father has got to be able to keep the whole wide world for him. It's nations that you'll have to put to bed. And suns and moons and stars that you have to keep scoured and bright. But with the whole green earth for your carpet and shining heaven for your roof-tree and God for your landlord, now would n't you be a fool if you were n't quite satisfied?' 'But all the same,' said little Eve, '*I'd rather have a house!*' It is refreshing to meet such a perfectly normal young person, even if she does make a fuss about it.

Little Eve would be twice as effective were she italicized only half as much! But, with whatever abatement, she is a much more useful and desirable citizen than *To-day's Daughter*, as depicted by Mrs. Bacon.³ The author gives us a number of searching, acute studies of modern American women. She asks, in effect, what Nature demands of them, and shows how they meet that demand. In particular she inquires, how does unnecessary money-making effort, outside the home, work out with reference to the home itself? She distinguishes clearly between the woman who must work in the world and the woman who insists upon her right to do so, with respectful consideration for the undoubted genius and for the woman who is willing to earn if she can do it under her own roof. The author carefully avoids all moral judgments, all viewpoints

² *Little Eve Edgarton*. By ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT. New York: The Century Co.

³ *To-day's Daughter*. By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

save those of Nature when Nature is keeping her sharp eyes on the race. Says Mrs. Fitch to Mrs. Fettauer, when the latter proposes to throw over husband and children in order that she may go on with her career of organizing prison-reform, 'Wrong? Who said anything about wrong? Or right? When I see a woman throwing away a string of pearls for a string of buttons, do I call her wrong? I call her blind, that's all!'

The tenacity with which Mrs. Bacon adheres to the evolutionary and utilitarian standpoint serves only to bring out more vividly the fact that Nature as interpreted to-day and Duty as interpreted yesterday are identical and make the same demands on women. She might have pushed her logic a little further and mentioned that To-day's Daughter, if she persists in such woodenness and rigidity as Lucia Stanchon displays through her married life, has inevitably decreed her own extermination. Nature, who, as Lucia's wise father points out, irrevocably decrees that men must first of all be brave and honest, and women kind and chaste, has not yet put it into the hearts of men to desire mates as hard as cigar-store Indians. There is one strong similarity between the highly cultivated group of New York women drawn by Mrs. Bacon and the joint heroines of *Perch of the Devil*,¹ Mrs. Atherton's equally expert if less agreeable delineation of two women of Butte. Both groups have this quality of steeliness, which apparently results from extensive self-consideration unmitigated by much regard for any one else. Ida Compton and Mrs. Mark Blake are thoroughly up-to-date in their limitless individualism; the latter is the finer-fibred, with an inherited taste for the things of the mind, but in the contest

between them the commoner woman is victor. She purposes at least to keep her hold on her own husband, and in this, being on Nature's side, she wins. Other than this blind instinct, neither of the two women has a principle to bless herself with. If Mrs. Atherton and Mrs. Bacon are right, modern woman is deteriorating with spectacular rapidity, whether in Montana or Manhattan. The pictures they present are undeniably terrifying.

For a totally different effect, one may turn to *The Rise of Jennie Cushing*.² This heroine is born in the gutter and reared in the reform school, but by virtue of something within herself speaking with an authority to which she always yields obedience, she pursues her own path uncorrupted by the dark experiences through which she passes. Jennie Cushing is wonderful, but alas! she is not typical. Her exceptional selflessness offers no argument for woman in general, though it confirms the doctrine of Conrad Sachs that 'only goodness is strong.'

Does any one still care for the nineteenth century, with its restraints, its elegancies, its exquisite, painstaking art, its careful superstructures on foundations of solidity? Here are three books whose authors had popular success in the eighties. *Diane and her Friends*,³ by Arthur Sherburne Hardy, is a volume of adorable short stories. Recalling his early work across the years, one finds here no loss of grace or deftness, but only an added definition and clarity. In the old days he was at times too vague. The quality which gave him good audience then was poignancy. He had the power to express 'the sense of tears in things,' and it

² *The Rise of Jennie Cushing*. By MARY S. WATTS. New York: The Macmillan Co.

³ *Diane and Her Friends*. By ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY. Boston & New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

¹ *Perch of the Devil*. By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

remains wholly undiminished. No one writes short stories like these nowadays, — each one like a carved gem. Evidently art was not dead when Mr. Hardy learned to write. — The action of *Gideon's Band*,¹ by George W. Cable, takes place on a Mississippi River steamboat in 1852, during a trip from New Orleans to St. Louis. Cholera breaks out, invading the cabins from the lower deck; two brothers, who are worse than hot-headed, attempt to develop a feud, but most of the evil consequences of the trying situation are met and averted by two young people, boy and girl, one in each camp of the opposed factions. The situations are dramatic and unusual, and they put in play before us the life of a vanished time. The book, indeed, suggests dramatization more strongly than do many novels of which successful plays have already been made. — Perhaps Charles Egbert Craddock is the only living follower of Scott. At all events, she reproduces closely some of his merits while avoiding most of his defects. *The Story of Duciehurst*² is an absorbing tale, which deals with a stranded steamer, river-pirates, hidden treasure, usurped estates, a broken levee, and an engulfed plantation. Plenty of elements of interest here, and they are built into a carefully composed whole in which the development of personality is kept the strongest point. Each chapter advances the whole plot in a definite and enduring way. The construction is a pleasure to reflect upon, and if the language is a little too dignified for to-day, so much the better for the reader. The book is as interesting as any of the shockers, and it is not jerry-built.

A comparatively new writer, A. S. M. Hutchinson, goes back to Dickens for

his inspiration. *The Clean Heart*³ is the story of a self-centred novelist, temporarily unbalanced, who wins to health first, then sanity, and finally selflessness, through tramping the by-ways of England with a hard-drinking vagabond, Puddlebox, who might have been lifted bodily from Dickens. I am not denying that there may be virtue enough in open air and the English landscape to make a gentleman and a philanthropist of a Puddlebox, and he is as certain of popularity as Mr. Locke's Beloved Vagabond, a somewhat similar character, who is developed with fewer direct assaults upon the reader's emotions. Locke's performance is the more artful of the two, and the less ethical. It remains to be seen which readers want most.

Breathless books on a high level are *The Clarion*⁴ and *The Charmed Life of Miss Austin*.⁵ The former is a capital story, moving with the speed of an express train and doing all that the advertisements claim for it in the way of exposing newspaper venality in connection with the patent-medicine trade. But it does more than this, or Literature could not smile at Mr. Adams so amiably as she now has grounds for doing. Dr. Surtaine, his quack, who begins life as a wandering faker and evolves into a multi-millionaire with an enormous and beneficently run dope-factory, is an unusually human and lovable creation. The hero, his son, who wars with him, the heroine, and everybody else in the book are feeble indeed compared to this genial, sincere old scoundrel, who is no novelist's dummy, but a life-sized human creature with all the tragic inconsistencies and comic imperfections that make human beings the endlessly ab-

³ *The Clean Heart*. By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON. Boston: Little Brown & Co.

⁴ *The Clarion*. By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS. Boston & New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

⁵ *The Charmed Life of Miss Austin*. By SAMUEL MERWIN. New York: The Century Co.

¹ *Gideon's Band*. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

² *The Story of Duciehurst*. By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. New York: The Macmillan Co.

sorbing creatures that they are. *The Charmed Life of Miss Austin*, with its Oriental background, like carved lacquer, against which stand out the naïve outlines of a nice girl from the United States, is distinctly clever. It is a very bad book for girl-travelers in the Orient to read: it gives the impression that, no matter how self-willed they may be in their adventure-seeking, Providence in the shape of a Man from Home will surely intervene. There could be no more fatal delusion for a nice girl on the China Coast. But the stories are good stories, for Mr. Merwin knows what components go to the making of a good story. His recipe is almost infallible.

The only ingredient one could wish added to them is the sincerity one feels in the work of Lincoln Colcord, that other student of the China Coast. *The Game of Life and Death*¹ is one of the best short stories of recent years. Though no other in the volume to which it gives title is of such dramatic intensity, all are absorbing with that reality found only in the work of a man who sees through the vivid appearances of things to their final reality.

Follow a few books that are simply agreeable reading. Snaith's new novel, *Anne Feversham*,² is a pleasant presentation of a quite possible Will Shakespeare taking a benign interest in young love at great personal risk. This author, never twice the same, is never negligible. *The Street of the Seven Stars*³ is the good old story of a poor young music-student abroad, retold for this generation by Mrs. Rinehart. It will probably be as deservedly popular as was *The First Violin* some forty years ago — for romance is not yet dead. *Per-*

*sonality Plus*⁴ details the preliminary business experiences of Jock McChesney, son of Emma McChesney, that dauntless and sparkling traveling-woman. Jock is not so good a man as his mother, but one is always interested in the sons of old friends. *Phyllis*⁵ is a gay little story of a Northern girl in a Southern town, and *The Hon. Percival*⁶ details the amusing encounter of the conventional Englishman with a Montana damsel. Both books have the essential joyousness that seems to come from the nearer South. The stories of Mrs. Boshier, Miss Daviess, and Alice Hegan Rice are what one may call sweet-dispositioned books. Like certain bubbling Southern girls, they are 'nice to have around.'

It would not matter that H. G. Wells is the most incorrigibly wrong-headed novelist we have, if he were not also incorrigibly interesting. As things are, his wrong-headedness adds to his interest. It grows exciting to see him take shot after shot at life and human nature, without ever hitting the bull's-eye. He can punctuate a pattern all around it with neatness and dispatch, but the gold itself he never scores. It is hard to explain why a man with such a rich mentality never by any chance penetrates to the core of things. Of course, he is urban — and Truth lives out of town; also, he relies on his reason, and Truth values instinct more. Still, would n't you think that sometimes by accident he might stumble upon an eternal verity? As a matter of fact, in *Mr. Polly* and again in *Marriage* he came close to it. His newest novel, *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman*,⁷ is a book of divers

⁴ *Personality Plus*. By EDNA FERBER. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

⁵ *Phyllis*. By MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS. New York: The Century Co.

⁶ *The Hon. Percival*. By ALICE HEGAN RICE. New York: The Century Co.

⁷ *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman*. By H. G. WELLS. New York: The Macmillan Co.

¹ *The Game of Life and Death*. By LINCOLN COLCORD. New York: The Macmillan Co.

² *Anne Feversham*. By J. C. SNAITH. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

³ *The Street of the Seven Stars*. By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

delights. The first hundred pages or so are phrased with such felicity and subtlety that there are half a dozen distinct pleasures on each page. When the author gets fully into the swing of his story, he forgets to polish every separate sentence so brilliantly, and the elated response of one's brain-cells to his adjectives is noticeably less frequent. Had he kept it up at the same pace, I fear one might have forgotten to be critical, even about the eternal verities! Critics also have their price.

Another pleasure is the careful, full-length portrait of Ellen, Lady Harman, who is preëminently the kind of woman worth this trouble. Wells has never elsewhere drawn a woman so painstakingly and accurately. In this respect, also, the book marks a great advance. The reader's disappointment inheres, as usual, in the underlying satiric foundation of a pleasing superstructure. Those who know their Wells will recall that Stratton, hero of *The Passionate Friends*, devotes his life to 'the destruction of jealousy, and the forms and shelters and instruments of jealousy, both in my own self and in the thoughts and laws and usages of the world.' *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman* may best be described as a bit of Stratton's special pleading. Its sole purpose is to show masculine jealousy as supremely brutal, and supremely ridiculous.

Sir Isaac Harman, a rich baker, marries at forty a beautiful, reasonable, and intelligent young girl whose life he makes a burden by interference, domineering, and jealousy. He will not let her be, in the least degree, an 'autonomous' individual. For some years she accepts this quietly, but as her character develops she begins to want, not freedom from any duty or responsibility, but merely a little pocket-money, a few friends, and the right to think a bit occasionally. She finally obtains

these simple requirements by getting a month in jail for militant window-breaking. Sir Isaac, dying, makes her fortune dependent upon her refusal to marry again. This she has no disposition to do. Nothing she has seen of marriage has yet shown it a desirable estate. So she refuses Mr. Brumley, a harmless novelist who has been her friend, admirer, even adviser, for some difficult years, asking him to remain exactly what he has been to her, and no more. He finds this hard, promises it at first, then raves and rages jealously against Sir Isaac, finally bursting into loud boo-hoos and running from her wildly to hide his sobs. The book ends on this blatantly comic note, which jars like the blare of penny whistles at carnival-time. There never was a hero more banged about, maligned, jeered at, than Mr. Brumley! It is positively low to create a character and treat it thus. There are certain decencies due from creator to created which Wells observes not at all.

What the author wants you to understand is that Mr. Brumley's unaffected, blubbery jealousy of the dead husband and his desire to touch once only his lady's lips, are as outrageous manifestations of jealousy in their way as Sir Isaac's domineering in a more masculine and brutal way. What the reader says to the author is, 'Kind sir, I fear you are Reason's Fool! No strong passion, not even this apparently most unlovely one, but plays its great rôle in the shaping of man's soul, and is a basal element in all that civilization holds dearest. And if you want light as to what jealousy really is, pray read *Pierre Vinton*!' ¹ The author is as clever, as felicitous as yourself — and he goes to the heart of things, as you refuse to do.'

Pierre Vinton is, indeed, a quite wonderful book. So expert is it, so full of

¹ *Pierre Vinton*. By EDWARD C. VENABLE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

charm as well as insight, that it is hard to believe it the first book of a new writer. One would say there are not more than four American authors capable of such work. Vinton, who tells his story in the first person, is a 'superfluous husband' whose wife has given him a 'refined divorce' because she is tired of him. He is not at all tired of her, but supposes it the part of a gentleman to let her follow her will. To her he is 'an emptied tea-cup on the Tray of Things.' We see him philosophizing unsteadily upon his plight, moving from friend to friend, listening to condolence and counsel, with a spirit seeking but unconvinced. In the course of time he is told suddenly that his wife contemplates remarriage. He falls into the hands of horror at the words. In a delirium of primordial emotion he conceives the world as the kennel of a raving pack 'driven wild with appetites whose causes, purposes, even satisfactions, they are ignorant of.' Standing on a New York street corner in the night, he visualizes the world as a 'vast plain in a dim light, with the black, uncouth shapes rising and falling.' Despair of life grips him. 'In such chaos, what hope was there save in the sharpest tooth?' — The delirium and the vision presently pass. He touches the stones of a building, listens to footfalls. The perceptions of reality come back. Broadway is real; his vision, delirium. But it has not always been so. Once his vision was the reality and Broadway less than a dim vision in the brain of brutes! The one has evolved from the other, and jealousy has been the strongest factor in that evolution. For the moment, Broadway looked to him like Paradise!

He feels that he must account to himself for the horror that fell on him at the thought of this marriage. He cannot get rid of that obsession of emotion by calling it jealousy and throwing it aside. Jealousy is only a name; it explains nothing. As he walks on up the street, in the light of his own previous behavior he acquits himself of the fury of balked appetite. This feeling was, somehow, quite different, of a higher nature, of a vastly greater power. Slowly insight comes. In this emotion 'I had somehow become an instrument of that Law which stretched from Broadway to the beasts and incalculably further. I was in my horror an infinitesimal means to its vast mysterious purpose.'

This is the part of the book one prayerfully desires Wells to read. It is written with the unquestionable authority of real experience, real insight. There is no mistaking that note. Mr. Brumley's emotions are pale indeed beside those of Pierre Vinton's crucial hour, while Brumley's creator, compared with Vinton's, stands convicted of bungling insufficiency when he puts fingers on the soul of man. Where there is no vision the people perish. Why could not the gods, who gave Wells so many gifts, have given him just one more?

Pierre Vinton's story closes in a lighter vein than this account would indicate. His other discovery — that if love, and love only, validates marriage, divorce cannot invalidate it so long as love is left on either side — is cheerfully recommended to advanced propagandists in this field. Who says A must say B. No one seems ever to have thought of this before, but its logic is inescapable.

FIREWORKS

BY AMY LOWELL

You hate me and I hate you,
And we are so polite, we two!

But whenever I see you I burst apart
And scatter the sky with my blazing heart.
It spits and sparkles in stars and balls,
Buds into roses, and flares and falls.

Scarlet buttons, and pale green disks,
Silver spirals and asterisks,
Shoot and tremble in a mist
Peppered with mauve and amethyst.

I shine in the windows and light up the trees,
And all because I hate you, if you please,

And when you meet me, you rend asunder
And go up in a flaming wonder
Of saffron cubes, and crimson moons,
And wheels all amaranths and maroons.

Golden lozenges and spades,
Arrows of malachites and jades,
Patens of copper, azure sheaves.
As you mount you flash in the glossy leaves.

Such fireworks as we make, we two!
Because you hate me and I hate you.

VULCAN

BY JOSEPH HUSBAND

TEN years ago, the low dunes, a desert of yellow sand and beach-grass, stretched unbroken from the foot of Lake Michigan south to the headwaters of the Kankakee. Since the early days when the good Father Marquette was paddled slowly around the curving beach line to die finally on the Michigan shore, they have remained — a desert of soft colors in the summer, a sleet-swept tract in winter. A few miles north, on the western edge of the lake, a vast city, in a single century, was born and thrust its towers high against the horizon. Then, suddenly, came an instant transformation. Other cities, filled with the men of every nation, flattened the dunes into level streets. Along the lake shore strange structures of steel, reeking with smoke and blackness, streaked the sky with a cloud by day and a glare of furnaces by night. From a hundred meshing tracks the clamor of locomotives rose above the murmur of the city's streets. Steel, Vulcan, had usurped the wastes of sand and wiry beach-grass. Progress and industry stained the blue Indiana sky with the smoke of a thousand chimneys.

The long concrete slip slashed the beach lines. Beyond its mouth the lake, a brilliant ultramarine, pounded in before the north wind; but inside, the quiet water was tawny with riled sand and the stain of iron. Against the nearest dock an ore steamer rested its long, low body beneath the shadow of a steel trestle that reached out, far above it. With sudden motion a grab-bucket swung down on slender cables from the trestle

and disappeared in the waist of the ship. In an instant it lifted on tightened cables, heavy with ore, and swung ashore with grinding vibration of wheels and electric motors, to drop its contents on the ore pile that ran parallel with the dock. Like a mountain range the vermillion peaks of ore piled up above me, from the mouth of the harbor far inland, so high that behind them only the tops of the tallest furnaces appeared against the sky. From the scarred hills of northern Minnesota, down the length of Lake Superior and Lake Michigan, other steamers were bringing fresh food for the hungry furnaces. The reverberation of the mills rose sharp above the even cadence of the surf.

Like strange Martian creatures the blast furnaces squatted beyond the ore piles. Ample-waisted, they flanked it, and between their huge structures the long row of 'stoves,' high as modest skyscrapers, lifted their slender domes in even line. Beyond, a vast pile of coal reared black against white heaps of broken limestone.

Inside the steel structure which inclosed the furnace a score of blackened, half-naked men were moulding huge troughs of sand to receive the surplus iron which would pour forth when later they 'cast the furnace.' Hot, and enormous in girth, the furnace filled the building. Inside, under forced draught, and at a temperature of 3500 degrees, layers of coke, limestone, and iron ore were undergoing their vital transformation. By the heat of the consuming coke the iron was filtering down in

liquid flood, purified and refined by the flux of melted limestone.

From beneath the furnace a squat locomotive dragged a string of curious cars across a desolate field to the steel mills. On low trucks the ladles, like inverted cones, carried the liquid metal, — so hot that four hours might elapse before it solidified.

In the twilight of a long corrugated building the brick ovens of the open hearths stretched away into almost indefinable distance. Heat, fresh consuming heat, choked the air. And from chinks in the hearths a white light of indescribable intensity pierced my eyeballs.

The trainload of molten metal had arrived before us. Already a big-lipped ladle had been dragged by an electric engine into the gloom of the building, and up to the hearth-mouth.

The doors of the hearth were thrown suddenly open. A blinding whiteness streaked with saffron, and heat almost beyond endurance, made me draw back behind a column. A workman thrust a pair of deep-blue glasses in my hand. Slowly the great ladle bent forward. From its spout a trickle of fluid iron poured faster and faster until the white cascade, at full flood, seethed into the hearth-bath. A shower of sparks, strange flowery pyrotechnics, shot high into the gloom. Through the blue glass I peered into the hearth. Like an infernal lake it swirled and eddied, a whirlpool of incandescent flame. Leaping tongues of pink and lavender danced in the blue darkness. Shielding their goggled faces from the heat, the workmen cast lumps of rich ore into the hearth-mouth, — black silhouettes of men against the blue glare of an uncanny firelight.

Behind the long row of open hearths huge cranes rumbled back and forth on their tracks beneath the roof, the operators, concealed somewhere on their rivet-studded frames, directing the

swinging cables that lifted and carried weights inconceivable. High in the dark vault a great crane swung over us.

'They're going to tap a heat,' shouted the assistant superintendent in my ear, his words sounding faint and fragmentary above the steady roar that filled the building.

On the floor below, an electric motor trundled an empty ladle into place beneath the rear of one of the hearths.

Then from the hearth, with a mad daze of brilliancy, fifty-six tons of molten steel began to disgorge itself. Once more I put on the blue glasses. Against the deep purple gloom of the building the stream of metal shot forward and bent in the soft curve of running water. Like pale moonbeams the sunlight rays from glassless windows pierced the darkness, and sharp across them leaped the avalanche of steel, a flood of brilliant pink and blue that showered the room with a constellation of falling stars.

For a brief minute I took off the glasses. In the terrible glare of light all background disappeared. Gone were the dark shapes of the toilers beneath; gone the uncanny moonlight. Yellow, tawny, brilliant as the contact of an electric arc, the swirling metal scorched my vision. A halo of flame seemed to envelop the ladle.

It was full. Through the glass, again, it boiled soapy and seething, the crest of its wave-tossed surface crimson and blue. Slowly from the crane above, two great hooks, like bent fingers, caught the handles on its sides, lifted it, and with a hail of sparks and a glare of heat against our faces, swung it far above us. Then, with grinding reverberation, it moved past, far down the long gallery, to be poured into ingots in the waiting moulds.

In the 'blooming mill' there was the continuous rumble of mighty thunder. Cherry red against the darkness, the incandescent ingots of steel shot back

and forth between giant fingers that pressed and worked them at every passing; for like dough that must be kneaded to acquire a certain consistency, steel must be worked to obtain those qualities which its ultimate purpose will demand.

Into a great plank a hundred feet long the solid ingot flattened resistlessly between the stroking rollers. Then, finished, it shot abruptly beneath a knife that snipped it lightly into even bars of manageable weight.

In the structural mill the billets of steel, still malleable with glowing heat, rumbled noisily back and forth on the metal floor, propelled invisibly by countlesswhirling rollers that shot them with incredible speed and certainty of direction. As I looked down the length of the gloomy building, the glare of the moving bars of metal contrasted so sharply with the black floor that they alone were visible, like strange illuminated bodies that floated and swam on a sea of inky water. Through devious channels they navigated, palpably changing, narrowing, lengthening, until at last, in the far end of the building, the finished angle-bar or I-beam was deposited, a perfect thing, of cooling lead-gray steel.

And still more buildings; parallel with each other; equally vast; filled with darkness and tumult, the shifting shapes of giant roof-hung cranes, and the red glow of heated metal. Like paste from a tube, a thin rope of white-hot steel emerged from a shapeless ma-

chine that crouched squat on the iron floor, and with a breath of heat disappeared in the breast of another monster that trembled with the reverberation of a hundred hammers. And faster than the hand of my watch could count the seconds, a hail of railroad spikes, still glowing, leaped finished from its thundering womb. Bolts, spikes, nuts, and rivets, madly, with the tumult of clashing steel, poured finished from the vitals of the uncouth machines.

Plates of steel for the flanks of ships which will some day transport the wares of a trading world. Rails and spikes to carry high over mountain passes the flitting trains that make distant cities one. Bolt, rivet, and girder for the towering building. Steel, steel for its multifold destinies, here it is born in heat and labor. Steel for an age of steel.

In the twilight of the late summer afternoon the world seemed strangely quiet and at peace. Sharp and black against the yellow sky the roofs and stacks of the mills rose like the sky-line of a ruined city; and in an occasional opening the blue lake gleamed with the brilliant light of sapphire. In the gathering darkness electric lights began to glimmer. Flares of dull-red gas-flame burst out like volcanoes and suddenly were gone.

Loud and metallic a hurdy-gurdy lifted the rippling cadence of a Neapolitan air in a distant street. Beyond the mill-yard gates the saloon windows shone gayly and arc lights trembled into life. Day was over.

THE WAR AND THE WAY OUT

A FURTHER CONSIDERATION

BY G. LOWES DICKINSON

I

In a previous essay, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December last, I showed at length how this war, like all European wars, was caused by the working of a false theory of the state on the minds and passions of rulers, statesmen, journalists, and other leaders of opinion. In the pages that follow it is my object to discuss in some detail the kind of settlement which will be needed at the peace, if such wars are not to recur again and again. But since men's ideas as to the kind of peace that is desirable are affected by their conception of the causes of the war, I must begin by protesting against the view, industriously disseminated by the English, and, no doubt, by the French and Russian press, that the only cause of the war was the wickedness of Germany. For this view clearly is much too simple and superficial; and it leads to a wrong conception of the remedy. Let us then briefly examine it.

'Germany,' we say, 'made the war.' Germany? But what is Germany? The German people? The peasants? The factory laborers? The millions of Social Democrats? They made the war? Is it likely? Ten days before the war broke out they, like the people everywhere, were working, resting, eating, sleeping, dreaming of nothing less than of war. War came upon them like a thunderclap. The German people are

as peaceable as every other. Their soldiers complain of it. We are fond of quoting General Bernhardt, but we never quote the passage in which he explains why he wrote his book. He wrote it, he tells us, to counteract 'the aspirations for peace which seem to dominate our age and threaten to poison the soul of the German people.' Now that the war has come, the German people are fighting; but they are fighting, as they believe, to protect their hearths and homes against the wanton aggression of Russia, France, and, above all, England. Like all the other peoples, they are fighting what they believe to be a defensive war. That is the tragic irony of it. Whoever made the war, it was not any of the peoples.

'Then, it was the German government.' Yes, or else it was the Russian, or else it was both. In any case, it was a very few men. The peace of Europe was in the hands of some score of individuals. They could make war, and the hundreds of millions who were to fight and to suffer could not stop it. That is the really extraordinary fact. That is what is worth dwelling on. How could it happen? Why are the nations passive clay in the hands of their governments?

First, because they do not know one another. They speak different languages, live different kinds of lives, have different manners and customs.

They do not hate one another, but neither do they understand or trust one another. They do not feel that they belong together. Left to themselves, they would never, it is true, want to fight one another. They do not even think of one another; they are occupied with their own lives. But, since they do not know foreigners as they know one another, they can easily be made to believe that foreigners are their enemies. They do not think of them as real individual men and women. They think of them as a great solid mass, and attribute to this mass any qualities suggestion may put into their heads. So, at the moment, the ordinary Englishman believes that 'the Germans' are treacherous, brutal, bloodthirsty, cruel, while the Germans believe that 'the English' are cowardly, hypocritical, and degenerate. They believe these things because they are told to believe them, by the people who want to make bad blood. And they believe them the more readily because they are at war.

The fact, then, that to every nation every other is 'foreign,' makes the peoples of Europe the prey of those who want to make wars. We see in Germany who these people have been. They have been professors, like Treitschke, militarists like Bernhardi, journalists like Harden. And in England, they have been a Maxse, a Northcliffe, a Cramb. The same kind of people are and have been at work in all countries for the same end. For years past they have been setting the Germans at the English and the English at the Germans. The German literature against England we have drawn from its obscurity since the war began. But what about the English literature against Germany? Here is a specimen from one of our most prominent and intellectual journals: —

'If Germany were extinguished to-morrow, the day after to-morrow there

is not an Englishman in the world who would not be the richer. Nations have fought for years over a city or a right of succession; must they not fight for two hundred and fifty million pounds of yearly commerce?'¹

Policy, playing on ignorance, — that is the origin of wars. But why the policy? What is it aiming at? That, too, we must make clear.

We accuse Germany of making an unprovoked attack upon France and Russia, and we are indignant. But we forget that, if Germany so acted, she was acting in accordance with the principles and practice dominant throughout Europe for centuries past. Our English national hero, Lord Roberts, warned us that she would act just so. But he added that she would be quite right and that we ought to do the same. When the Germans began to build their fleet there were plenty of Englishmen who urged us to pick a quarrel with her at once and destroy her before she grew too strong. There is nothing peculiarly monstrous or unique about the conduct we impute to Germany. It is the conduct fostered by the European system which England, too, supports. That system is one of armed states always expecting to be attacked, and therefore always ready to anticipate attack. We are engaged merely in one act of a long and tragic drama. Let us look for a moment at the whole set of facts from which this war proceeded.

In 1870 there was war between Germany and France, — a war of mutual jealousy and fear, with no good cause behind it and no good end before. In that war Germany was victorious. She took from France two of her provinces and left her burning for revenge. Germany had made a permanent enemy

¹ This passage is referred to in Prince von Bülow's book, *Imperial Germany* (p. 99, English translation), as illustrating English feeling against Germany. — THE AUTHOR.

on the west. On her east lay Russia. Between Russia and Germany there was no cause of quarrel. They had coöperated to crush Napoleon, and since then had commonly acted in sympathy. There was no talk, during all those years, of Russian barbarism, or of the inevitable conflict between Teuton and Slav. That idea was the effect, not the cause, of the hostility between the two nations. The cause was the alliance of Germany with Austria in her quarrel with Russia. Russia and Austria were contending for the mastery of the Balkan peninsula. Greed of territory and power was the ultimate source of their dispute, — supported, on the part of Russia, by the sentiment of race. And this quarrel in the east was presently knit up with the quarrel in the west. To strengthen herself against Germany, France allied herself with Russia. Henceforth a war in the east would make a war in the west. Italy had already joined Germany and Austria.

But England was not yet involved. What brought her in was the building of the German fleet. We regarded it as a menace. Perhaps it was. At any rate we thought so. And to secure ourselves we joined hands with France and Russia. The Triple Entente faced the Triple Alliance in arms. The materials for the explosion were there. It was merely a question who should first drop the match. Our discussions as to who that was are not as important as we think. This year, we believe it was Germany. But if it had not been Germany this year, it might have been Russia next. And some other year it might have been France or England. The war came out of the European system, the system of states armed against one another, and dominated by mutual suspicion and fear. While that system continues, war will continue. If we want to stop war, we must alter that.

II

At the origin, then, of this war, there was no good cause at all. It was one of the many wars for power and position. Englishmen, it is true, have been strongly moved by the invasion of Belgium, and I throw no doubt on the genuineness of their feeling. But it was not the invasion of Belgium that made the war, although that was a contributory cause of the English intervention. The origin of the war was ambition and fear. But the origin is not the same as the purpose. The purpose is what we choose to make it. What then is our purpose, now we are at war? This question has been little discussed, and there is little willingness in Europe to discuss it, while the issue of the war hangs in the balance. But it is already clear that it will divide the nation. We are united in pursuing the war. We shall not be united in ending it.

On one point, no doubt, the peoples of the allied nations are agreed. The Germans must evacuate Belgium and indemnify her, so far as it can be done, for the martyrdom inflicted on her by one of the greatest crimes of history. That, at least, if the Allies win. But what more? There are two ways of answering that question, and much of future history will depend on which is adopted.

The one answer accepts frankly the traditional system. It assumes that the states of Europe must always be enemies and always settle their differences by war. That being so, the only end it can conceive for any war is the weakening of the vanquished and the aggrandizement of the victors. It is thus that all former wars have been ended, and thus that they have always prepared new wars. The view I am considering accepts this consequence. It means to 'crush Germany' in order to strengthen England. Quite openly it

sneers at the profession that this is 'a war to end war,' the profession that the best of our youths carry in their hearts to battle. Quite openly it justifies the militarism against which we have announced to the world that we are fighting. It approves militarism. All that it disapproves is the militarism of Germany. It wants to make us too a military power, prepared by compulsory military service for that 'next war' which it proposes to make 'inevitable' by the peace. This view, already frankly expressed by the *Morning Post*, will, no doubt, when the moment is thought to have come, be urged also by the *Times* and its group of associated newspapers. It will be supported by educated people, and will appeal to the passions of the uneducated, and will probably be urged by some members of the government. Let us then consider it.

We are to 'crush Germany'; or, as a progressive newspaper phrases it, we are to drive her, 'at no matter what cost to ourselves in lives and money, into unconditional surrender.'¹ That is, we are to carry on the war (if we can) far beyond the point at which the Germans have abandoned Belgium; beyond the point, even, at which they have abandoned Alsace-Lorraine and Posen. The Allies, as it is sometimes explained, are to 'dictate terms at Berlin,' whatever terms and however reasonable may be offered before they get there. A war which is destroying men as they have never been destroyed before, from which at the best the nations will emerge permanently degraded in their stock, poorer in physique, duller in intelligence, weaker in will than they went in, this war is to be protracted until the whole manhood of Europe is decimated, in order — in order to what? Let us ask in detail.

In order, we are told, that the Ger-

¹ *New Statesman*, Dec. 19, 1914.

mans may 'feel they are beaten.' And then? They will be good in future? They will admit they were wrong? They will lick the hand that chastised them? Who believes it? The more completely they are beaten, the more obstinately they will be set on recovery. When France was beaten to the dust in 1870, did she repent for having provoked the war? On the contrary, she gathered up her forces for revenge. And Germany will do the same.

'But we shall prevent her!' How? By partitioning her? By disarming her? By changing the form of her government? All those things were tried by Napoleon, and none of them can achieve their purpose. A nation does not consist in its territory, or its armaments, or its government. It consists in the tradition, the character, and the spirit of its people. While Germany wants to be one, while she wants to be strong, while she wants to be monarchic, nobody and nothing can prevent her. A nation has never been crushed by anything short of annihilation. Look at Ireland! Look at Italy! Look at the Balkan States! You may weaken Germany, yes; you may cripple her for a time, as she, if she were victorious, could weaken or cripple us. What of it? She will rise from humiliation more determined than ever to assert herself. We can no more crush her than she can crush us. It is certain, then, that if we can succeed in 'crushing' Germany, and if we do nothing else, we are preparing war for the future, not peace.

It may be easier for us to realize this point if we remember that there are Germans, too, who expect and desire to get peace out of this war, and that they too hope to do it by 'crushing' their enemies. Thus, for example, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* writes: —

'One cannot count upon any other way of carrying out the idea of peace except by "force." By that, of course,

we do not refer to the evil generally connected with the word, but to something which has been expressed in various ways during the last few months: we wish to have as the result of this war a state in which the countries which have now attacked us shall for all time be unable to repeat their attack. Germany, peaceful, as its allies, has with them been entrusted with the historical mission of dictating a permanent peace to Europe. We are fighting primarily for existence, but still more for this — that there may be rest in Europe from vain, ambitious madmen and brigands, and that they may be shown, like all others, the fit and natural sphere to which they belong. They must be deprived once and for all of the desire to attack us; till then, not a word of peace! Then, and then only, can the law of peace, protected by forces which are strong and just, be established.'

This is the German version of the same idea that is sometimes put forward on behalf of the Allies. Peace, say we, by crushing Germany, since she is the only disturber of the peace. Peace, say the Germans, by crushing the Allies, since they are the only disturbers of the peace. But how does this view of the Germans look to us? Does it look like peace? Do we imagine ourselves lying down forever, beaten, humbled, and repentant, under the contemptuous protection of an armed Germany? Just as we feel about the German idea, so, we may be sure, do they feel about ours. That route does not and cannot lead to peace. Nothing can, except a radical change in the ideas and policy of the nations of Europe, and an expression of that change in a definite political organization.

III

Those, then, who really desire a settlement that will secure peace in the

future, must abandon the idea of 'crushing' Germany. Let us turn, now, to the other view of our purpose in this war.

We are fighting, say our best spirits, for freedom, and against domination. What do these terms mean? By domination we mean the imposition of rule by force, upon unwilling subjects. In the relation of man to man the simplest form of domination is slavery. In that of state to state its form is empire.¹ It is one of the great contending powers in the tragedy of history. It is real; and also it has been championed as an ideal. Macchiavelli is its philosopher, Carlyle its prophet, Treitschke its historian. Rome stood for it in the ancient world, Spain in America, England in Ireland. And Germany stands for it now in Belgium. By freedom, on the other hand, we mean the power and right of individuals and of nations to live their own lives and unfold their own capacities. This does not imply that they should do simply what they like, but that the restrictions they admit should be self-chosen and self-approved, with a view to the equal freedom of others. The formula is so familiar as to be tedious. But its meaning is infinite and profound. We have hardly yet begun to spell its first letters. It inspires the whole movement of democracy and all the wars of liberation. It is the other great protagonist of history; and of the history of the last century it is the very nerve. For that reason, it cannot be truly claimed as the principle of this or that nation. It has been contending in them all at death grips with its enemy. The angels of light and darkness do not preside over different nations. They contend in each for victory.

Nevertheless there is truth in the

¹ I use this term in the sense of a system in which one state or nation imposes its power by force on other states or nations. — THE AUTHOR.

idea that modern Germany stands for domination, and modern France and England for freedom. The unification of Germany in an empire obscured, if it did not ruin, the German spirit of liberty. The governing and articulate classes became arrogant and aggressive. The mass of the people became passively acquiescent. They were content to formulate freedom instead of struggling for it. They became the harmless pedants of democracy. Meanwhile the government pursued the ordinary course of empire. Wherever they ruled over people of alien race and ideals, they set themselves by force to convert them into their own likeness. In Poland, in Alsace-Lorraine, in Schleswig, they imposed on the unwilling natives their language, their education, and their 'culture.' In Poland they have been endeavoring for years to expropriate the Poles and substitute a German population. 'No consideration for the Polish people,' writes Prince von Bülow, 'must hinder us from doing all we can to maintain and strengthen the German nationality in the former Polish domains.' And he adds with unconscious irony, 'In our policy with regard to the schools we are really fighting for Polish nationality, which *we wish to incorporate in German intellectual life.*'

This is the traditional policy of empire. The English pursued this policy in Ireland with even greater vigor and ruthlessness throughout the eighteenth century. And it is, perhaps, only the happy accident that we are an island power that has prevented us from being, to this day, the champions of domination. But history has helped us, and we have learned from history. It is a chance, but a very significant chance, that made the outbreak of this war coincide with our final abandonment of the policy of coercion in Ireland. The British system now, so far as men of white race are concerned,

is one not of empire but of free communities. And the spirit that has brought about this change will proceed, if we escape reaction, to inspire our policy in the great dependencies of men of alien race. Abroad, as at home, the English have been learning the lesson of freedom. And there is good hope, if we are true to our tradition, that our victory may contribute to the extension of freedom in Europe. In France, too, the long fight between antagonistic ideals has been inclining toward freedom. She too will join with us, we may believe, to confirm the liberty for which, throughout a century, she has been shedding her blood in civil strife.

While, then, it is unhistorical and unjust to pretend that Germany, as such, stands for domination, and the western powers for freedom, yet we may say with truth that a victory of the western powers, so far as their influence can reach, should make for freedom, while a victory of Germany will make for domination. That is the ideal cause, rising above our mere need of self-defense, that may inspire us in our efforts for victory. But if it be that which we carry in our hearts, — and the young among us, I believe, do carry it, — how must we endeavor, when the time comes for peace, to translate it into acts?

Mr. Asquith has given us the formula in words which I have quoted once in the *Atlantic*, but shall repeat again, — for they cannot be too often repeated. Never, perhaps, has a responsible statesman had the courage and the wisdom to look so far and so generously ahead.

'I should like, if I might for a moment, beyond this inquiry into causes and motives, to ask your attention and that of my fellow countrymen to the end which in this war we ought to keep in view. Forty-four years ago, at the time of the war of 1870, Mr. Gladstone used these words. He said, "The great-

est triumph of our time will be the enthronement of the idea of public right as the governing idea of European politics." Nearly fifty years have passed. Little progress, it seems, has yet been made toward that good and beneficent change, but it seems to me to be now, at this moment, as good a definition as we can have of our European policy. The idea of public right, — what does it mean when translated into concrete terms? It means first and foremost the clearing of the ground by the definite repudiation of militarism as the governing factor in the relation of states, and of the future moulding of the European world. It means next that room must be found and kept for the independent existence and the free development of the smaller nationalities — each with a corporate consciousness of its own.

'Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries, Greece, and the Balkan States, — they must be recognized as having exactly as good a title as their more powerful neighbors, — more powerful in strength as in wealth, — exactly as good a title to a place in the sun. And it means, finally, or it ought to mean, perhaps by a slow and gradual process, the substitution for force, for the clash of competing ambitions, for groupings and alliances and a precarious equipoise, the substitution for all these things of a real European partnership, based on the recognition of equal right and established and enforced by a common will. A year ago that would have sounded like a Utopian idea. It is probably one that may not or will not be realized either to-day or to-morrow. If and when this war is decided in favor of the Allies, it will at once come within the range, and before long within the grasp, of European statesmanship.'

Let us comment a little on this noble utterance and show how the ideas it

voices hang all together. Those ideas are nationality, law, and peace. Let us remind ourselves of their meaning and connection.

Nationality is a Janus, facing both ways. So far as it stands for the right of a people to govern itself, it stands for freedom. So far as it stands for the ambition to govern other people, or to destroy them, or to shape them into an alien world, it stands for domination. Throughout history it has stood for both. Athens had no sooner beaten back the Persian attempt at domination, than she set out, herself, to dominate the Greek world. Rome won freedom at home to destroy it abroad. Free Holland, free England, set forth to conquer a world. Italy, liberated, falls upon Tripoli. The Balkan nations unite to expel the domination of the Turk, and divide to impose domination on one another. Finally, the German nationality is no sooner established in security than it threatens that of every other people. Nationality, then, is respectable only when it is on its defense. When it is waging wars of liberation it is sacred. When it is waging wars of domination it is accursed. It is therefore an ideal only when it is associated with law and peace. And it is only in that association that the allies can desire to foster and secure it. They should seek on the one hand to deliver the nations that are suffering oppression, and on the other to prevent them in future from becoming oppressors themselves.

To achieve this the new rectification of frontiers will not suffice. Nothing can achieve it but toleration carried through with faith and courage in every state. Poland may be freed from Russian and German and Austrian domination; but that, of itself, will not free Polish Jews from domination by Poles. The Serbs may be freed from Hungary, but that, of itself, will not free the Turks or Greeks or Bulgars who

may still be included in a greater Serbia. It is impossible to make territorial boundaries correspond accurately with nationality. A change of heart is therefore as necessary as a change of frontiers and allegiance. Still, since changes of frontiers will and shall be made, the Allies, if they stand for the ideal of freedom, must see that such changes are made with a view only to the desires and the well-being of the peoples to be transferred, and not with a view to the aggrandizement of the victors. Every German colony that the English or French may take for the sake of their own power, will be a proof that they have abandoned the ideal of freedom. The English, through their Prime Minister, have said that they seek no territory. Let them prove it to the world, or stand self-convicted of hypocrisy.

The settlement of Europe, in such a way as to deliver nationalities from oppression, so far as that can be done by political arrangements, and so far as territory comes up for readjustment, will itself make for the other great purposes of the war, the substitution of law for force, and therefore, and in consequence, the maintenance of peace. The only wars between civilized nations that are justifiable are wars of defense. But there can be no defense without offense. Let the nations, having acquired the right to govern themselves, do so in peace without aggressive ambition. That must be the rule for the new Europe. But it too implies a change of heart. It implies the abandonment of the base and crude ambition that hitherto has dominated states, and the substitution of a noble ideal of free and progressive personality.

States hitherto have measured their worth in terms of population, territory, and power. That estimate leads them inevitably to war. For while they are governed by it they must always desire to expand at the cost of one another.

Every war in Europe since the wars of religion may be traced to this cause. And even the wars so-called of religion were largely wars for power. The wars of nationality in the nineteenth century were reactions against this false ideal. Yet the nations that reacted have not discovered or pursued a truer one. There can be no peace, not even genuine desire for peace, until men realize that the greatness of a people depends upon the quality of life of the individual citizens. A city like Athens or Florence is worth all the empires that have ever been. A state of a few thousands among whom should be found a Socrates, a Michelangelo, a Goethe, outweighs beyond all calculation one whose gross insignificant millions shall be dragged by the drill sergeant and sophisticated by the university professor.

The nobility of a people lies not in its capacity for war, but in its capacity for peace. It is indeed only because the nations are incapable of the one that they plunge so readily into the other. If they had the power of living they would neither endure to kill, nor desire to die. The task of war is to destroy life; the task of peace is to create it; to organize labor so that it shall not incapacitate men for leisure; to establish justice as a foundation for personality; to unfold in men the capacity for noble joy and profound sorrow; to liberate them for the passion of love, the perception of beauty, the contemplation of truth. Of all these things war is the enemy. All men of profound experience have known this, — not the teachers of religion only, but the prophets of secular life. Virgil, Dante, Goethe, Shelley, preach peace no less than Jesus Christ or Francis of Assisi or George Fox. For peace is not a negative ideal; it is the condition of all positive ones. In war man seeks escape from life in blind intoxication. In peace he discovers and fulfills life by impassioned reason.

It is because our peace is so bad that we fall into war. But every war makes our peace worse. If men had given to the creation of life a tithe of the devotion they have offered again and again to its destruction, they would have made of this world so glorious a place that they would not need to take refuge from it in the shambles. It is our false ideals that make for war. And it is the feebleness of our intelligence and the pettiness of our passions that permit such ideals to master us. We seek collective power because we are incapable of individual greatness. We seek extension of territory because we cannot utilize the territory we have. We seek to be many because none of us is able to be properly one. Once more we are witnessing whither that course must lead us. Once more we are witnessing the vast and vile futility of war. Once more we shall recover reeling from the horrible intoxication in which we have taken refuge, to look with dismay on our bloody hands, and the bloody work they have achieved. Once more we shall have a chance of learning the lesson. Shall we learn it? I cannot tell.

But I hope. I hope because of the young. And to them I now turn. To you, young men, it has been given by a tragic fate to see with your eyes and hear with your ears what war really is. Old men made it, but you must wage

it, — with what courage, with what generosity, with what sacrifice, I well know. If you return from this ordeal, remember what it has been. Do not listen to the shouts of victory; do not snuff the incense of applause. But keep your inner vision fixed on the facts you have faced. You have seen battleships, bayonets, and guns, and you know them for what they are, forms of evil thought. Think other thoughts, love other loves, youth of England and of the world! You have been through hell and purgatory. Climb now the rocky stair that leads to the sacred mount. The guide of tradition leaves you here. Guide now yourselves and us! Believe in the future, for none but you can. Believe in what is called the impossible, for it waits the help of your hands to show itself to be the inevitable. Of it and of all our hopes, the old, the disillusioned, the gross, the practitioners of the world are the foes. Be you the friends! Take up the thought and give it shape in act! You can and you alone. It is for that you have suffered. It is for that you have gained vision. And in your ears for your inspiration rings the great sentence of the poet —

*‘Libero, dritto, sano e lo tuo arbitrio,
E fallo fôra non fare a suo senno,
Per ch’io te sopra te corono e mitrio.’*¹

¹ ‘Free, right, and sane is thy will, and it will be base not to act at its bidding. Wherefore I crown and mitre thee lord over thyself.’

GERMANY'S TERMS

BY HANS DELBRÜCK

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC.

SIR: —

You ask me what would be, at least according to my own personal opinion, the terms of peace by which Germany would wish to terminate this war. It is not of much use to try to consider this question with any seriousness before the result of the war has become more or less definitely determined, — before we know if Germany is to be victorious and how decisive this victory is to be. As affairs now stand,¹ it is probably apparent, even to the foreigner, that Germany and Austria will be victorious. But nevertheless in France, Russia, and England one has not given up hope of victory, and one hopes there for some sudden turn of events, — for instance, support in the field by a Japanese army. At any rate, it is impossible at present to make any conjecture as to the extent of the German and Austrian victory, assuming of course that the victory remains with them. Many believe that Russia will entirely disintegrate: that the peasants, the laborers, the oppressed peoples who alone constitute a third of all the inhabitants of the Russian Empire, will start a revolution. Others believe that England will be crippled by a revolt of the subjugated three hundred and fifty millions in India. Inasmuch as Germany is not threatened by the slightest inner danger, she could, in case of such a turn of affairs abroad, push her victory quite

¹ This paper was mailed to the *Atlantic* on January 6 last. — THE EDITORS.

far. In such a case it would be particularly opportune to free Poland and to create an independent Polish kingdom; Germany desires under no conditions aggrandizement through additions of Polish territory. But, as has been said, all such possibilities are dependent on military success, and it is useless to speculate about them until the victory is assured.

In the same way are to be excluded speculations as to what Germany and Austria — who live in the feeling that they have been attacked and are waging a war of self-defense — may think it necessary to demand from a military standpoint in the interests of the nation's future defense.

Of course such foreigners as labor under the conviction that Germany was the aggressor in this war, put the question quite differently. If Germany be the aggressor, one asks, then to what end? What did Germany expect to gain by an aggressive war? For a German this question does not exist, because every German, from the humblest day-laborer to the Kaiser, knows that we desired nothing but peace and that we were wantonly attacked by Russian Pan-Slavism, by the French *revanche*, and England's assumption that Britannia rules the waves. Now that this attack has taken place and we, in spite of greatly inferior numbers, — only one hundred and fifty millions, including Austria and Turkey, against seven hundred and eighty-two millions of the Allies, — odds of more than five to one against us, — expect to be, perhaps

already are, victorious, the question as we put it can only be one thing: How are we to prevent the recurrence of plots that assassinate our kings and make war on us when we demand retribution? However, that which will be demanded in this direction will be of a military nature, and depends entirely on the ultimate outcome of the war. Perhaps such measures for national safety will not be necessary at all; perhaps they will be very important indeed. An exposition of my own personal opinions on this point is of little value. However, aside from the military necessities of Germany, I may say something concerning the national need of Germany. In this case I can but refer to an article which I published in 1912 in my monthly, the *Preussische Jahrbücher*. The ideas which I expounded then I still consider right to-day. They contain the aim which an intelligent German policy must follow; only at that time I thought that it would be possible to reach these aims gradually and in peace; that the German strength and importance was sufficient to bring conviction to England, Russia, and France that they had no right to divide up the world among them, — Egypt, Sudan, Transvaal, Tunis, Madagascar, Morocco, Persia, Manchuria, Mongolia, — without asking Germany or allowing Germany to participate. Now we have learned that mere preparation for war was not sufficient; we have been obliged to demonstrate our national equality with the older world-powers by gigantic battles. Notwithstanding, the aim remains the same, only with the difference that that which we hoped to attain gradually, through exchange or compensation, will now be made a term of peace, and, I hope, even further extended. In this sense I beg you to read and understand the following article.

The political situation at the time

this article was written was this. The great crises which had threatened the world's peace in 1911 had been passed. France had attained Germany's consent to the protectorate over Morocco and had compensated Germany for this with some pieces of the Congo. In Germany few were pleased with the abandonment of Morocco, and the compensation seemed to many much too meagre; and people were irritated against England, who had supported France and had been, as it was expressed, 'more French than the French themselves.' After the war-danger was past, the diplomats on both sides exerted themselves to clear away the explosives. Especially in England the idea arose of reaching a broad-gauge understanding with Germany concerning colonial questions; whereupon Lord Haldane appeared personally in Berlin to this end. Many in Germany believe to-day that all these negotiations, which dragged along from the summer of 1912 well into the year 1914, were carried on by England only in order to deceive and cradle Germany in a feeling of security. I myself do not believe this. I believe that until the last there were two factions in the British government, one of which has urged war against Germany for a long time, but the other, just as we have ourselves, has taken much trouble to compensate the strains of conflicting interests by peaceful means. The war party in England gained the upper hand only in July, 1914, because the Russian Pan-Slavists' Servian friends had violently ignited the conflagration by the murder at Serajevo. Be this as it may, throughout all the clash of conflicting interests, prior to this war, we in Germany, and I personally, firmly believed that peace could be maintained; and two years ago, in this belief, I wrote the following, which I reprint.

In their most recently uttered remarks on Anglo-German relations and on the purport of the journey of Lord Haldane, the Secretary of State for War, British ministers have offered suggestions that the present breach, so painfully felt on either side, should be bridged by means of a systematic limitation of spheres of influence, and of existing and future possessions. These suggestions can be understood only as implying that a rearrangement of existing colonial possessions is under consideration, and that those territories also must be considered which, at the present moment, are neither English nor German. There is at present, however, nothing to show what particular portions of the world's surface the British diplomatists have in their minds. Is it believed in London that the troubles in China will not tend to a consolidation or rejuvenation of the Chinese Empire, but rather that they will, or at least *may*, lead to a partition in which we are to share? Or is it in Africa, where it is to be assumed that a bargain has long been struck, in readiness for the moment when the Portuguese will no longer be able to remain masters of their vast possessions? I know nothing about such matters; but when they are in the air, it seems to me reasonable that German public opinion should seek to be clearly informed as to the goal for which we are aiming. We need not trouble ourselves with petty matters. For such no minister would make so special a journey to what might almost be described as the enemy's capital. But while I acclaim it with the utmost satisfaction, and hope that the negotiations thus commenced may attain their object of closing the breach once again between Germany and England, there must also be something great and important in the work which is being done and which must be carried through. I do not propose

to draw up a programme, but merely to open a discussion on the various possibilities which may present themselves in the event of any real settlement being reached.

The point of view from which colonial policy tends primarily to be regarded is the commercial: markets, crops, investment of capital, the profits of undeveloped natural wealth. An appreciable number of German people must have the opportunity offered them of gaining a livelihood in the colonies, while their well-being will influence for good the wealth of the whole nation, and indirectly benefit the mass of the people by the provision of markets and work. This is all very true, but the essence of colonial policy is not thereby exhausted, and even the most important point of all is not touched, since all these purely commercial advantages can be enjoyed in the colonies of foreign nations, so long as these maintain the principle of 'the open door.' Instead, therefore, of seeking to acquire colonies of our own, we might make it the object of our policy to secure the maintenance of the open door in colonies all the world over. Many a colonial politician has reckoned up the outlay on colonies to be far greater than the gain to be drawn from them; in which case we could do nothing better than to leave to other nations the burden of opening up and administering colonies, while we ourselves merely make use of them for purposes of trade and commerce. I will not pause here to repeat the old statement that such a calculation has many flaws; the all-important point is that colonial policy must be dictated, not merely by *commercial* but rather by *national* interests.

Toward the end of the year 1893, the English historian, Hartpole Lecky, gave a lecture on the subject of 'England and her Colonies,' which appeared to us of such importance that we pub-

lished a translation of it, by I. Imelmann, in the number of this journal, [*Preussische Jahrbücher*] dated February, 1894. Lecky pointed out that in England the Free Trade school, represented by such distinguished leaders as Cobden and Mill, had taught that the cost of the colonies in pounds, shillings, and pence, was far more than they brought in, and that England could hardly do better than to get rid of all her colonies, as quickly as possible, in all parts of the world, whether in India, Australia, Africa, or Canada. But the sound good sense of the English people, despite the fact that they had accepted the principles of the Free Trade school, did not for one moment permit them to be led astray by such false doctrines; and not only did they insist upon maintaining the place of the mother country at the head of fifty-six more or less self-governing dominions, but, as we all know, she expanded still further at the cost of mighty wars. Why? Lecky described the size and splendor of the British World Empire, the expansion which English ways, speech, character, principle, have gained all the world over by means of British colonial policy, and closed his lecture with these great words:—

‘What the future position of these islands may be in the commonwealth of nations, no mortal man can predict. As history only too clearly tells us, nations have their periods of decadence and their times of growth. Conditions of world-power have become displaced, other rules and influences—very different to those which made England what she is—have come to the front, and clouds, neither few nor light, appear on the horizon. Whatever fate may befall these islands, this we may at least prophesy, that no upheaval of mortal affairs can destroy the influence on the future of the English language or of the British race. Whatever

misfortunes, whatever disturbances, Fate may have in store for us, they cannot rob England of the fame of having created this mighty Empire.

‘Not Heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have
had my hour.’

What has concerned and concerns England, concerns us too. The aim of our colonial policy is not merely the extension of German trade and commerce over the world, because trade and commerce are only the means for the extension and the strengthening of the German nation. That trade follows the flag is not always right, says Lecky; but the heart always follows the flag.

The colonies we have up to now possessed give us only a very small prospect of ever aiming at such a goal; their commercial value is not very high, and their value as a national asset is even lower. The first proviso for a colony which aspires to be an assistance to Germany, is the absolute supremacy in it of the German language. The German colonies are, as a rule, no more than mere inclosures, set in the midst of the huge compact mass of British possessions. Whoever, therefore, speaks German is in Africa in much the same position as one who in Europe speaks Danish or Magyar, and a German, even often in our own colonies, finds himself obliged to learn English. This state of things constitutes a certain danger for our nation. The language exerts an influence upon modes of thought, customs, and requirements. The most successful form of colonization is the peasant colony, which provides so compact a little nation that such dangers are not forthcoming, and the colony itself feels as though it were a fragment of the mother country. We cannot count upon such a peasant colonization, for the simple reason that we no longer possess any peasant surplus. The whole tale of our oversea emigration has long since

fallen to twenty or thirty thousand per annum, while we annually employ in Germany upwards of a million of foreign workmen — Russians, Poles, Ruthenians, Italians, and Scandinavians. Germany is no emigratory land, but rather a country to which others immigrate. The peasants and agricultural laborers who might colonize, are most urgently required at home, and we cannot permit them to go oversea. Those who should fill our colonies and stamp their impression upon them, are the higher classes, — the thousands of the upper and middle class whom our educational system produces, and for whom we in the fatherland have no satisfactory employment. Men about thirty years of age, who are in the flower of their manhood and have acquired all the necessary knowledge and skill for the fulfillment of a great sphere of utility, sit about idle or are only casually employed in Germany, and wait for a position paying a small salary. These we should send abroad as engineers, merchants, planters, doctors, overseers, officers, and officials, in order that they might rule the great masses of the lower peoples, as the English do the natives of India. It is, however, not enough to distribute these men of a higher class just here and there in a few large or small districts, since a really permanent and secure national gain is the result only of the acquirement of a large, self-contained territory, which the different districts help to expand, while they themselves are by it protected and held together. A really large, self-contained territory, uniformly administered, acquires a certain political consistence; the uniform customs-district creates ties and interests which not only promote prosperity, but which are not easily destroyed. Cities with a large white population and their parochial concerns need a very vast *Hinterland*. But such a colonial empire will be cap-

able of closely attaching itself to the mother country, when at least certain portions of the territory are so constituted that not merely a fluctuating, but a firmly founded, German race can control the aboriginal inhabitants and continue there to flourish.

On such a broad, territorial foundation it ought to be possible to develop a sentiment among the German planters and business men of the upper class, which might well be described as a German-African national pride. Mere colonial *enclaves* can never produce anything of this kind; they may possess or develop a greater or a lesser commercial value, but never a *national* future. For this a really vast and self-contained territory is required. For this reason among others I was always opposed to the acquirement of a new German *enclave* in Southern Morocco, and preferred the expansion of the Cameroons to that of the Congo.

A territory must now be searched for which not only will afford space for the colonization and activities of our disposable manhood, but which itself contains room enough for a permanently established German race to maintain itself by its own powers.

There are in Africa two great spheres in regard to which it is still doubtful whether they have been actually disposed of or not: these are the Portuguese possessions already mentioned, and the Belgian Congo. Opinions differ greatly whether these two small states are capable of making their positions good, and I do not venture to offer any views on the matter. In England men regard the Belgian Congo with a very hostile glance, asserting that the Belgians govern after methods which are not in accordance with European custom, and in defiance of the rules of humanity, and that it should be the duty of civilized nations to put an end to what is no less than a dis-

grace. Further, England has not yet recognized the transfer to the Belgian State of the Congo Territory from the private property of King Leopold II as politically binding, and would probably be ready enough actively to intervene as soon as we and France came to an understanding in the matter.

A European conference has already, by a resolution, come to the opinion that the rule of Belgium in Central Africa may one day cease, and that in the event of any change the right of purchase has been ceded to France. But none the less, intervention in the form of anything like division of territory would be a ticklish matter. It seems true enough that the Belgians deserve blame for many evil doings, but intervention or dispossession on the ground of such charges would in theory be hazardous, and in practice difficult to carry through. Certainly under no circumstances could we take the initiative in such a matter. But were a crisis actually to arise without any seeking of ours, here we would find one of those territories to which Englishmen would probably be ready to relegate us, France waiving her right of purchase.

Rather different from the case of the Belgian Congo State is that of the Portuguese possessions. Here, unquestionably, the Portuguese have neither the commercial nor the mental energy to develop the territories remaining to them from the days of their greatness, as the international commerce of today requires. Here are natural resources lying fallow, as to which one is morally justified in demanding that they should be developed for the good of the world in general; and although force must not be employed in this case, it is by no means improbable that the Portuguese Republic might be ready to resign her sovereign rights for an adequate monetary equivalent. The Anglo-German agreement presumably

provides that, in the event of any division, the East African territories, Mozambique and Lorenzo Marques, shall fall to England; the West African, Angola with the estuary of the Congo and Kabinda, to us.

The claim might now perhaps be put forward that, should England and Russia divide Persia between them, and thus extend their dominions, the balance might be redressed by England's relinquishing any future claim on Portuguese East Africa in our favor, so that we may then extend our own East Africa. But I raise the point only to set it aside. Certainly the disturbances in Persia seem to offer us certain compensatory rights, but, as it is, our East African possessions are already so inconveniently placed in regard to the English, that it would be hopeless to demand any expansion in this direction. The ground plan of any agreement in Africa must be Mozambique and Lorenzo Marques with Delagoa Bay to England, Angola with Kabinda to us; at the most the English might give us Zanzibar.

Let us take it that this case may shortly present itself, or even both cases: that the Portuguese possessions as well as the Congo State come to be divided. We have then the possibility of a self-contained German colonial empire, — that is, if we succeed also in acquiring the remainder of the French Congo lying between the Cameroons and the mouth of the Congo.

We are justified in accepting this arrangement as a fairly certain element in our views of the future. The boundary, as defined in the recently ratified Congo Agreement, is so absurd that even the diplomatists who arranged it look upon it as no more than a provisional one. Public opinion in Germany, disgusted with the result of the whole diplomatic campaign, detected here a mistake; I myself saw from the outset

an advantage. It is impossible to get all one wants at once. By the creation of the present Congo boundary, the need for its revision at an early date was also created, that is, future acquirement by Germany of the whole of the French Congo.

This French Congo is certainly not of any particular value; it is even distasteful to the German people by reason of the recent agitation. But the geographical union would be of such importance that we ought to strive to bring it about. What have we to offer the French for it? In the negotiations of the year before last there was some incidental talk of exchanging for it our colony of Togoland. Public opinion was greatly opposed to this, but when it is considered how extraordinarily low is the national value of a colony which, although commercially flourishing, cannot, being an *enclave*, expand any further, one cannot altogether refuse all idea of such an exchange. The French Congo, possibly including also the right of purchase of the Belgian Congo, might be had for concessions in regard to our remaining rights in Morocco and for Togoland.

But even were the Congo State to continue to exist as such, a very vast, as well as a compact German-African empire would be won by the amalgamation of the Cameroons, the French Congo, Angola, and Southwest Africa. Such an empire would possess the advantage of not being too far distant from Germany; while in the Upper Cameroons and in Southern Angola there are places not only where German merchants, agents, planters, and officials actually live, but where a German race can establish itself in the soil. Here there is a good climate and sufficient water for intensive agriculture; the introduction of enough capital and industry would permit its development into a white man's colony, which would very

soon connect itself southwards with our present 'South-West' and its intensive husbandry, and in the north with the tropical plantation colonies and the aboriginal agricultural methods under European control. This empire would become very much larger and more compact with the addition of the Belgian Congo — with the exception of the southeasterly portion, Katanga, to which England would probably lay claim. By the acquirement of these territories our East and West African possessions would be linked together; we should rule from ocean to ocean and govern a huge Central-African empire.

What prospect have we of any such development, even if no more than a gradual one? Although by acquiring Mozambique, Lorenzo Marques, Delagoa Bay, and Katanga, England would obtain a very large and advantageous extension of her dominions, while there is also the prospect of similar expansion in Persia, still our position from sea to sea would be for England so uncomfortable an innovation, that she would probably rather renounce all her own advantages than work with us for such an end. It cannot be doubted that, since the fear of almost certain war during last summer, England is honestly ready to accord us a large and good place in the sun; but her own one great object is the establishment of a communication from Egypt to the Cape. Will she be inclined herself to strangle this plan in order to assist us to found a German dominion right across Africa? This, at any rate from my point of view, would be the strongest proof imaginable that England recognized us as having equal colonial rights with herself.

Do the English perhaps imagine that we might be inclined to sell them Samoa? It is of no great practical value to us, but it is to England. Or are they thinking of an exchange in Africa itself?

But the one thing that chiefly stands in the way of their plans for the future, is our German East Africa.

We have already raised the consideration that Togoland might have to be given up in order that our western possessions might be geographically rounded off; but supposing Germany were to retain Togoland and relinquish East Africa in its place? England still possesses many places in West Africa which would admirably 'round off' the German belongings in those parts, and which could be offered in exchange for East Africa. On the West African coast England holds the Gambia, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast (Ashanti), and Northern and Southern Nigeria — the valley of the Niger and Benue and the town of Lagos. Were England to resign all these possessions, France could then acquire from her the Gambia, Sierra Leone, and the Gold Coast, thus expanding and rounding her Northwest African dominion in a most advantageous manner, handing over for these to Germany Dahomey (between Togoland and Nigeria) as well as the Congo and the right of purchase of the Belgian Congo; Germany would obtain Nigeria and would thus come into possession of an African empire, stretching uninterruptedly to Cape Colony in the south and to the Gold Coast in the north. The population of Nigeria is computed at not less than fifteen million souls; the territory suggested to be handed over to France at four and a half millions; German East Africa has no more than ten millions. England would thus give up more than she would receive in return, but she would gain the uninterrupted stretch of her East African dominion from Cairo to the Cape.

Could Germany accept this as a basis for negotiation, if the adherence of Lord Haldane to such propositions could be secured? Is it not our duty to

declare beforehand that such is unacceptable so far as we are concerned?

The material gain would be considerable. Nigeria is much larger and far more thickly populated than is German East Africa. We should retain Togoland, should obtain Dahomey, and so join Togoland on to the Cameroons. While it is a matter of doubt whether the French would regard Togoland as an equivalent for their Congo, the three possessions given up by England should make this good, and permit us to acquire the whole huge *Hinterland* up to the fourteenth degree of latitude, and by means of rearrangements in Morocco to indemnify Spain for giving up Fernando Po and Rio Muni. But in the event of the French still not finding this satisfactory, England could yet give up something in some other portion of the world. East Africa is very disadvantageously placed for a German colony; the voyage thither by way of the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal lasts five weeks, the voyage to Nigeria only a fortnight. It would take too long, and I do not feel myself qualified, to enter upon a comparison of the internal advantages of the two countries, of which the one lies just as much to the north of the equator as the other lies to the south of it; the main question is this — is it morally possible for us to acquiesce in an exchange, in giving away a territory which is already colonized by a fairly large number of Germans, — something like two thousand? It would be difficult enough in the case of Togoland, but can it be considered in the case of East Africa, which is eleven times as large, and where there are not only a large number of German men of business, but a few hundred farmers and planters, and where no small amount of German blood has been shed in the hoisting of the German flag?

We are again, and from another side,

confronted by the truth of the saying that it is not its commercial, but its national value, which determines the importance of a colony. Were they no more than large properties, one could always look upon an exchange as merely a commercial transaction. But all these countries contain cemeteries which are not to be lightly handed over. In every village church in England are to be found memorial tablets to the sons of the leading families in the land, who have given their lives for that Greater Britain all the world over; and so for the French, too, it would be very difficult to give up the Congo, — not so much on account of the commercial value of the country, which is after all nothing very great, but on account of the French blood which has there been shed and has left something of Fame behind it.

I would leave it to each of my readers to form his own opinion and decide for himself. It is not even known whether the English are making such an offer, or whether changes are not making themselves felt in the international situation which may render any decision unnecessary, or which may produce altogether different conditions. I would only insist upon the following points:—

First, that national and not commercial interests must decide the question; *not* that commercial interests should be separated from national, but that they should be subordinate, as the means is to the end.

Secondly, that the object of our colonial aspirations must be a vast, compact territory, — a territory wherein the German spirit can rule by its own strength.

Thirdly, that, should it be possible to obtain such territory only by exchange, then it is desirable to bring the matter speedily to settlement, since the longer it is delayed the more difficult it becomes to give up a territory which has once been colonized by Germans.

Fourthly, that we should not hesitate about the amount of the purchase money, if the first and greatest of acquisitions — Portuguese Angola — is in the market.

Fifthly, that the striking of a colonial balance between Germany and England would in large measure insure the peace of the world for a long time to come, and that consequently such a consummation should be striven for by putting forth all energy and every honest endeavor.

HANS DELBRÜCK.

THE CHANGING MIND OF A NATION AT WAR

BY L. P. JACKS

I

THAT the process of discovering the British Empire is still in its early stages would be an obviously absurd statement if it were to appear in a treatise on geography. But if the statement were made with reference to our national psychology there would be good reasons for accepting it as true. The British public as a whole, or, let us say, the millions who go to the polling booths, have had no clear vision of what the British Empire is, no thorough grasp of what it means, and no deep sense of responsibility for its good government. I am far from suggesting total ignorance or complete indifference. Broadly speaking, we all know something about the Empire, and some, fortunately, know a great deal. The general public knows enough about the Empire to be proud of its existence; that is to say, they know it to be world-wide, rich, and powerful; they know that its creation has cost generations of effort and sacrifice. And yet it must be confessed that the general level of knowledge has been inadequate to the issues involved, and the interest taken in imperial affairs disproportionately small in comparison with their human importance.

This will be seen on comparing the place occupied in our normal political life by imperial and insular questions respectively. Nine questions out of ten have referred predominantly, if not exclusively, to purely insular interests. The voter has gone to the poll as a citizen of the British Islands, charged

with political responsibility in respect of the forty millions by whom they are inhabited. Only incidentally has he remembered that he is a citizen of the British Empire, or asked himself what may be the effect of the vote he is giving on the interests of the four hundred and fifty millions of his fellow subjects. And even if reminded of his larger citizenship, as he was when tariff reform became prominent, he has always found it difficult to retain the imperial point of view, and has tended to argue the question out as if it affected solely the populous cities of Great Britain. There has been a limit to the political ranges of his mind — the four seas that wash the British coasts. He has known — or perhaps one should say, *we* have known — that the Empire belongs to us; but some missionary work has been needed before our minds could grasp the truth that we belong to the Empire. We belong to England — or to Great Britain — that is a familiar thought; but the wider perspective has been strange to us; we have been conscious of an effort of thought before we could realize the ambit of our citizenship, — the idea not coming to us instinctively or inevitably, but needing a reminder which, as I have said, is apt to be forgotten. To most of us our imperial responsibilities have presented themselves — when we thought of them at all — as a kind of appendix to our strictly British obligations; they might be removed altogether without making much difference to our interest in domestic controversies; the question of

Home Rule, or National Insurance, or Strike Legislation, would stand just where it is, and be equally worthy of all we can give to it in the way of political interest, if the Empire in its larger sense did not exist. All such questions, we have tended to think, might be taken out of their imperial context, with little loss of importance and with little change of meaning.

Such, up to the present moment, seems to me to have been our prevalent national psychology in this matter. It has fallen far short of the point where consciousness instantly reveals the Briton to himself as the citizen of a world-wide city, a member of an organized community of four hundred and fifty million souls. Nobody, so far as I am aware, has ever invented a name which characterizes the Briton in his consciousness of this larger relationship. 'Imperialist' means only that he holds certain views. What is needed is a name which shall indicate an attitude to the Empire in the same way that 'Englishman' indicates an attitude to England. To say that So-and-so is an Englishman implies among other things that he bears England in his heart, gives England a first place in his thought, and is ready, if need arise, to lay down his life in her cause. What word have we to characterize the man of whom all this might be said, with the Empire substituted for England? We have none. And the word is lacking because the type of man whom it would describe has been rare among us; or, speaking more strictly, because our minds have not yet formed the idea which would render such a word an imperative necessity of language. Should the time ever come when our *national* consciousness — whose proper birthday, I believe, was somewhere in the reign of Queen Elizabeth — shall expand into an *imperial* consciousness, we shall then find ourselves amply provided with an im-

perial vocabulary, and these tiresome paraphrases will no longer be necessary. As things now are, the very poverty of our language bears witness that we have never 'realized' the Empire we possess and govern; never familiarized our thought with the essential truth that each one of us is a component member of a world-wide state. Psychologically the British Empire has remained undiscovered by the British public.

The British Empire, in its present extent and organization, is a comparatively recent phenomenon. In size, in wealth, in the civilization of its component parts and their close relations with one another, its characteristics are so different from what they were a century ago that we can draw no parallel with the Napoleonic era. But now for the first time in its history the British Empire, in the modern meaning of the term, is being attacked — and attacked with unexampled vehemence and resolution. It is a new experience, and like all new experiences it is compelling a readjustment of thought.

This is a war of the Empire, by the Empire, for the Empire. The Colonies are fighting for us and we are fighting for the Colonies. Our fellow subjects in India are represented in Flanders by a great army of the finest warriors in the world, who have helped to check the would-be invaders of our shores. Gurkhas, Sikhs, and Pathans have shed their blood that London might be safe. Mohammedan, Hindu, and Christian have fallen side by side in defense of the liberties of our race. This, I say, is a new thing in our history. We begin to feel a deepened intimacy with the dominions overseas; the feeling is reflected in the daily press, in the utterances of the platform and the pulpit, in the conversations of philosophers and of working men. The Germans predicted that the outbreak of war would split the Empire into fragments. It has

given the Empire a spiritual solidarity such as it never before possessed. It has made us a greater nation, not in the sense that it has added to our dominions, but in the deeper sense that it has caused our political consciousness to embrace more completely the significance of that which was already ours. Under the stress of war the political organization of the Empire is being enriched by a more highly developed psychological and moral organization; it is acquiring a corporate mind, just as the mother country after the defeat of the Spanish Armada awoke to a new consciousness of her national individuality and began to know herself for what she was.

The parallel is profoundly interesting. It took the English people many centuries to discover their own country. The average Englishman in the reign of Henry VIII had a vaguer notion of England than we have of Canada (probably he had never seen a map of England); of Scotland than we have of Ceylon; of Ireland than we have of Central Africa. But just as his vague conceptions gave place in course of time to vision and realization, so now we British are beginning to think of the Empire as something more than a confused extension of our national boundaries, or as a group of appendages to our national home. The Empire is becoming *our country*, and we are becoming its citizens in heart as well as in name. Not that the change is already complete. But no close observer of present tendencies will doubt that the movement of the British mind is in the direction of which I speak. If the change continues, its ethical and spiritual consequences will be very great.

II

In connection with this extension of our national consciousness one may

note at the present time some curious questionings among thoughtful men as to the bearing of democratic theory on our imperial obligations. We call ourselves a democracy; but there are moments, in the course of dealing even with domestic problems, when we find it hard to reconcile the facts with the theory. And the difficulty becomes greater just in proportion as we extend our thoughts to the imperial scale. According to the democratic theory the people are to be consulted as to all that concerns their interests. Well, there is nothing that concerns our interests quite so deeply as the existence of the Empire. But when have the people been consulted in the matter? Proud as the British may be of possessing an empire on which the sun never sets, it is certain that the people as a whole have never been asked whether they wished to possess just such an empire as this. They have never been asked how large they wished the Empire to be; or whether they would be content with something less or greater. In an age when all things political are supposed to be determined by voting, it is a curious circumstance that this, the greatest of political questions, has never been voted on at all.

Nay, more. So far as I know, the British people have never said to themselves, as the spokesmen of Germany have recently been saying, 'Go to now; world-dominion shall be ours.' It would tax the historian to fix the period when the design for a world-wide empire became a definite ambition of the British people. True, there have been statesmen like the late Lord Beaconsfield, or Lord Chatham in an earlier age, who made vast plans for increasing the dominions of the Crown. But the popular will did not originate these designs, much as it may have applauded them when carried out — although even this has not always been

the case. And the control exercised even by statesmen over the process of imperial expansion has been of a distinctly piecemeal character. As one annexation followed another, none of our ministers has foreseen where the process would end. None of them has had a vision in advance of the Empire as it exists to-day — in extent, in population, and in wealth. As Seeley long ago pointed out, the Empire has largely come into being by inadvertence. Indeed it would be extremely hard to fix responsibility for its existence, in its present character, on any group or series of statesmen, or on any particular generation of Englishmen — to say nothing of particular individuals. A province here, a frontier there, an island somewhere else might be correctly set down to an assignable wave of public opinion or to the clever diplomacy of some well-known minister. But the total growth seems to have escaped from human control altogether. Certainly nothing would be more untrue than to treat the existence of the Empire as though it exactly corresponded to the expressed will of the living generation. They have not *willed* it into being. They found it there, — like so many of the financial obligations, such as the National Debt, which have been inherited from the past, and have to be accepted whether we like them or not, notwithstanding the maxim which is said to be the corner-stone of the constitution: ‘No taxation without representation.’

Here then is a broad and vital fact — the fact of the Empire — embracing the whole compass of our democratic life, in regard to which it is not only plain that the people are not masters, but extremely difficult to say who the ‘masters’ are or have been. Now that we are beginning to realize the Empire as we have never done before, this fact is attracting attention and raising ques-

tions which affect our whole conception of democracy, in its relation to domestic as well as to imperial concerns. So great an instance of discrepancy between the actual circumstances of the national life and the range over which democratic control remains effective is not likely to be solitary; and the consequence of reflecting on these things is that not a few among us are inclined to revise our democratic faith, — not as to the main principle, perhaps, but at all events as to the range of its application.

We are learning in this connection to understand more clearly the influence of the past on the present. We begin to see that we inherit from the past, not ‘effete institutions only’ but the form and pressure of our national life, the range, significance, and general direction of our imperial duties. These in all their essential features have been determined *for* us by the action of forces which had done their work before we were born. Thus the democratic conception of the state as embodying the common will of its citizens is seen to be inadequate, unless we extend the common will in *time* so as to cover the operations of the past ages from which we inherit the Empire and its laws.

Unless I am much mistaken the mind of the country is moving at the moment in the direction of what I will venture to call a spiritual conservatism, which may or may not express itself hereafter in renewed support for official conservative parties. We are in no mood to respond to the lines of the well-known hymn which bid us ‘give the past unto the wind.’ A past which has bequeathed to us our national status and the broad outline of our imperial responsibilities, cannot be given to the wind without a degree of treachery of which the fiercest anarchist in our midst is not capable. Without distinction we feel ourselves bound to ‘carry on’; and what we are

'carrying on' is the work of our fathers from the most distant ages to the present day. Even the militant suffragette, who a few months back had declared war on society and vowed to reconstruct the world *de novo*, is now engaged with the rest of us in a great struggle for the maintenance of the historic state.

III

Another interesting change, of which many indications may be noted, is a tendency to revise our estimate of the degree of intelligence represented by modern civilization. For a long time past a kind of humanism has been current both in Europe and America which took the form of an enthusiastic faith in 'the march of mind.' Appearances seemed to warrant the belief that civilized man had become far more reasonable than his forefathers. Universal education, the spread of science, the reading habits of the public; the free discussion of all matters of human interest appeared to have put a vast distance, to be measured in terms of growing reasonableness, between the present enlightenment and the darkened intelligence of the barbaric age. In all discussion of public questions it had become natural to assume that communities composed of educated men and women would, when acting collectively, guide their courses with a fair measure of worldly wisdom; certainly an argument which assumed them capable of acting like children, fools, or barbarians would have seemed inapplicable to existing conditions.

Most of us moreover took for granted without qualification the maxim which declares, 'There is wisdom in numbers.' If the modern individual had grown wiser than his fathers, what a vast increase of wisdom must be represented by the modern state, which is so organized that millions of educated individu-

als may lay their heads together in consultation for the common good! These were some of our prepossessions, and their net result was a high estimate of the relative intelligence of the modern world.

To these prepossessions the war has brought a measure of disillusion. Our first impression when the war broke out was of the unimaginable wickedness of its authors — whoever they might be. To this impression must now be added another, which was slower in coming but is deepening with every day the war is prolonged. I mean the impression of the unimaginable stupidity of the whole proceeding. Since history began to record the deeds of men, has the world ever seen such an exhibition of limited intelligence as that afforded by the war? To be sure, a champion of the contrary might point to this or that in the conduct or strategy of the war which could be accomplished only by men whose wits had been trained to the uttermost. But what does all that amount to, as an exhibition of human wisdom, when we compare it with the dullness of heart and mind, the restriction of outlook, the subservience to empty sophisms (such as *si vis pacem para bellum*), the misconceived self-interest, the idiotic illusions, the want of imagination, the miscalculations, the pathetic blunderings which have characterized the course of events leading up to the war? All that education has won for the human mind seems dwarfed to insignificance by the elemental folly of this background. To what end has mind been 'marching' if at this advanced stage of its progress it has nothing better to show for itself than this? Could anything be conceived better calculated to let civilization down in its intellectual self-esteem?

In offering these remarks I am reporting the gist of a conversation which took place not long ago between two

Oxford men. One of them, speaking of the war, said something to the effect that it showed Christianity as 'broken down.' To this the other immediately answered, 'But has not the philosophy of human progress broken down in the same sense? Has not reason broken down? Has not common sense broken down? Have not the principles of the great moralists — especially the German moralists — broken down? Where are the "three Universal Principles" now? Where is the Religion of Humanity? Where is Secularism? Where are Tom Paine and Voltaire and Comte and Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer and Karl Marx and Bernard Shaw? What have these done singly or together to make impossible this stupendous act of folly?'

I am inclined to think, therefore, judging from the temper of the men with whom I am more immediately in contact, that we shall emerge from this war with chastened confidence in the 'march of mind.' We shall look abroad for other guaranties of human progress. Here in Oxford we believe, in common with Englishmen generally, that Germany is responsible for the war. And we have never doubted that Germany is the most highly 'educated' nation of the world — in the sense in which 'education' is commonly understood. From this we are bound to infer that there is something wrong with the common understanding of 'education.' What other conclusion can be drawn if the premises are admitted, — that Germany is the most educated nation, and that in spite of her highly trained intelligence she has set on foot the most stupid series of actions in the history of mankind? 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' We are willing for the moment to leave the distinctively moral issues, grave as these are, in abeyance. We see that blunders and illusions, no less than crimes, can inflict enormous woe upon

the world. We see that the kind of training by which Europe has been cultivating its intelligence for centuries, even when carried to the high degree attained by Germany, is no protection against the most disastrous, and the most elementary, mistakes of national judgment.

IV

What, then, is the relation between the corporate intelligence of a state and the general level of intelligence attained by its individual members? This is another of the questions which has been forced upon the minds of many persons in this country by the extraordinary spectacle of corporate stupidity presented by the war.

The question is complicated at the outset by the enormous number of different meanings which may be given to the word intelligence. There is one kind possessed by the 'simple'; and there is another kind possessed by the 'wise'; and we know on the best authority that the former kind is often able to confound the latter. One man will be intelligent just because he is unsophisticated; another because his mind has been artificially drilled. My gardener, for instance, in spite of the fact that he left the village school at twelve years of age is, in respect of certain fundamental matters, a far more intelligent man than I, who went to a university and took a degree. This generally confuses the question before us, and, as we shall see, the confusion cannot be altogether avoided. To avoid it as far as possible I shall take 'intelligence,' in what follows, to mean that kind of mental activity which is fostered by the system or systems of 'education' for the time being in vogue throughout the Western world.

Again, in the case of Germany, whose present behavior raises the question in the acutest form, we have to reckon

with the fact that the people, who are the most highly 'educated' in Europe, do not, strictly speaking, control their corporate affairs. To many minds the essential tragedy of the situation arises from the fact that, whereas Prussian Junkerism, which rules, is a stupid thing, the German people, whom it rules, are extremely intelligent. But this only causes the original question to return in another form: why does the intelligence of the many submit to be governed by the stupidity of the few?

In all the discussions of this subject which I have encountered, it has been taken for granted that the relation of intelligence to good government was simple and direct; that is to say, the higher the level of intelligence or education in the individual members, the greater would be the wisdom and efficiency of their concerted action in a state. The political argument for education is usually based on that ground, as for example by Mill in his essay on 'Liberty.' The argument is, that the combined action of men in democracies can be trusted to yield good results just in so far as the individuals taking part in the combination have been educated to take an intelligent view of their own and of the common interest.

At first sight this view seems plausible enough, so plausible indeed as to be accepted by most persons without criticism. But it hardly does justice to the complexities of the situation, and may even be said to overlook some elementary facts. To begin with, it is fairly obvious that the initial willingness to combine does not increase in direct relation to the intelligence of the individuals to whom combination is proposed, — unless, indeed, we so manipulate the meaning of intelligence (which some philosophers have done) as to equate it with the very willingness aforesaid. I can well conceive that a million ignorant and foolish persons would

be far more willing to combine in the hope of correcting each other's mistakes and making good each other's defects, than would another million self-reliant and educated persons in the hope of concentrating their gifts on a common end. These latter, with their highly developed powers of criticism, — directed, as they would be, upon one another, — would be far slower in finding a common basis of agreement and far more inclined to hesitate before committing themselves to common action. And even if this initial difficulty were overcome, the effectiveness of the union would be menaced by the very same causes which had hindered its inception. It is notoriously hard for extremely clever people to hold together. The cohesion of the group is apt to decline in consequence of the alacrity and effectiveness with which each of the members brings his critical powers to bear on the proposals of his confederates. This explains the well-known condition in democratic states, that as the general level of intelligence rises among the individual citizens, the tendency to split up into parties becomes more marked.

In educating the intelligence, it must never be forgotten that it is a critical faculty we are developing, and the bearing of this on the democratic union must be carefully considered. Recent history shows us pretty plainly what the bearing is. As education rises, the individuality of the educated citizen asserts itself more and more; the groups consequently become more numerous, better organized, and more effective for purposes of group-warfare. Just because of the growing intellectual ability of the groups, their mutual oppositions become more active; and the result is that common action is retarded, and a multitude of well-meant designs, originated by intelligence, are thwarted by intelligent opposition.

In weighing the performance of democracies we ought to take account, not only of what they have done, but of what they have failed to do, from the cause of which I am now speaking. So absorbed are we in looking at one side of the picture that nobody, so far as I am aware, has found it worth his while to tell the story of all the promising schemes for human improvement which, within the memory of living men, have been endlessly delayed, or even criticized out of existence, by the highly developed, though possibly mistaken, intelligence of opposing parties. The story, if told in democratic countries, would be too humiliating to be popular. And of the many excellent schemes which have been carried into effect by democratic action, may we not say with perfect truth that some of them ought to have been carried out, and would have been carried out, much earlier, had it not been for the retarding action of the critical intelligence possessed by highly educated individuals?

At all events it is a great mistake to conceive of the intelligence of a democratic state as though it were a huge sum total formed by the process of adding together the separate intelligences of its individual members. Under the party system, which, we have seen, grows more active and more complex with a rising level of education, a large part, sometimes the largest part, of individual intelligence does not go into common action at all. It is either spent in thwarting the equal, though otherwise-minded, intelligence of the rest, or is itself thwarted by the same process. It is ideally conceivable, though I do not suggest it as the least likely, that the minds of the citizens might each be 'educated' to such a point of critical effectiveness that no common action whatever could take place — just as a multitude of forces acting from different directions on a

common point may keep the body on which they impinge in a state of rest. If 'intelligence' were a simple force always acting in the same direction, — if to be intelligent meant that we should always agree with the views of the person who bids us educate that faculty, — then of course the result of education would be that every fresh individual would represent so much force added to those progressive tendencies of which our instructor approved. But intelligence has not this unitary meaning. It is apt to assume a multitude of different forms which show no disposition to act in concert, and the more educated it is, the more do these differences assert themselves.

Hence it is that no simple and direct relation can be assumed between the wisdom or effectiveness of corporate action in a democracy and the degree of education attained by the individual members. We may even have to prepare ourselves for the action of a law similar to that of diminishing returns in agriculture.

Ten simple persons acting together may perform an action far wiser than any one of the coöperators, if left to himself, could either design or accomplish; whereas ten educated persons acting together may embark on courses which display a much lower level of intelligence than that on which each cooperator severally stands. This may still hold good, even in cases where the corporate action of the educated group is judged to be more intelligent than the corporate action of the simple group; just as, in economic theory, a piece of land which has fallen under the law of diminishing returns may produce a greater yield than another piece whose yield is still on the increase. What I am suggesting is that the intellectual superiority of corporate over private action tends to increase *only up to a certain point* in the development of individual

intelligence; that after this point has been reached the relation is reversed, the actions of the state tending to fall below the level of wisdom demanded by the intellectual culture of its component members; until at last a condition may be reached in which the individual is justified in declaring the state — or the law — to be an ass. I know not how otherwise to explain the enormous stupidity which has plunged the educated nations of Europe into the present war.

Certainly no surprise need be felt at the extreme slowness, at the numerous delays and setbacks, to which we have now grown so well accustomed (in this country at all events) in the progress of reform. This slowness is due in no small measure to the hindrances caused by intelligent criticism. Whether it amounts to a practical advantage or the reverse, I do not here discuss. Delay may be always an advantage; assuredly it sometimes is. But I can see no reason why certain measures, admittedly good when they are carried, are any the better for having been before the public thirty or forty years. And the same applies to schemes now under consideration. Should the time ever come, for instance, when the community shall devise a scheme for putting an end to war, it will doubtless be a great source of satisfaction to reflect that our young men are no longer perishing by the hundred thousand on the battlefield. But we must not forget the millions who *did* perish while we were engaged in talking the matter over, and answering arguments on the other side. In this and in other matters of great democratic interest, it is possible that the less highly educated communities of the world, when they get their democratic opportunity, will give a lead to those more highly educated communities which have had the opportunity so long. It would be no surprising thing,

for example, if the Russian peasants, with their kind hearts, their simple notions of right and wrong, and their incapacity for sustained reasoning, were to show one day (perhaps not far off) a rate of progress in democratic achievement which would be the envy of the Western world.

A revaluation of human faculties is, under these circumstances, inevitable; and I think there is evidence that it has begun. 'The kind heart of a Russian moujik is a more valuable asset to civilization than the mighty brain of a German professor.' 'A young British subaltern with his notion of "playing the game" is a finer tactician than the most astute member of the German General Staff.' These, too, are remarks I have recently heard. They may help to explain a fact which many of our friends in neutral countries have found hard to understand, — the fact, I mean, that we British feel quite at home in our alliance with Russia. We feel that while the kind-hearted Russian needs to take only one step forward to place himself in line with our ideals of civilization, the intellectual German will have to take a hundred steps backward before he can recover the lost path of human progress. German culture is a garment which does not fit the British character at all; and I must confess that some of our British thinkers who have worn that garment most consistently have often impressed me as a man does who is wearing clothes made for somebody else. The Russian *ethos*, on the other hand, fits the human part of us quite well, though it has still to be adapted to the political. The worst things that Russia has done in her political history — and they have been very bad — seem to have arisen in no small degree from her imitation of Teutonic methods. And some of the worst features of our own history have arisen from a not dissimilar source. But when these imita-

tions have ceased, — and the war has opened the eyes of both Russia and Britain to the need of ending them, — the Russians and British may then discover a kinship of spirit, which the wide difference of race has so far obscured, but which none the less is deep and fundamental. The picture of Russian character recently disclosed by Mr. Stephen Graham is, in many of its essential features, wonderfully homelike. In them we recognize the traits of an ideal which is dear to the British spirit. We have before us a vision of that 'plain heroic magnitude of mind' which Milton praised as mightier than all diplomacies and 'ammunitions.' Hitherto we have misunderstood both the German and the Russian. We have overestimated the German head. We have underestimated the Russian heart.

What further results will follow the discovery of this kinship it would here be out of place to answer in detail. But I think those prophets are deeply in error who predict that the end of the war will find Russia and Britain quarreling over the spoils. I believe we shall find that we are dealing with a great and generous nation, a nation which honors its word. If the war teaches any lesson to our respective countries, it will be that of discarding to the uttermost the German method of either beginning or ending a dispute. To both nations the lesson will be easier to learn than appears on the surface. Russia is not a dirty fighter, and will not make a dirty conqueror. I will even venture the assertion that Russia, in spite of all appearance to the contrary, is readier at this moment than any nation in Europe for a genuinely human polity. In outward organization she seems far from its attainment, but inwardly and spiritually she is perhaps nearer to it than other nations (including our own) which have advanced further than she has in the formal practice of democracy.

v

These last considerations lead me to speak in conclusion of our changing attitude of mind to the intellectual culture of Germany. I am afraid we must plead guilty to the charge, made by the Germans themselves against us, that our attitude for a long time past has been one of subservience. We have borrowed our thought from Germany. We have, to use a vulgar phrase, been 'fed up' with German metaphysics and German views of the Christian religion. Could we eliminate from recent British philosophy and theology all they owe to German sources, what would remain? Not much, I must confess, that is original. Since the time of Mill and Spencer our leading thinkers in philosophy have been little more than commentators, more or less enlightened, on the great German masters. A revolt against this dominance had indeed begun long before the war broke out, but its originator was not a British thinker: he was William James; and though the revolt had spread to Britain, it cannot be said to have effected more than a partial liberation from the Germanic tradition.

Now I am far from suggesting that the war is going to convert us all to Pragmatism; I am not even sure that Pragmatism as such will derive any confirmation from the present course of events. But I do suggest that the war will deepen and possibly complete, so far as Great Britain is concerned, the revolt against German dominance in thought of which Pragmatism was so significant a symptom. Logically, indeed, there may be no connection between German philosophy and the crime which originated the war, or the unexampled ferocity with which Germany has carried it on. Germany may be wrong in her politics but right in her philosophy. But though, logically, the

two propositions may stand, I doubt if it is psychologically possible to hold them together. It is certain at all events that the German interpretation of life and the German interpretation of morals and religion stand discredited in the British mind by their juxtaposition with the hideous crime committed on Belgium. Henceforth we shall be unable to think of the one thing without remembering the other, and the tendency, hitherto prevalent, to accept what comes to us in the way of thought from Germany will be replaced by a doubt as to the competence of our guide. Instead of the will to believe in German thinkers, there will be a will to disbelieve in them, and we shall criticize where formerly we were prone to accept. I should not be surprised, therefore, if in the near future we have to witness a marked reaction from all movements of thought which are known to have a German origin. This attitude of mind could not be better expressed than in a remark recently made by an intelligent workingman who, like so

many workingmen in this country, was acquainted with the now popular works of Haeckel. He had been reading the manifesto of the German professors on the war, of which Haeckel was one of the signatories. 'What . . . rot!' he said. 'And this is the man who pretends to answer the Riddle of the Universe! No more Haeckel for me!' This, I repeat, may be bad logic, but it is intelligible psychology. And though I should be sorry to attribute the precise phraseology of this workingman to theologians and philosophers, I yet venture to think that something is now moving in the philosophic and theological heart of Britain which, if pressed into utterance, would say, 'No more Kant, no more Hegel, no more Strauss, no more Nietzsche, no more Harnack, no more Eucken — for me!' There is some insularity in all this, no doubt. But there is also a great deal of human nature. And human nature is the one subject which the Germans, with all their learning, have so far failed to comprehend.

THE SOCIAL EFFECTS OF THE WAR

BY L. T. HOBHOUSE

In the presence of a unique catastrophe prophecy is vain, but speculation is interesting, and may even be useful. The European war is without parallel in history. Half the world is in arms, and men are fighting and territory is lost or won from Ypres to Kiao-Chao, from the Yser to the Shatt el Arab, from the Vistula to the Orange River. Three continents are engaged, contin-

gents come from a fourth, and the cannon are heard off the shores of a fifth. In Europe the war is no longer an engagement of armies for a definite object. It is a struggle of populations for national existence. We are witnessing a reversion to the methods and in some ways to the standards of antiquity. The Darwinian struggle for existence, accepted in idea by so many schools of

thought in the nineteenth century, is becoming the reality of the twentieth century, only for 'nature red in tooth and claw with ravin' we must read the modern military state, the armed Moloch of the newer world. Of the results of this upheaval we can no more speak with certainty than the inhabitants of Pompeii when slumbering Vesuvius broke into eruption. How long it will last, what area it will submerge, no man can measure. The blow which civilization has sustained is staggering, and so far as Europe is concerned may be mortal. But we cannot yet measure its effects. We can only point to certain conditions of recuperation, and go on to consider the chances of their effective realization.

In the first place, of course, much must depend on the immediate issue of the war, and not only on the victory of one side, but on the temper in which that victory may be used. Should Germany succeed, we in England know very well what we have to expect. But I will not speak of merely material conditions. The essential fact would be the definitive triumph of the military state. It would be proved to the world that international right counts for nothing. Militarism would be justified, not indeed morally, but by success, the only standard to which it appeals. The beaten nations would use whatever liberty remained to them for the purpose of regaining military strength, and to this end every hope of internal reform would be ruthlessly and necessarily sacrificed. If they should come more completely under German domination, it would mean that Europe would become a vast military power on the Prussian model, and it would be for America to arm, since America and Australasia alone would carry on the torch of civilization.

To say this is not to disparage the contributions of Germany to civilized progress. It is merely to recognize that

German 'culture' is under arrest by the military ideal. It ends in a blind alley, into which it threatens to carry all Europe along with it. Success in war implies many virtues, high intelligence, considerable advance in social organization. But in that it perverts all these qualities by subordinating them to the ideal of power and by using them to perfect the machinery of killing, — including in that machinery the ruthless sacrifice of its own men, — it can be erected into the supreme end of statesmanship only at the sacrifice of all the higher and more humane developments of civilized life in which, with painful effort and many setbacks, the nineteenth century made slow and partial advances.

It is not merely the sense of national danger but the perception of this supreme issue for European civilization which in England has swept the board of political controversy, and brought anti-militarists of long standing and proved sincerity into working harmony with official Liberals and militant Conservatives. The political observer is faced with an entirely new phenomenon in our history, — for no such thing was reached in the struggle with Napoleon, — a nation which is, for all practical purposes, unanimous. The reason is that the issue appeals with equal force to those who are first and foremost Nationalists and to those who are first and foremost Humanitarians. British Humanitarians may be wrong, — we are all liable to bias, particularly in war-time, — but there is no doubt of the prevailing opinion among them that certain causes essential to the future of humanity, in particular, the sanctity of treaties, the freedom of small peoples, and the immunity of peaceful nations from sudden attack, must stand or fall with the success of the Allied arms. These men may be prejudiced by patriotism, but many of them have given

proofs in the past of the sincerity and tenacity with which they can withstand the clamor of Jingoism, Imperialism, or militarist policy in any form. They have incurred unpopularity by sustained opposition to wars and to threats of war, to increase of armaments, to extensions of territory. They have waged the battle for self-government within the Empire, and in particular they have worked in recent years to allay ill-feeling as between Germany and England. Such is the record of large numbers of men and women who, hating war in itself and all that pertains to it, have now to admit that in the interests of the very causes which they deem most sacred, this war has to be fought to the last ounce of the nation's energy.

But if the victory of Germany would mean the definitive triumph of militarism, what of her defeat? There are sanguine souls who, starting from the fact that to many minds this is undoubtedly a war against militarism, proceed to the conclusion that victory means the permanent displacement of militarism as the governing principle of European polity. I am afraid that they do not sufficiently distinguish between the weapons of the flesh and those of the spirit, or between a successful defense and a victorious aggression. It is perfectly true that in fighting Germany we are fighting militarism. But in fighting we are ourselves compelled to yield in a measure to military ideals. We are becoming an armed nation and a nation voluntarily subjecting itself in large measure to military rule. We accept these consequences lest a worse evil befall us. If we do not fight our best, German militarism will sweep us away, and peace, Liberalism, and international freedom are abolished for Europe.

We can, we believe, avert these disasters, and keep Western Europe free

from Prussian military domination. That is to say, we can fight a successful defensive war against the militarism of the flesh. But it is quite another thing to carry the war into the enemy's citadel and extirpate the militarism of the spirit. We may by victory avert the danger that militarism should dominate Europe, and nothing but victory can avail to this end. But it is quite another thing to predict that by victory we shall once and for all extirpate militarism from Europe. That is not a probable result. Rather the danger is that by winning in the flesh we may be beaten in the spirit, and that as conquered Greece took captive her conqueror, so beaten Germany may win the victory for her principles; with this sad difference, that whereas the achievement of captive Greece was to bring the arts to rustic Latium, that of conquered Germany would be to instil into the free nations the principles which they abhor.

We touch here on the main problem raised by the war. It is an ethical rather than a political or economic problem, although political forces will largely affect the issue. Will it be possible to establish a durable peace on a basis of mutual confidence and good-will, or will the war end in another armed truce like that which has governed Europe since 1870? There are certain considerations on either side which are worth setting out, and it will be seen that the event must turn largely on the degree of statesmanship which is applied in bringing the struggle to a conclusion. The question is of peculiar interest to the American public, since European statesmanship has not, to say the least, distinguished itself in these events, and much will depend on the reserve forces of wisdom and good-will which the public opinion of America can bring into play.

On the hopeful side of the account is

to be written down first and foremost the discredit of militarism by actual war. The suffering in all nations is and will be on an unprecedented scale. Few can have seen the sufferings of Belgium and Northern France unmoved, and of those who do so lack imagination there will be few whose own lives have not been gravely disturbed by the war, who have not lost some brother or friend, or seen their business dislocated, and the ordinary amenities of life impaired. Mere thoughtless flag-waving militarism will be at a discount for some years to come. Moreover, if we are right in holding Germany to be the nursery of the militarist ideal, the defeat of Germany will be a source of discredit from which, it might be supposed, that ideal will not readily recover. Militarism as a principle is an appeal to success, and if it fails it is lost.

In this respect, merely as a matter of material strength, it is inferior to the principle of liberty which, as a principle, is impervious to failure and has often taken its deepest inspiration from defeat. But it must be remembered further that, if Germany is the nursery of militarism, the family has grown up and gone forth into all the world. The most noteworthy shift of thought in the last two generations has been the reaction from the belief in reason, law, and humanity, which dominated the nineteenth century, to the faith in impulse, self-will, and power, which have dominated our own time. I recollect turning over the pages of one of Mr. Max Beerbohm's volumes of cartoons some time last July, and coming upon one which, ever since the war broke out, has seemed to me like a prophetic vision. It is a story of the centuries. The Twentieth Century, in the goggles and mask of a scorching motorist, is rushing blindly along, arms and legs working like a windmill, careless whither he is going or whom he knocks over in the

rush. His father, the Nineteenth Century, mild, prosperous, protuberant of form, frock-coated, silk-hatted, bland and respectable, watches him with manifest dismay; and, just behind, his grandfather, the Eighteenth Century, looks on through his quizzing-glass with a cynical smile, seeming to say to his respectable son, 'You thought yourself so much better than I was, my dear boy. Are you quite so satisfied with the education you gave your youngster?' Perhaps the time for a companion picture showing the end of that young man is not yet, but I would hope that, when it comes, the cartoonist will not let the opportunity go by.

Be that as it may, the trinity of Impulse, Self-Will, and Power has been firmly enthroned in the literature, the art, the philosophy, and the sociology of our time. It is not the peculiar possession of one people, but has become the god of the intellectual world. Now Germany has worshiped this triune god in one of its major incarnations, that is to say, in the shape of a dominant military caste, with a sincerity and an efficiency not matched elsewhere. Did she suddenly invade a peaceful neutral state? Yes, but it was necessary to hew a way through. Did she tear up a scrap of paper? Yes, but she had the long-range guns. Did she, from the first week of war, burn villages and shoot non-combatants? Yes, but it was necessary to make terrible examples. Was she inflicting the horrors of war on peaceful Europe? Yes, but only on foreign nations, for she was armed for the aggressive and her maxim was always to wage war in the enemy's country. Did she devastate the land? Yes, for it was a maxim of success to leave the conquered people nothing but their eyes to weep with. Did she risk bringing in England by invading Belgium? Yes, but she got in the first blow, and in the gospel of force it is the first blow

that counts. Does she propose to blot out a little state? Yes, because little states have no place in a world that is governed by Power. Is all her armament adapted to the aggressive, and are all her theories of war adapted to the hypothesis of her immediate and continued success? No other assumption is worthy of a sincere worshiper of her god.

Now, this god does not promise his worshippers domestic peace or freedom, sweetness or light, comfort at home, or the admiring love of mankind. He promises them success, and again success, and always success; and if the methods which his oracle has prompted prove methods of failure, will they continue to burn incense at his shrine? If the invasion of Belgium cost many men and opened no road to Paris; if the method of terror failed to intimidate but only nerved Belgians, French, and English to resist; if the whole policy of the aggressive should be proved to have broken down, so that it would have been better in mere tactics to have awaited the shock upon the frontiers; if the 'preventive' war was after all unduly timed and to force it on was to combine Europe against the aggressor, — then the prophets prophesied falsely and the god was an image of clay. If Germany is defeated, will this be the view of the people who have given their sons in millions to the slaughter which mass tactics impose? Will they say that the Junker has defrauded them of the power which he promised in return for the discipline which he exacted, and will they insist on peace and liberty at home and no more adventures abroad? This is a possible outcome, and it is the one hope of a better future left to us to cherish.

But let it be observed that the escape from German militarism depends on a state of mind to be induced in the Germans themselves. Europe will have to

live with her Germans after the war as before. There will still be some hundred millions of them compactly seated in the centre of her continent; and should the Slav portions of the Austrian Empire fall away, the only probable result is a closer and a strong union of the two branches of the German peoples. No combination of powers could ever hold such a people down, unless at the cost of a more burdensome militarism than that of the past forty years, and eventually of a war not less deadly than that which is now being waged. We may conceivably conquer German militarism, but only by discrediting it in the minds of the German people and gaining over the mass of them to belief in international faith and good will. We cannot change the German political system any more than the Holy Alliance could succeed in restoring the Ancien Régime in France. The most we can do is to discredit the present system and leave the German people to reflect upon the possibilities of a change.

But herein lies our greatest danger. Defeat may have quite the contrary effect to that desired. It may weld a people together and make them set the desire for the *revanche* above every other consideration. The ruling caste may say, 'You did not give us power enough. We wanted more men and more arms. We told you so, and we are proved right by the event. If you would be safe for the future you must give yourself to us even more unreservedly than in the past. There must be no exemptions and no distraction of national energy from the single object of regaining the position of Germany among the nations and realizing her ambition as the world-power of the future.' It is the common argument of militarism, which is nothing if not insatiable. Whether the Germans will listen to it or not must depend in large measure on the use that the Allies make

of the victory which we are hypothetically assigning to them. If Germany should be dismembered we may be sure that this will be the result, and that the future of Europe will turn on the struggles of the dissevered parts to come together again.

Unfortunately it is not possible to contemplate a victory of the Allies which will not involve some loss of territory by Germany, for she has forcibly incorporated more than one province which she has failed to win to her allegiance, and these provinces remain in sympathy with other peoples. Yet there is a possible way of escape. If the Allies proclaim the right of each population to choose its own allegiance or independence, as the case may be, would the average German feel himself either outraged or humiliated? I do not touch on the practical difficulties in applying this principle, for it will be difficult enough to get the principle itself consistently maintained. I think for the moment only of the psychological effect of the forbearance which it would involve, and I ask myself whether its intrinsic reasonableness might not convert Germany to the view of J. R. Green, that Will and not Force is the true basis of the state. Might not the German on these lines have the sufficient answer to the militarist: 'We have been defeated, it is true, but after all what has defeat meant? It means only that we, and others, including the people of Alsace-Lorraine, are free to choose our own government. Is it worth fighting to avoid that which in their right senses all men desire for themselves?'

There is then, we may concede, a possible line of escape for Europe from a future of perpetual militarism and recurrent warfare. But to follow it with success involves a combination of qualities and circumstances such as fortune rarely grants. There must, to begin with, be success in war for the Allies, and

success means the strengthening in every country of the military principle. There must supervene an exercise of wisdom and self-control for which the intensity of passion provides no very favorable conditions, and there must be a harmonization of interests which are diverse and complicated in a high degree.

Meanwhile, even preliminary discussion is hushed. People are too intent upon the immediate event. Their eyes are on the Yser, the Vistula, or the North Sea, and their ears open only for news of victory or defeat. In the end the settlement is as likely as not to come about without clear plan or reasoned design, in the rough and tumble of forces, or through a give and take imposed at the last by common exhaustion. There is no religion to calm or guide, no voice of any leader of men to recall a lost world, no authority — personal or impersonal — to make men hear reason. Few and far between are the men whose words reach a wide audience, and of these there is not one who can speak as Gladstone or Tolstōi could speak now and again to the public of their time.

On the economic side much will depend on the length of the war. Hitherto the blow to industry and commerce has been far less severe than many of us anticipated. It was doubted if the sensitive and complex machinery of credit in a modern industrial nation could survive the dislocation, and it was feared that England, as the greater financial centre, might suffer even more than Germany from this cause. So far, the event has happily belied anticipation. No British industry is seriously affected except the cotton trade, and there the trouble is not exclusively due to the war, and is likely, if conditions at sea remain as at present, to right itself. For the rest, unemployment on the average is no worse than in a normal winter.

It is indubitably less general than in many seasons of bad trade arising from the ordinary fluctuations of industry. Short time in certain industries is balanced by extreme activity in everything directly or indirectly connected with war, wherein British firms are busy in supplying, not our own government alone, but those of our allies as well. This activity will probably continue while the war lasts, and it is on the morrow of peace that a great economic dislocation must be expected.

But in one respect at least we have made a great advance since the old days of warfare. The responsibilities of government are more adequately recognized. There will be no question of the sudden discharge of a million or two of men into the industrial world without any attempt to reorganize the conditions of employment. The situation in August, which for the moment was alarming, was saved by state intervention carried through with great promptitude and with a sweeping disregard of precedent. There will be a corresponding call for state control when the war ends. Indeed, the most remarkable economic effect of the war hitherto has been the impetus given to State Socialism. To take only two instances: the government has assumed complete control of the sugar trade and of the railways. In the former case its policy is open to challenge and would have given rise to lively controversy if men had time to think of anything but the emergencies of the day. In the latter, the assumption of state control has involved so little dislocation and has proved so efficacious in placing the railway system at the disposal of the public service, that it may be doubted if it will ever be abandoned. There is a strong case on grounds of economy for the unification of the British railway

system, and it may be that it needed only the stimulus of a sudden necessity to overcome the prejudice and inertia which were the main obstacles to its adoption. On the whole it is probable that one legacy of the war will be a permanent enlargement of the sphere of public control over industries and perhaps over social life in general.

On the other hand, even if the war were to cease to-morrow, we should all be a good deal poorer than we were. The margin available for taxation has been reduced; and it will be proportionately more difficult to finance the schemes of social reform with which our minds were occupied down to last July. England ought to spend money on education, on land-reform, and on housing, and it is to be feared that, for lack of means, many a beneficent scheme will be hung up for a generation to come. Of course, if militarism is really crushed, the situation will clear itself; but this, for reasons given, I can only regard as a dim and remote possibility. The more probable alternative is a reversion to the armed peace in which, after the first two or three years of exhaustion, the actual proportion of available income expended on the preparations for a fresh calamity will be not less but greater than before. An atmosphere that previously was darkened by mutual suspicion will now be sultry and stifling with hatred and lust for revenge. Europe definitely took the wrong turn last summer, and the progress of mechanical invention has overcome England's isolation and made her in a new sense a member of Europe and a partner in the fortunes of the Continent. We must hold Western Europe for freedom, but in doing so we forfeit much of our own hope, only yesterday so buoyant, of peaceful progress and social reconstruction.

THE GERMAN SPIRIT

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

I

THE great European war has aroused a natural curiosity to ascertain exactly what is the intimate German temper of mind which in its external national manifestations is now so mightily aroused. What is the spiritual attitude lying behind this ambition to dominate the world? What is the German spirit?

It is not an easy question to answer. The opinions of Germans themselves scarcely suffice to settle the matter. For they flatly contradict one another. Goethe, agreeing with Guizot, thought that the main characteristic of the German, in distinction alike from the French and the English, is the idea of personal freedom; and so penetrating and philosophic an inquirer as Fouillée has also more recently stated that it is individualism which marks the German. The same view is from time to time put forward by Germans to-day; no doubt it is the conclusion most obviously suggested by the greatest men of genius whom Germany in the past produced: by Luther, by Lessing, by Beethoven, by Goethe himself. Nowadays, however, it is much more usual to find Germans putting forth an entirely opposed conception. Thus Professor Münsterberg, writing as one who has been in intimate contact alike with the German spirit and the American spirit, while describing the latter as that which demands a state 'in order that each individual may find the perfect life and the greatest liberty,' declares, 'We Germans see the social

world with the opposite attitude: in our view the individual exists for the state.'

There can be very little doubt that that opinion, so uncompromisingly expressed, is the opinion most observers to-day are inclined to adopt in regard to the German spirit. The subordination of the individual to the state, — that, they seem to feel, is the spirit which animates the German, or at all events the Prussian who now dominates all other Germans, — the spirit of the drill-sergeant who is sometimes said to be Prussia's most characteristic product. It is not a spirit favorable to the manifestations of genius, but it is a spirit supremely favorable to organization in every field. There is clearly an element in the German temperament which lends itself to this Prussianization. German life is a vast network of regulation which has been built up without protest. 'Verboten!' has become the national motto. It may be that, as an American admirer of Germany is constrained to admit, the German temperament needs prohibitions, and that the traveler in Germany wishes there were even more of them. Yet nothing seems so marvelous to the English mind as the boundless docility of the German to the pressure of this all-enfolding mesh of regulations. It is a pressure which rests ultimately on force, but there is little need to make that force felt, for the spirit of the barracks silently pervades every department of life, and even little schoolgirls (so unlike English or American schoolgirls) never wish to be boys, because

'it is forbidden for girls to wish to be boys.'

If however, we take a rather wider view, I believe we may harmonize these two contradictory convictions — that the supremacy of the individual and the supremacy of the state represent the typical German spirit — by seeing that they are both true. It is not unusual to find a similar state of things in a nation. The same country may at different periods, and in different aspects at the same period, show unlike and even opposed attitudes toward life. This is true, for instance, of Spain. The typical Spaniard is Don Quixote; he is also Sancho Panza; you may constantly see them both in Spain to-day. Probably one might also have seen them both there two thousand years ago, for Martial is a rather nobler Sancho and Lucan a rather less noble Quixote. The contradictory statements about the Spanish character made even by those who might be supposed well acquainted with it, are usually due to forgetfulness either of Sancho or of Quixote. There is a similar opposition in the English character, and its two opposing aspects may be said to be represented on the heroic scale in the two greatest English poets, Shakespeare and Milton. Milton belonged to a party which Shakespeare scarcely so much as mentions, and that party prohibited under severe penalties the performance of Shakespeare's plays. In periods of alternate triumph, and sometimes inextricably mingled, these two antagonistic parties — whether we bestow on them names that are pleasant or unpleasant — stand before the world to represent the genius of England.

It is much the same with Germany. Two antagonistic aspects of the German spirit have manifested themselves in German history. Just before the present war a patriotic German author of

Munich (Kurt Martens) remarked that German diplomats lacked effectiveness because they oscillated in their manners between 'undignified affability and unseasonable brusquerie.' It would not have been a polite remark for a foreigner to make, but at all events it serves to illustrate the strikingly duplex character of the German spirit. Translated to a higher plane, we may enlarge that remark into the statement that the German spirit oscillates between extreme nationalism and extreme internationalism. The opposing claims for the dominance of the individual and of the state in Germany, the cosmopolitanism and the particularism of Germany, the oft-alleged charge of brutal arrogance combined with abject servility, may well represent varying aspects, from different angles, of the same national temperament, the obverse and reverse of the German spirit.

II

It would not be fanciful to find the ultimate root of this diversity in the highly mixed racial composition of Germany, especially as represented by the Teuton and the Slav. Such a view would, however, be difficult to work out in detail, for the racial origins of the most typical representatives of the German national and international tendencies have not always been such as we might expect. To some extent the races of Germany have been moulded by the traditions of Germany, and the history of the oscillation of the German spirit during the past two centuries becomes largely explicable when we realize how forces which in the first place, no doubt, were racial, have developed under the special geographical conditions of Germany.

There is no definite frontier of mountain or sea to Germany as a whole, and so it has come about that the German

racial elements melt imperceptibly into the surrounding regions. It is this fact which serves to inspire the Pan-German, who has no such definite ground as the Pan-Slav for his propaganda, but is able to put forth a vaster because vaguer creed. There has long been a school of scientific investigation in Germany, with the late Dr. Woltmann as its most conspicuous and thoroughgoing champion, which finds the German in nearly every manifestation of European genius. In Italy, for instance, Woltmann argued that nearly all the men of conspicuous genius have revealed by their anthropological characters, or their facial traits, or their names, that they were really of German origin. Not every one in Germany accepts that view; more cautiously patriotic men of science consider it somewhat exaggerated. There is, moreover, inside and outside Germany, an entirely opposed view which represents Germans as tending swiftly to lose their Teutonic characteristics and melt into the surrounding population. But the Pan-Germanic view is the advance guard of a recognized tendency. Dr. Hans Meyer begins his important work, *Das Deutsche Volkstum*, with the statement, 'The German people extends far beyond the political boundaries of Germany'; and, as his accompanying map shows, Germany in this sense includes German Austria, German Switzerland, Luxemburg, the land of the Flemings (made to cover all Belgium), and Holland. The great *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*, also, unhesitatingly includes the Dutch and the Swiss as representing the genius of 'Deutschland.'

It thus happens that the geographical situation of Germany and the resulting centrifugal diffusion of the Germanic population furnish a basis for a Pan-Germanism of the vaguest and widest character. These natural fac-

tors have rendered it easy for a German, when so minded, to claim world-extension and world-dominance for his own nation, without at all realizing the inevitable resentment and horror which such a claim must arouse in the world. From this Germanic point of view, Holland, Luxemburg, a great part of Belgium, and Switzerland, are at once naturally absorbed into Germany, while the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine becomes unimpeachable. Moreover, Great Britain and Scandinavia have always been regarded by Germans as in the wide sense 'Germanic' lands. Then it must be remembered that both Americas are largely permeated by people who are, in one sense or another, 'Germans'; and they, even unconsciously, are preparing the road for a final united World-Germany. Into Asia a wedge was long driven from both sides: from the east by the splendid settlement of Kiao-chao, and from the west by the route indicated by the Bagdad railway and the cherished friendship with the Turks, the only other European people possessing a militaristic 'Kultur.' In Africa likewise there was a corresponding approach from both ends: from the colonies in the south, and on the north from the proposed Moroccan influence which was manifested in the incident of Agadir. In most of these operations of *Realpolitik* we see the manifestation of one aspect of the German spirit; but it is an aspect which has dominated only in recent times.

In the eighteenth century, the central position of Germany in Europe, and the close contact due to the overlapping of the German people and their neighbors, led, we know, to a great expansion of cosmopolitanism and to the blossoming time of German genius. The German spirit suddenly opened like a flower to the light and warmth that were radiating from the nations around, especially from France and England.

Most of the splendid names, in philosophy and music and poetry, which have made Germany great and beloved in the world, belong to this period. Moreover, they were distinguished, above all the representatives of other great flowering epochs of human genius, by their immense receptivity, and by the ardor with which they fructified the germs they so eagerly embraced from abroad.

Music moves naturally in a non-national sphere. Kant worshiped Rousseau, who had inspired him; Goethe owed a vast debt alike to France and to England; Schiller cultivated ideals which were completely international. Napoleon was idolized by some of the greatest Germans of the time, even although he was preparing to trample down and humiliate Germany.

That, indeed, on the face of it, was a discordant and disconcerting fact. It could not fail to be felt, even by the most cosmopolitan German admirers of Napoleon; Goethe was troubled by it, Beethoven resented it. And so we cannot be surprised that in after years men came to recognise that when, in 1806, the victorious guns of Napoleon ploughed the fields of Jena, the seeds were sown of Bismarck and Moltke. But in the meanwhile Germany had not only produced the best music in the world (though we must remember that German music was not produced by the most Germanic elements in the German people), but had given us in Goethe the greatest type of the modern man, a figure whose significance, as Nietzsche has truly said, the world has scarcely yet even begun to realize.

Germany is made of many large or small groups of varying racial and political complexion. But from our present point of view we may say that it exhibits two foci of spiritual activity, with a certain polar opposition between them: the region of the Rhine and the original Prussia. These may be regard-

ed as the centres of German Internationalism and German Nationalism. It is no accident that, of the two supremely representative German men of modern times, Goethe belongs to the Rhine and Bismarck to Prussia. The Rhine has been the great highway of races and cultures from at least as early as Roman times, while Prussia has been, literally and metaphorically, the home of the Goths and Vandals (they were practically the same people and both spoke Gothic, if we may trust Procopius). There has never been any love lost between these two centres, each of which has in turn bowed to the domination of the other.

In the eighteenth century Prussia accepted the culture of the Rhine and Berlin paid homage to France; the Prussian became violently and aggressively French. Even at that period, however, Berlin was viewed with no great respect from the Rhine. 'You ought to go to Berlin,' said Goethe to Eckermann; 'one can learn much at Berlin; and,' he added ambiguously, 'one can also unlearn much there'; though he could scarcely have foreseen what his great disciple Nietzsche seems to have foreseen, that perhaps one might unlearn the whole of civilization at Berlin. Already, however, before that saying was uttered, the tide was turning; the new craving for German nationalism demanded qualities that the west and south, with their own special traditions, at once international and particularistic, could not supply. Prussia could supply them. So for a century, that perhaps ended in the climax of last year, Germany and Prussia have been in a state of perpetual conflict. Germany has resented, sometimes even loathed, Prussia. But Germany has felt, in ever-increasing measure, that the qualities which Prussia can impart to her are essential to make her an effective force in the world. That con-

viction has now become so firm that even the bitter experience of the leadership of Prussia which the Great War has afforded is not likely to shake it.

III

Thus it has come about — although it has not always been so and doubtless will not always be so — that of late the spirit of Germany has been the spirit of Prussia. Germany has been Prussianized, and her docility, apt to be soft and diffusive, has been hammered and welded to the Prussian model. For, it must be remembered, on one side the German is singularly tractable and docile. What characterizes the German is obedience, said Biedermann. It was not until the nineteenth century, we may recall, that serfdom was entirely abolished in Prussia. Goethe had this aspect of the German in his mind when in *Wilhelm Meister* he makes Lothario, referring to the German's bravery, add, 'He must be rightly led.' And we think of the German soldiers of to-day, led by Prussianized officers, and obediently driving defenseless women before them as they marched against the enemy. 'Wir müssen,' they said, with tears in their eyes.

The result has been that modern Germany's 'Kultur' — if that is the word that it is desirable to use — is especially marked, as a whole and even in all its detail, by its new, artificial, and machine-made character, together with, as a result of that character, a certain violence of emphasis. The recognition of such qualities is not necessarily a depreciation; it is only the recognition that a method of living, however efficient, which has not slowly evolved, but has been made, very rapidly and self-consciously, must possess two aspects. Its effectiveness, due to technical qualities resulting from new scientific methods, cannot have the innate force and beauty

of a civilization based on the slow development of ancient traditions. That is what Steinhausen means when, in his recent history of German Kultur, he remarks that the German has not attained to that fine style of living, that *Lebensstil*, which the French, the English, even the Dutch, possess.

The strength and the weakness of the German spirit of to-day lie in the fact that it has embodied itself in a highly organized and systematic Kultur, admirably adapted to further its own special needs and claims in the world. This Kultur, which differs altogether from what in the English-speaking lands we usually mean by 'culture,' and is much more like the bacteriologist's 'culture,' moves predominantly on the materialistic and technical plane. It operates first of all, not in the sphere of philosophy or literature or art, but in that of politics and the army and the fleet. Its organization is conditioned by the temper of the Prussian race, by the position of Germany in Europe and by the course of German history during the past century. It is fundamentally militaristic. It is on the foundation of German militarism, as Dr. Hugo Schweitzer has done well to remind us, that are based German social organization, German agriculture, German science, German industry, German philosophy, even German religion, — for the German God, 'our good old German God,' is assumed to have no function in the universe save the overthrow of Germany's foes. All these elements are wrought together in the more or less deliberate formation of a militaristic state, — what is not subordinate to that purpose being mere by-products, — with the aim of national defense. And to the aggressive Prussian mind defense — as we have seen in the present war from the outset — is best secured by an active offense, the protection of the German hearth most firmly

achieved by the destruction of non-German hearths. Hence it is that we have the immense value attributed to the state in Germany, and the complete subordination of the individual to the state.

This conception of the state is so important for the comprehension of the dominant aspect of the German spirit that it is necessary to set it forth clearly. It stands in striking contrast to the prevailing conception of the state in civilization, and at no point can we more clearly realize the difference between German Kultur and European civilization. An Englishman, for instance, no more dreams of worshipping the state than of worshipping his own trousers. Both the one and the other he regards as useful, indeed very useful; he would not be without either on any account, in fact he clings to them both with a rare tenacity. But he regards them as alike made for him and to his own measure. The idea that he was made for them and that he must abase himself in the dust before their divine superiority is an idea at which he would smile.

It is, indeed, only among primitive and even savage peoples that the individual is thus subordinated to the state. Such subordination is conditioned by the primitive necessities of war, and it survives into more civilized conditions only in association with militarism. That is what has happened to Germany. A primitive conception of the state and a secular tradition of militarism have in Prussia not merely survived, but become intensified in association with an unparalleled degree of scientific organization and technical skill, themselves based on the military state and reacting to its greater profit and glorification. It is, we may divine, a sinister combination. In the light of more recent events it is to-day significant that as many as forty years ago (in 1875) a

calm and sagacious British observer, Sir Robert Morier, in writing to the Crown Prince (afterwards the Emperor) Frederick, pointed out that Germany was in danger of falling a victim to 'a pedantic ferocity, a scientific cynicism, an academic cruelty.'¹ For the spirit of warfare, which may be quite sound and beneficial among savages, takes a different character when it has placed in its hands the technical and intellectual accomplishments of civilization.

It is true that the peculiar qualities of Prussian policy — the high military efficiency accompanied by indifference to moral considerations — were already completely embodied two centuries ago in the great Prussian hero, Frederick the Great. But that policy had not been erected into a principle by the royal author of the *Anti-Machiavel*, nor was it supported by any high culture; it was the policy of a small and still almost barbaric people, not of a great empire cherishing a claim to dominate the world. The emphasis which the conception of the state possesses in Germany is, it may be well to reflect, very largely due to the novelty of the German state in its present enlarged and imperial form. The German is so unaccustomed to the bigness of his state that he feels the need at every moment of asserting and realizing it. A nation that has developed slowly and naturally is not oppressed by the magnificence of its own state. But the German people, as an enthusiastic American admirer of Germany

¹ Some other remarks of Morier's in this letter may now seem worth noting. 'A nation cannot afford the luxury of cynicism, cannot risk to place itself outside the pale of the opinions of mankind, because a nation never dies, and the conscience of mankind never dies, and when the orgies of successful force have spent their strength the day comes when it has to live, not with its own recollections, but with those which mankind has preserved of it.' (Morier's *Memoirs and Letters*, vol. II, pp. 347-48.) — THE AUTHOR.

has said, 'have not developed into a nation; they have been squeezed into the mould of a nation.' They exist for the state and not the state for them. Their statism is a vicarious egotism. As a conscious and intellectualized policy it dates not from the invasion of Silesia but from the defeat of Jena. Fichte preached the state as a great educational force. Hegel regarded the state as itself the reality of the Moral Idea. For Treitschke the operations of the state constitute a supereminent Kultur.

IV

To glorify the state is to glorify war, for there is no collective operation which can be so effectively achieved as war, and none which more conspicuously illustrates the sacrifice of the individual to the nation. The glorification of war in Germany has kept pace with the magnification of the state. War is regarded in Germany, not as a necessary evil, but as a good in itself, a great moralizing and purificatory force, which it is the special mission of Germany to exert for the benefit of the whole world. This has been the belief, not merely of soldiers, but of scholars and philosophers. Germany has never waged any war that was not a holy war, said David Strauss bravely at the time of the Franco-Prussian War; other countries, like France, fought only 'for the love of rapine.' Very much the same conception runs through Mommsen's Roman history: it is the glorification of might, even — and perhaps especially — when employed against right, for it seemed to him that there could be no true right without might. These assumptions are common and unquestioned even in the writings of the ablest Germans; they are the assumptions of a people whose genius for war is not accompanied, as it was among the Romans and among the Normans, by a genius for law. It

is here that the German instinct of personality comes in, a force that belongs to the sphere of blind feeling rather than of clear vision. Here the German is a mystic at the same time as a warrior; for there is a Tauler as well as a Bismarck in the genius of the German. What Treitschke liked about Kultur was that it is at once so full of mystic fervor and yet 'so skillfully calculated for the political needs of the moment.' Treitschke, indeed, who has been above all the eloquent and inspired prophet and teacher of that aspect of the German spirit we are here concerned with, leaves no opening for doubt. The army itself, Treitschke declares, has taken on the character of a 'serious Kultur'; war, as Gneisenau and Scharnhorst and Clausewitz have taught Germany, is not a mere evil necessity but a great civilizing moral force, to be justified for its own sake alone. It is scarcely a step from that doctrine to the faith in the 'divine vocation,' as Treitschke termed it, of the German nation, 'to attack a neighbor when the favorable occasion presents, for the purpose of extending its own frontiers.' It will be, Treitschke believed, for the benefit of that neighbor, for Germany, with her exalted Kultur, knows far better what is good for other nations than they themselves know. 'We Germans,' wrote Treitschke in 1870, 'know the interests of the unhappy Alsatians far better than they themselves. We shall reveal to them their own true selves, even against their wishes.' Alas! that was more than forty years ago, and the revelation has not come to the unhappy Alsatians yet.

To the individualistic Anglo-Saxon mind, as to the Latin mind, such an attitude, so frankly acknowledged, seems unreasonable, if not ridiculous, though it must be remembered that there is no strong nation — not England, not even the United States — which has not

sometimes acted on the faith that it knows better what is good for other people than they know themselves. But the permanent adoption of such an attitude is possible only on the basis of systematic militarism. 'We are a military nation,' said a German officer, just before the Great War, to a French journalist. 'At first we were so by necessity. But since a military state agrees with our temperament, we are now so by taste. Germany practices militarism as one may individually practice hygiene.' For the German who is inspired by the modern spirit of Germany war is a fundamental theme which lends itself to innumerable fantasies: it is politics; it is patriotism; it is hygiene; it is religion. To every German war appears as the underlying theme of his own particular activity. But I scarcely recall that any German has expressed this attitude with such concise felicity as a man — to whom also it was a profound faith — who was fighting on the other side. An Indian at the front was asked, not long ago, how he liked being in action. 'Oh, Sahib,' he answered, 'all wars are beautiful; but this war is heavenly.'

v

This is the eternal spirit of Prussia which has for the moment dominated the whole of Germany. It is not the spirit of those who seek to follow the paths of civilization and of humanity. Those whose faces are set forward on that road may differ as to whether or not war can ever be eliminated from human affairs, but they are in agreement that in itself war is not heaven but hell. They must, indeed, admit, if they are honest, that there is, after all, a sense in which war is not without its purifying and moralizing influence. To that extent the Germans are right. But they have, for the moment, overlooked the important fact that this

purifying and moralizing influence is reserved for the conquered. The advantages of war for the conquerors are always very uncertain and very mixed. For the conquered war has sometimes been fortifying and ennobling in the highest degree. The Franco-Prussian War, which seemed to crush France, really gave her new strength, while it infected her conquerors with the virus which she had thrown off. Germans are themselves the first to recognize the immense advantages which they received from the defeat of Jena; and if another defeat should finally await them in the present war, they will be the first to recognize the blessings it will bring by awakening them from an evil dream.

For let us not forget that, just as the Germany of to-day is not the Germany of yesterday, so surely it cannot be the Germany of to-morrow. Even to-day there are Germans throughout Germany, indeed in Prussia, who see with clear eyes the fatal nature of the policy which has led away their rulers. Their voices may be hushed by authority, they may remain silent out of patriotism in the moment of crisis; but they represent a vast number of their still more inarticulate fellow countrymen, who love peace and home so devoutly that they have never realized their own national policy, and innocently believe that the great war has been inflicted on Germany by the machinations of her enemies. This mighty Germany of old will arise again, sooner perhaps than we anticipate, and put to flight the evil genius which for a while has guided its destinies. We have not measured the adaptability of the German, — even though it has been clearly written for us in the history of German commercial development, — and his capacity for accepting the facts of the world. Beyond and above the Germany of Clausewitz and Scharnhorst, of Bismarck and Moltke, of Treitschke

and Eucken, there is the great and immortal Germany of Lessing and Kant, of Goethe and Wilhelm von Humboldt, of Heine and Nietzsche. It is a Germany that will be created anew, for the world has need of it, alike for the enlargement of the spiritual home of man and the better establishment of the temporal foundations of life. Long ago Leibnitz said that the mark of the German was *Laboriositas*. That has remained true even through the oscillations that the German spirit has passed through. The hand even of the greatest

German may be rough and coarse, — look at the cast of the hands of Goethe, — but no people can work with such tireless and fearless pioneering energy in the world's service as can the Germans. For that might which they worship is not merely a force of destruction; it can also be a force of construction, once firmly held to the service of mankind. Then the whole world will gladly own that no nation has a better claim than Germany to rank among the servants of humanity and the fellow workers for civilization.

ITALY'S DUTY

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

I

IN 1866, when the peace between Italy, Austria, and Prussia was under discussion, and already it was whispered that Italy would receive neither the Trentino nor Istria, but only the Veneto, Giuseppe Mazzini published, in the *Unita Italiana* of the twenty-fifth of August, an essay to make plain to the people the evils and dangers of such a peace. In this essay the wrongs which Italy had suffered at the hands of Austria are enumerated and pictured with such an abundance of proofs, with such lucidity and wisdom, and with such liveliness and warmth of eloquence, that I cannot resist the temptation to quote part of it.

Mazzini shows that the Julian Alps, the Carnic Alps, the Istrian littoral, and the Trentino are a natural and necessary part of Italy; and that geograph-

ers, historians, politicians, and military men have for centuries assigned them to Italy. Istria he calls the eastern door to Italy, the bridge between the Italians and the Hungarians and Slavs. 'If we abandon it,' he says, 'those people remain our enemies; if it is ours, they are taken out from the army of the enemy and allied to us.' He explains how the Trentino forms a wedge driven between Lombardy and Venetia, and how from a military standpoint it is the key to the valley of the Po; nature, furthermore, has made it a part of Italy: 'the olives, the acid fruits, the southern fruits, the climate, in contrast to the valley of the Inn, speak to us and to the traveling stranger of Italy.' And he continues, 'Italian are the traditions, the civil customs; Italian are the economic relations, and the natural lines of communication; and the language is Italian: of 500,000 inhabitants only

100,000 are of Teutonic stock, scattered and easy to italianize. He declares that all the great military authorities down to Napoleon have agreed that Italy's only valid frontier is that fixed by nature upon the summits which separate the waters of the Black Sea and those of the Adriatic, and he concludes in these words: —

'Therefore, Italians, by accepting the peace which threatens you, you would not only put a seal of shame upon the brow of the nation; you would not only vilely betray your brothers of Istria, of Friuli, and of the Trentino; you would not only cut off for long years all worthy future for Italy, condemning her to be a power of the third rank in Europe; you would not only lose all the confidence of the people, all initiatory influence with them; but you would yourselves hang over your head the sword of Damocles of foreign invasion. And this sword of Damocles means for you the impossibility of disbanding or diminishing the army; it means the impossibility of economies, uncertainty in all things, absence of all confidence on the part of capitalists, and of all pacific, sure development of industrial life; it means progressive diminution of credit, progressive increase of deficit, with no way out of the difficulty; it means economic ruin and bankruptcy, and finally — since not all of you will be resigned — it means increasing perennial agitation: factions continually stirring up discord; civil war, at some time more or less remote, but inevitable.'

After almost half a century, not a single sentence in these pages is antiquated to-day. It would not be possible, even now, to explain more lucidly the reasons why Italy, at the present moment, ought to take the field with the enemies of Austria, and profit by this occasion, which will not soon recur, to consummate her national unity and to

put an end to the Austrian peril, which since 1859 has hung over her head — a continual menace. But if to-day all the reasons are still valid which Mazzini enumerated in 1866, to show that the kingdom of Italy would not be safe, then or in the future, until it had conquered the Italian provinces which are still subject to the Empire of the Hapsburgs, we may now add to those reasons enumerated by Mazzini, two others, which did not then exist.

The first reason is of a military character. Every one knows that in the Adriatic the eastern shore — which belongs at present to Austria — is notched, full of gulfs and bays, and rich, therefore, in excellent harbors. The western shore, on the contrary, — the Italian shore, — is smooth, without gulfs or deep bays, and therefore without harbors. We have nothing to compare with the marvelous natural harbors of Pola and Cattara. Since 1866, naval armaments have had a gigantic growth, and now they seek docks proportioned to their increasing bulk. The little ships which fought in 1866 in the waters of Lissa — many of them wooden — seem like toys to the new generations which have launched on the sea tremendous fleets of steel. For these fleets it is necessary to have formidable bases of operations, immense harbors, and huge arsenals; whence Italy finds herself at a disadvantage, and almost without armament in the Adriatic.

The other reason is national. It is well known that in all Istria the cities have been Italian for many centuries, while the rural districts are inhabited by Slavs. But up to thirty years ago, the Slavs of the country places did not consider themselves a race and a people different from the Italians of the cities. They all learned Italian; they all attended Italian schools; they desired above all to become a part of that Italian middle class, which, in the cities,

held in its hands commerce, the liberal professions, culture; moreover, they considered their national tongue a dialect which was only for the family and the home. Many of the Italians who lived in the cities were the sons of italianized Slavs and were proud to consider themselves Italians. One of the most illustrious Italian writers of the nineteenth century, and one of the most famous masters of philology, Niccolò Tommaseo, was a Slav of Zara, italianized, like so many others, by the schools and the culture.

However, during the last thirty years this state of things has been profoundly changed. The Austrian government, in order to weaken the Italian urban element, which it distrusted, has put forth all its strength to kindle a fierce discord in Istria between the Slavs and the Italians, by reviving in the country districts the national Slavic sentiment. The Slavs have been told that they are a people and a race different from the Italians; that their language ought not to hide itself in the homes, like a rude dialect, but ought to come out into the open, to be admitted into the courts, the schools, the public offices, the banks, with the same rights as those accorded to the Italian language. Hence, there is arising to-day in the cities of Istria a Slavic *bourgeoisie* of professional people, — merchants, employers, professors, — the rivals and enemies of Italy. And as the Slavs are more numerous and more prolific than the Italians, it is probable, if Istria remains in the power of Austria, and if Austria continues to aid the Slavs against the Italians, that sooner or later the cities of Istria, including Trieste, will become Slavic.

Within fifty years, the Slavic language will be the speech of Trieste and the Istrian cities, unless we conquer Istria; and every memory of Italy will fade from those lands, which since the days of Augustus have always been

Latin. It would be like unmaking the history of Italy. For reasons which it would take too long to enumerate here, it is very difficult in these days for the Italian language to conquer new territories. So much the more is it our duty to see that none of the territories in which Italian is spoken to-day shall forget it. We shall be overwhelmed with shame if we allow the speech of our fathers to be corrupted, little by little, by a new people.

II

Therefore, the reasons are neither few nor of little moment which to-day spur Italy on to unite herself in arms with the coalition which is making war against the Germanic empires. They are reasons so vital that it is easy to foresee that if Italy stands by with folded arms, she may, perhaps, receive a mortal blow. One might suppose, therefore, that the Italian people and the government would be united and agree in the deliberate intention to put an end to delays and to anticipate destiny. This indeed is what outsiders think, and day by day they await Italy's action. But the weeks pass, and the months, and the great deed is still to be done; for which reason, everywhere, many are turning their heads, surprised, toward the Mediterranean and the long peninsula which it bathes, as if asking, 'What, pray, is Italy waiting for?' Every week, from all sides, many letters come to me, all asking the great question, 'What is Italy going to do? When will the hour of destiny strike?'

But outsiders are deceived. That united, that resolute and unanimous concord of the whole nation, which many strangers attribute to us, does not exist. Never, perhaps, was Italy so perplexed and divided. There are still those — it may seem strange, but it is so — who think that Italy ought to

take the field on the side of Austria and Germany against the Franco-Anglo-Russian coalition. There are those who want Italy to preserve her neutrality till the end, not aiding either side; and finally there are those who want her to range herself on the side of France, England, and Russia, against Austria. Of these three opinions the first is not now professed openly except by the few faithful partisans of the Triple Alliance who still remain; almost the whole country is divided between the second and third; but although it may not be an easy matter to make an exact count of those who profess the one and the other opinion, I do not doubt that the majority are on the side of neutrality. If we scrutinize the political world, we find, as proof, the Socialist party and the Clerical party openly favorable to neutrality; the Radical party, the Republican party, and that party of reform which includes the more moderate section of the Socialists, openly favorable to taking part in the war; the Liberal party, which is the most numerous in Parliament, we find uncertain. Now the Socialists and Clericals are certainly much stronger, and have a much larger following, than the Radicals, the Republicans, and the Reformists.

Turning from the political parties to the country at large, it can safely be affirmed that the people — the peasants and the artisans — are almost all averse to any kind of war, even a war against Austria. The multitude desires peace. The industrial, commercial, and financial classes favor neutrality, although their wider knowledge makes it clear to them that to have peace in this world it is not enough merely to desire it; and so, while they hope that peace will not be broken, they are resigned to war, if war be necessary, as to a misfortune which there is no way of avoiding. The educated middle classes, on the

other hand, are bellicose: the bureaucracy, the journalists, the teachers of the common schools, and many professional people — physicians and lawyers. Almost all the important newspapers, which have a wide circulation, are for the war. But these classes, while they have much influence on public opinion, have not yet succeeded in inflaming, from one end of Italy to the other, those portions of the population whose soul is armored in cold prudence and love of quiet.

It is more difficult to say what differences distinguish one region from another. There is never any lack of these differences, in Italy, but this time they are uncertain and confused. It would appear that in the Veneto, which borders upon Austria, the majority are favorable to war. Piedmont, Lombardy, and Liguria are certainly more inclined to neutrality than to war. In central Italy there are certain regions, like Romagna, where even the rank and file seem to be agitated by the breath of the warlike spirit. But, taken as a whole, central Italy also inclines rather to neutrality. On the other hand, it is said that the warlike current is stronger in southern Italy and Sicily. Many people who know those regions intimately have told me this, and I can but take their word for it, as it is two years since I was in southern Italy.

To sum up, Italy hesitates, and while she sides with the coalition, while she desires that England, France, and Russia may be victorious, she leans more to neutrality and peace than to intervention and war. The majority hope and desire that Italy may watch the terrible conflict with folded arms, to the end. It is impossible to understand what has happened and what will happen in Italy unless one takes account of this important fact and interprets events by it. And to get a really clear comprehension of what has happened,

and above all of what will happen, it is not enough to know the facts: one must also know the reasons. How does it happen that Italy, in 1915, does not understand better that supreme national necessity which Giuseppe Mazzini explained to her in 1866 with such luminous clearness? How is it that she never seems to get her bearings when even strangers see clearly? Only when we have solved this problem shall we realize fully why this conflict, which ought to be a great national war, has so little popular backing; only then shall we know the significance of all that may arise out of a condition so strange.

III

To appreciate what is happening to-day in Italy, outsiders, first of all, must not forget that in 1882 Italy contracted an alliance with Austria and Germany, which, after having been renewed several times, is still valid, — at least in theory, — since it was not repudiated even when the European war broke out. In addition, the stranger must know what obligations the alliance with Germany and Austria imposed upon Italy. Of the three allied powers, Italy was the smallest, in extent of territory, in number of inhabitants and soldiers, in wealth and military prestige; therefore in most things she had to bow to the will of the two more powerful allies. Besides, it is clear that Austria would not have consented to ally herself with Italy if the Italian government had continued to number among her official grievances the territory inhabited by Italians, but included in the Austrian Empire. The renunciation of this territory was, therefore, one of the principal conditions which Austria made in her alliance with Italy. So for thirty-two years the Italian government has been obliged, through the schools, the newspapers, and the parties bound to it, by

all the means, indeed, which are at the disposal of a government in Europe, — and they are more numerous and more powerful than in America, — to combat and proscribe the thing which in our political language is called *l'irredentismo*.¹ The government was obliged to do all that it could to make the nation forget that Italians still lived under the sceptre of the Hapsburg; that the eastern boundary was open to hostile invasion; that in the Adriatic, Italy and Austria were enemies, not through the ill-will of men, but through the necessity of things. There were moments in which, if one did not wish to have trouble, it was prudent to speak in a whisper in Italy of Trent and Trieste, of the Italian subjects of Austria and of what concerned them; and it was always more prudent not to talk about them at all, especially for politicians who were, or aspired to be, ministers of state. For such persons, to recall that on the east the boundary could be considered as only provisionally adjusted, was equivalent to renouncing forever all ambition for power. The case of Minister Seismit Doda, about 1890, was a famous one. He was Minister of Finance in a ministry presided over by Crispi; and one day he had the misfortune to be invited to a public breakfast — I do not remember on what occasion — at Udine, a city situated not far from the Austrian frontier. At this banquet there was a young deputy who, at the close, also made a speech, and gesticulating with his arm in the direction of Austria, alluded to the boundary with which Italy could not declare herself contented. The minister listened without moving an eyelash, without making any sign either of approval or of disapproval; and what else could he have done? Nevertheless, for not having pro-

¹ The programme of those who aspire to obtain the independence of the Italian provinces still subject to the foreigner. — THE AUTHOR.

tested against the veiled hint as to the boundary of Italy, that minister, within twenty-four hours, was relieved of his portfolio.

I have related this anecdote because it shows, more clearly than long explanations would, how much Italy had to renounce to be able to enter into an alliance with Austria. To put it briefly, it was necessary that the Adriatic problem should no longer exist for the Italian government. Every now and then, when there was a new persecution of the Italian subjects of Austria, which could not be hushed up, or when there was an episode in the struggle between the Italian element and the Slavic element supported by Austria, of which it was necessary to inform the public, they came to remember in Italy that the Adriatic problem could be more easily forgotten than suppressed. But the government was faithful to its past: it let the first grievance evaporate; then with its newspapers, with its parties, with all the means at its disposal, it exerted itself to reduce the matter to silence. To divert people from Austrian questions, it invented others to take their place. In the article which I wrote for the November number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, to explain the outbreak of the war, I said that to-day every nation of Europe had to have an enemy; otherwise, it could not excuse to the people either the burdens of the conscription or the military expenses. Italy, having allied herself with Austria, had to find another enemy. She found France. For thirty-two years all the official forces have been strained to persuade the Italian people that its true enemy was France, not Austria; to distract attention from Trent and Trieste, in order to direct it to Nice, to Corsica, and, above all, to Tunis.

The question of the unredeemed provinces of Austria was, therefore, no longer agitated except by the parties of

extreme opposition, — particularly by the Radical and the Republican parties, which have never had either a great authority or a large following. Certainly it is not necessary to believe that the Italian government has renounced the Austrian lands inhabited by Italians, as completely as one might have thought from its words and its actions. The art of diplomacy, at least in Europe, is rich enough in expedients with which to violate any clause of a treaty, without appearing to, — even while seeming to obey it. Some day many things which are still hidden will be revealed; then we shall know, perhaps, even how the ministers who persecuted in Italy every irredentist agitation, aided with money, underhandedly and in secret, the Italians of Istria, to struggle against the Slavs and the Austrian government. In other words, the government, while seeming to have set aside all thought of those provinces, thought of them all the time. Furthermore, in the intellectual classes the irredentist tradition was not lost. Giosu  Carducci, for example, — the writer whom Italy has canonized as the greatest of the second half of the nineteenth century, the poet on whom, in the last part of his life, the government bestowed the highest official honors, and to whom a magnificent monument is being erected in Bologna, — was an implacable enemy of Austria, an ardent irredentist. In conclusion, the Italian government may have been able to adopt for Trent and Trieste the advice which Gambetta gave to the French for Alsace and Lorraine: 'Think of it always and never speak of it.' The government thought to further its own present interests and those of Italy, which seemed to it to be guaranteed by the Triple Alliance; and to postpone consideration of the future.

This sort of politics would have been easy in other times. Unfortunately, we

live in the twentieth century. The Italian government did not realize that since 1866 there had taken place in Italy a profound social transformation, which would for the most part make this ingenious plan impossible. Even in Italy the power of the lower classes is much increased. Military service, like the right to vote, has been almost universal. The masses are no longer as ignorant and as docile as they once were: they have their associations, their parties, their newspapers, their ideas, their aspirations, of which the leaders must take account. In Italy, as in every other country of Europe, no government can delude itself into thinking that by the power of the law it can force the masses to enter into a war of whose necessity they are not to a certain degree persuaded. Now in order to persuade these classes — so large, so ignorant, so naturally inclined to the convenience of peace — that Italy ought, if occasion offers, to endeavor to consummate her national unity even by a war, it is not enough to think in silence of the brothers who are still subject to Austria: one must talk to the people continually; one must explain to them what the Austrian peril is, just as in France the people have been talked to incessantly, since 1870, of the German peril; the masses must be so quickened to an interest in what politicians call the Adriatic question, that when an opportunity for war presents itself, the people — even the artisans and peasants who make up the battalions — may be at least in a certain measure ready for the test. But who has spoken to them of Trent and Trieste, in the past thirty years? No one. The literature in which the irredentist tradition is kept alive has never reached the lower classes. The schools, which belong to the government, could not become an organ of irredentist propaganda. Of the political parties, the Conservative and the

Liberal, bound to the government, have imitated the government and are wrapped in silence. The Radical and Republican parties, which have always agitated the irredentist generation, have never, as I have said, had a large following among the multitude, except in certain regions.

During the last twenty-five years the Socialist party has acquired great influence with the masses throughout Italy; but the Socialist party has talked to the people of things very different from the unredeemed provinces of Austria. In short, when the European war broke out, the lower classes had but a vague idea of Trent and Trieste, and no idea at all of the Adriatic question. It would, therefore, be a great mistake to think that Trent and Trieste are the Alsace and the Lorraine of Italy. Alsace and Lorraine are two ancient French provinces which were taken from France by force, and the memory of that event has been kept before the popular attention for forty-four years by a tenacious and incessant propaganda. Trent and Trieste are two Italian provinces which have never belonged to Italy; around which there has reigned for thirty-two years, in Italy, a cautious silence, interrupted only now and then by cries of anguish which came across the frontier.

IV

With this in mind, it is easy to understand the terrible position in which the Italian government found itself at the outbreak of the European conflagration. All the toil with which for thirty-two years it had tried to persuade Italy that her natural enemy was France, was lost in eight days, between July 24 and August 1. I know few cases in history which demonstrate more clearly how impossible it is, either by force or by circumspection, for a government

to sustain an inherently artificial policy. Until the twenty-third of July, Italian public opinion was more favorable to Germany than to France. For two years there had been much friction between the two Latin countries on account of the questions arising in the East and in Africa from our war with Tripoli; and the newspapers and the parties associated with the government did not fail to profit by it, in order to irritate public sentiment still more. But on the morning of the twenty-fourth of July, when every one could read in the papers the brutal ultimatum to Serbia, popular sentiment began to change. In those last days of the fatal July, little by little a dull irritation grew in souls, as the Italian people saw all the attempts at peace fail, through the obstinate resistance of Austria and Germany. And when, on the first of August, Germany, breaking the suspense, declared war on Russia, precipitating the universal conflagration, there was an explosion of horror and hatred more universal than one would have believed possible, in a people whose government had taught it for so many years to look upon Germany as the first nation in Europe. Italy desired peace; she was prepared to tolerate for the sake of peace many evils and inconveniences of the Triple Alliance, because she had been assured that William II was the emperor of peace, and that if she were allied to the two Germanic empires, war would not convulse Europe. Therefore, in this supreme moment, she could not pardon the two empires for having deceived her, — betraying in that fashion her highest aspiration.

But this public wrath, while fully justified, has leveled to earth at one blow, as by an earthquake, the whole fragile edifice of the foreign policy of the Italian government. The Italian government had reason to declare that the *casus federis* did not exist; but

even if it had existed, the government would not have been able to force the nation to shed its blood to defend the cause of the two empires which the Italian people unanimously regarded as aggressors. Nevertheless, neutrality was, and could be, only a temporary expedient. So the government, like all those who have a little common sense and political wisdom, has not been slow to observe that continued neutrality, no matter how much the people desire it, would be a kind of slow national suicide. In fact, all the hypotheses which can be made concerning the results of the conflict appear equally dangerous for us, if we remain quiet and await the issue. If Austria and Germany conquer, Austria will annex Serbia, will increase in power, in extent, in numbers, in prestige: she will become the ruler and arbiter of the Adriatic. Italy, which is already smaller and less populous, and finds herself in an unfavorable strategic position, would then have no other refuge but to resign herself to becoming a dependent state of the neighboring empire; the more so, because, for the time being at least, there could be no hope of aid or support for her from France, England, and Russia, conquered and enfeebled. If, instead, the two empires are conquered, and Austria is mutilated without the problem of the irredentist lands being solved, this problem will be propounded anew, and more menacingly, since the Italians, who at first bore with annoyance the Austrian yoke, will no longer be willing to bear it. Trapped between the Austrian government and their own, the Italian subjects will go from bad to worse; and the war which we have avoided to-day, we shall have to fight in a few years under worse conditions. The only way to prevent this danger is to go to war.

Now it is not easy, in a few months, to invent a cause for war against Aus-

tria, when we have been allied to her for thirty-two years, and are officially allied to her to-day; when it is necessary to find such a reason as shall justify us, not only before the world, — which at the present moment, after the high-handed behavior and violence of the Germans, would be lenient toward us, — but before the Italian people, who are rather averse to fighting, since they do not understand — no one having ever explained the matter to them — the profound historic and national reasons which justify the war in the eyes of the cultivated classes. In times like ours, in which war is fought by all the people, it is easier, in a few months, to manufacture the arms and munitions that the army may lack, than to prepare the mind of the multitude for a test as serious as a European war.

The entrance of Italy into the conflict is not, therefore, as simple a thing as many outsiders think. The difficulties to be overcome are many and complex. Nevertheless, I believe that eventually Italy will come into the war, against Austria, on the side of France, England, and Russia. Whether this will be in one month or two, when the snows have melted on the Alps, or before, I do not know; and perhaps the government itself is no less ignorant. Events will set the moment. It may be long in coming; but it should come.

The reason is, that although the difficulties and dangers of beginning war are great, there will be a certain moment, — especially if fortune continues, as I believe it will, to be against the Austrian arms, — when the danger of not acting will appear even greater. The reason why it will appear greater, is that, if Austria were conquered and mutilated, without Italy's having set free the Italian provinces, all Italy — even that part which now is most favorable to neutrality — would understand at last what for a time has been

visible to a few men of clearer sight: that the Triple Alliance, and that is to say, all the foreign policy fostered by Italy since 1882, has been an unbroken succession of fatal mistakes. The ultimate result would demonstrate to all what only a few more experienced in these things have seen for some time. The extreme parties of opposition and the malcontents would profit by the public's state of mind to discover what were the reasons which impelled the government to commit so many and such fatal mistakes. It is difficult to foresee what would be the ultimate effects of such an investigation, in an Italy discontented with the results of the war and torn by the economic crisis which will surely follow it. The dynasty and all the parties and political groups which have governed Italy from 1882 till to-day are together responsible for the foreign policy which now is trembling in the midst of the conflagration and ruin of the European war. The dynasty is responsible because after 1882 it supposed that this alliance was desired and forced upon it; the parties and political groups, because to please King Humbert and his court they consented, although with some repugnance at first, to assume the constitutional responsibility for it before Parliament. Now time is taking its revenge even on the dynasty of Savoy: its prestige and that of the political parties which have helped it to govern, are rapidly declining; a new spirit of independence, of criticism, and even of revolt, is spreading among the people. I do not know what may happen on that day when, in the midst of a Europe rent by war and restless in the face of such ruin, the Italian people become persuaded that the monarchy, by the mistakes of its foreign policy, has prevented Italy from taking the Italian provinces. It is even possible that the monarchy's last hour will strike.

In short the Italian government may be obliged to-day or to-morrow to make war upon Austria, because Austria has been allied to us too long — these thirty-two years. It is sufficient to state the situation thus, in order to understand how complicated, obscure, and difficult it is. Since 1859, Italy has, perhaps, never been in such grave and imminent peril. To-day, she pays not only for the mistake of having entered into an alliance with Austria and Germany in 1882, but for a mistake, perhaps more serious than the first, which her government committed within the last decade — that of not being aware that since 1905 the Triple Alliance had changed its character, and from a league of peace had changed little by little into a league of aggression. While I think that Italy would have done better not to link her destiny with the two Germanic empires in 1882, or ever, I myself recognize, however, that, at least from 1882 to 1900, the Triple Alliance had the merit of assuring peace to Europe. In Germany the generation was governing which had fought the wars of 1866 and 1870, and was content to count its laurels, asking only to keep those gained by such good fortune. But after 1900, little by little, the public spirit changed in Germany; a new generation arose which knew not war, and which was full of pride and new ambitions, which dreamed of the glories and the gains of an active worldly policy. The question of Morocco, opened in 1905, is the first sign of this new Germany, in which warlike ambitions were reawakening. At the same time, Austria, which had not succeeded in suppressing her internal broils by peace, began again to think of saving herself through war. And thus began that agitated period which has culminated in the general war.

Meanwhile, during this decade, the

Italian government, because its people still wished peace in Europe above all else, has continued thoughtlessly to delude itself with the idea that Germany was the guardian angel, and the Triple Alliance the shield, of peace. It has, therefore, taken no pains whatever to prepare the nation either morally, materially, or diplomatically, for the approaching crisis. It has renewed the Triple Alliance almost automatically; it has allowed its ancient ties with England to weaken; it has continued to stir up public opinion against France. During the tranquil fifteen years between 1885 and 1900 it spent much money on military preparations, but it has neglected the standing army at a time when its strength should have been increased. Allied with two powers beside whom the country has refused to fight, Italy has allowed herself to be taken by surprise, and has found public opinion inclined toward the powers whose enemy she ought to be. Finally, the government has been so ill-prepared for events as not to understand that neutrality is a kind of national suicide. Thus we run the risk of seeing that begin as an unpopular war, which ought to end our national grievances and bring to fulfillment the work begun at Solferino.

Fortune has helped us before. Perhaps she will also help us this time. But the many friends of Italy all over the world must not have any illusions and must not be amazed if Italy delays her entrance into the campaign. The approaching trial will be sharp and may be actually mortal. Many Italians who love their country and take things literally, do not enjoy quiet slumbers in these times. Would that this terrible year of anxiety and of trials might quickly pass; and that to-morrow I might awake in 1916, beyond all the horrors and dangers which now weigh on our heads!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A MAN IN THE HOUSE

THERE persists much of the harem in every well-regulated home. In every house arranged to make a real man really happy, that man remains always a visitor, welcomed, honored, but perpetually a guest. He steps in from the great outside for rest and refreshment, but he never belongs. For him the click and hum of the harem machinery stops, giving way to love and laughter, but there is always feminine relief when the master departs and the household hum goes on again. The anomaly lies in the fact that in theory all the machinery exists but for the master's comfort; but in practice, it is much easier to arrange for his comfort when he is not there. A house without a man is savorless, yet a man in a house is incarnate interruption. No matter how closely he incarcerates himself, or how silently, a woman always feels him there. He may hide beyond five doors and two flights of stairs, but his presence somehow leaks through, and unconsciously dominates every domestic detail. He does not mean to, the woman does not mean him to; it is merely the nature of him. Keep a man at home during the working hours of the day, and there is a blight on that house, not obvious, but subtle, touching the mood and the manner of maid-servant and man-servant, cat, dog, and mistress, and affecting even the behavior of inanimate objects, so that there is a constraint about the sewing-machine, a palsy on the vacuum-cleaner, and a gaucherie in the stove-lids. Over the whole household spreads a feeling of the unnatural, and a resultant sense of ineffectuality. Let the

man go out, and with the closing of the front door, the wheels grow brisk again, and smooth. To enjoy a home worth enjoying, a man should be in it as briefly as possible.

By nature man belongs to the hunt in the open, and woman to the fire indoors, and just here lies one of the best reasons for being a woman rather than a man, because a woman can get along without a man's out-of-doors much better than a man can get along without a woman's indoors, which proves woman of the two the better bachelor, as being more self-contained and self-contented. Every real man when abroad on the hunt is always dreaming of a hearth and a hob and a wife, whereas no real woman, if she has the hearth and the hob, is longing for man's hunting spear or quarry. If she is indeed a real woman she is very likely longing to give a man the comfort of the fire, provided he will not stay too long at a stretch, but get out long enough to give her time to brush up his hearth and rinse his teapot satisfactorily to herself.

A man's home-coming is not an end in itself, its objective is the woman; but a woman's home-making exists both for the man and for itself. A woman needs to be alone with her house because she talks to it, and in a tongue really more natural than her talk with her husband, which is always better for having a little the company flavor, as in the seraglio. The most devoted wives are often those frankest in their abhorrence of a man in the house. It is because they do not like to keep their hearts working at high pressure too long at a time; they prefer the healthy relief of a glorious day of sorting or shopping between

the master's breakfast and his dinner.

It is a rare ménage that is not incommoded by having its males lunch at home. It is much better when a woman may watch their dear coat-tails round the corner for the day, with an equal exaltation in their freedom for the fray and her own. A woman whose males have their places of business neither on the great waters nor in the great streets, but in their own house, is of all women the most perpetually pitied by other women, and the most pathetically patient. She never looks quite like other women, this doctor's, minister's, professor's, writer's wife. Her eyes have a harassed patience, and her lips a protesting sweetness, for she does not belong to her house, and so she does not belong to herself. When a man's business-making and a woman's home-making live under the same roof, they never go along in parallel independence: always the man's overlaps, invades. Kitchen and nursery are hushed before the needs of office and study, and the professional telephone call postpones the orders to the butcher. The home suffers, but the husband suffers more, for he is no longer a guest in his own house, with all a guest's prerogatives; he now belongs there, and must take the consequences.

Fortunately the professional men-about-the-house are in small minority, and so are their housekeepers, but all women have sometimes to experience the upheaval incident on a man's vacation at home; whether father's, or husband's, or college brother's, or son's, the effect is always the same: the house stands on its head, and for two days it kicks up its heels and enjoys it, but after two weeks, two months, that is, on the removal of the exciting stimulus, it sinks to coma for the rest of the season. The different professions differ in their treatment of a holiday, except that all men at home on a vacation act like fish on land or cats in water, and

expect their womenfolk either to help them pant, or help them swim. They seem to go out a great deal, — at least they are always clamoring to have their garments prepared for sorties, social or piscatorial, — and yet they always seem to be under heel. Some men on a home holiday tinker all day long, others bring with them a great many books which they never read, and the result in both cases is that housekeeping becomes a prolonged picking up. All men at home on a vacation eat a great deal more than other men, or than at other times; but with the sole exception of the anomalous academic, who is always concerned for his gastronomy, they will eat anything and enjoy it, — and say so. A man at home for his holidays is always vociferously appreciative. His happiness is almost enough to repay a woman for the noise he makes, and the mess; yet statistics would show that during any man's home vacation the women of the house lose just about as many pounds as the man gains. But what are women for, or homes?

After all, you can have a house without a man in it if you are quite sure you want to, but you cannot have a home without one. You cannot make a home out of women alone, or men alone; you have to mix them. Still every woman must admit, and every man with as much sense as a woman, that it's very hard to make a home for any man if he is always in it. Every honest front door must confess that it is glad to see its master go forth in the morning; but this is only because it is so much gladder to see him come back at night.

PRUNES AND PRISMS

'PRUNES are so wholesome! What nourishment in a Prism?'

It is a question of Fact or Fancy as pabulum for the young.

There is little danger that the modern child will be too imaginative or romantic. His peers, if not his elders, the conditions of his practical education, life itself will see to that. There is much greater danger that in learning 'common sense and efficiency,' — magic phrase! the Open Sesame to success, — he will lose imagination, — Open Sesame to that other realm of things unprovable and delightful, — and grow a terrible, unhappy little materialist.

The prune has an indigestible stone. Children unwarned of this have been known to choke with fatal result. Obviously, neither are prisms good to swallow. But it needs a mere ray of sunshine to teach a child the true use of a prism. And long after the prune is digested and forgotten the prism will keep him happy and wondering, while his fancy grows.

More fancy, more poetry, more food for imagination: that is what children need. Every day the need becomes more apparent. Magazines, moving-pictures, the average juvenile book, the talk of all about them, — everything tends to tether children's thoughts to the world of Here-and-now and Has-to-be, the world we know with our five senses. But shall they therefore lose their rightful inheritance in that other realm of loveliness, — the world of Yesterday-and-To-morrow, of Far-away, of May-be? This realm is intended to be loaned them indefinitely, prefigured in the 'glory and the gleam' of the rainbow-prism.

It is not dangerous to encourage fancy; it is not disingenuous to create illusion. Such has ever been the function of art and imagination, which need and make no apology for themselves.

It is far easier to lose the blessed faculty for 'believing three impossible things before breakfast,' than that other faculty which enables one to see through a spiritless imitation of Santa

Claus or find out what makes the wheels go round. But elders are almost universally elate when children begin to show precocious gleams of the latter instinct, while they are inclined to be dubious about the former. It is so easy to form habits of exaggeration, don't you know! And children must be taught to distinguish truthfully between fact and all the other sort of thing. Good heavens! What so awful as untruth?

And yet in these days of super-revelation, who can dogmatize as to what 'facts' are, or disprove the thing which he has never happened to experience?

There is no tome requiring so frequent new, corrected, amended, appended editions in order to keep up to date as that standard reference book, 'Who's Who in Fact.' Already the new edition of 1915 is in process of revision.

A molecule, which most scientists agree to be a fact, is much more hypothetical and fantastical than Robin Goodfellow, whom more will claim to be a mere fancy. A great many incontrovertible facts have been disproved in the course of time: but I never yet heard any one disprove the existence of the old-fashioned, orthodox fairy. A hard thing to do, and if done, — how terrible!

Nowadays, who dare say of almost any proposition, 'There can be no such thing'; or of almost any theory, 'It cannot be true'? Unexpected allies of Imagination, Science and Philosophy themselves are teaching us the value of those long-despised phrases, 'May be,' 'Why not?' 'Who knows?'

The conscientious answer to many childish questionings, allowing space again for the whole blessed lost world of surmise and surprise and mystery, need be — in fact can be — no more positive than this.

'Is there a Santa Claus?' Maybe.

'Did it really happen?' Who knows?
'Do you believe in fairies?' Why not?

Happy phrase, — 'The benefit of the doubt'! About a positive fact there can be no doubt — except indeed that its benefit may be doubtful. But as to doubts, — fancies, dreams, precious, insoluble mysteries, — there the benefits are *facts*, if you please.

When we come to the world of the imagination, let us give the children the benefit of the doubt. Prunes by themselves are extraordinarily uninteresting. Having a prism to play with, one can forget even prunes.

To any one who would most sanely interpret life for a little child, I would say: be not yourself overmuch concerned with your dessert of wholesome, uninspiring prunes. But hang a prism in the window of your soul, then look into the rainbow which it makes and tell what you see.

Though beautiful it will be true.

WASTE

SUPPOSE you own a million bushels of wheat and hold it in your own elevator, all free and clean. For the purpose of argument, let us say that you carry your own insurance, so that there is nothing to hinder you from doing what you like with that wheat. It is yours. Let us also suppose that there is a famine in the land and that the people are hungering for bread. Your price is two dollars a bushel. The people refuse to pay the price and you make no contract of sale. Mass meetings are held and you are denounced as an old skinflint, but you can stand that. You raise your price to three dollars a bushel. It appears that you would be within your rights. Now let us suppose that you lose your temper, being annoyed at all this clamor, and you declare that you will show that rabble that you are not

to be trifled with, and you proceed to burn down your elevator and its contents so that nobody may have your wheat. As soon as you destroy the property, you are committing an offense against public welfare. That is the one thing which, as owner of the wheat, you must not do, for that is waste.

Now waste is waste, whether it be occasioned by malice, by willfulness, through ignorance or through laziness; the effect is the same. Public welfare embraces the interest we have in common in all the things there are, and we must not offend against it. This is not socialism; it is philosophy.

Waste is the crime of to-day and it is especially the great crime of this awful war: waste in human life, in hope, in love, and in the common savings of us all. Millions of dollars' worth of the savings of the people of this earth, all of them our brothers and our sisters, are daily burned up, exploded, and wasted in the madness of the nations; and even that is a trifle when we compare it to the great human value of the lives that are lost. It will not make any people rich; and we Americans, rarely fortunate in not being involved in the awful strife, shall find our part of the burden to bear. Some time the war will be over, and then waste must stop; it must stop if we are to advance in humanity and civilization over and beyond the yawning gap made by the lust of blood, pride of race, and the vanity of kings. The war has been in progress but a little while and already the cost of it is being borrowed from future generations; extra hard labor and sweat must come from infants now at their mothers' breasts, to make good this debauch of blood and fire. And in the very measure that we waste is the sentence at hard labor upon the rising generation prolonged. We cannot get out of it by being American: the debt is upon us, in unequal measure it is true, but the

debt, the obligation to make up the losses, is upon us all.

We cannot get away from the fact that we are all parts of one great organization, — divided up into nations and races and sects; but these divisions are slight compared with the fact that we are all partners in the great firm, and that the earth and its fullness is the firm's property. The articles of co-partnership are human laws and customs, but every normal one of us has the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It takes some of the property to maintain this, and we should, if we have any conscience at all, contribute value for our share. But whether our contribution be great or slight, and whether our rewards be full or meagre, the one thing that we must not do is waste from the general store. In this respect, ownership is indeed stewardship; and the greater our possession, so much the greater is our responsibility.

Let us leave aside consideration of the industries with their preposterous destruction of values, and address ourselves to the incidents of daily life.

The great packing-houses urge people to buy the cheaper cuts of meat because the demand for those of higher cost is so great that the prices are out of all proportion. Why do we not take the cheaper cuts and make more savory dishes out of them? Sheer, gross ignorance of the art of cooking and a stupid uncultured taste for what your true *gourmet* would scorn, is the real reason.

Suppose you build yourself a place in the country and begin to have your troubles. Your wife can't keep servants, your garden is a failure, your drainage system clogs up, 'everybody is trying to cheat me,' you say, and the expense is beyond all reason. Well, do you want to know what the trouble is? It is ignorance, your ignorance. Why did you

want to build yourself a lordly estate when you did not know how to administer it? Your grandfather knew how to run his part of the farm and your grandmother understood hers; and while they worked as you do not want to work, they did not do the evil thing that you are doing: they did not waste. Look back a generation or so at the great estates in England, Germany, France, — and in America, too. Did everybody cheat the lords of the manor and their ladies? They did not, and there was fully as much cupidity afoot then as there is now. The landholders knew their business, they were to the manner born. It appears that you do not know your business, and you do not deserve a big place in the country until you know how to administer it. Of course the 'natives' and the people in the village laugh at you; but the trouble is, you are not laughed at enough; you should be laughed at so much that you would quit the business of running a landed estate and proceed to inhabit a small place where you do not commit waste. It is your wastefulness that the people are laughing at, and they are doing a useful and praiseworthy act when they do so.

The sooner we learn this palpable fact, that wastefulness is an offense against public welfare and that whoever commits waste offends, the sooner we shall drive the wastrels back into their holes and provide for a better order of living all around.

Of course we must, in private life, do as the honorable Justices of the Supreme Court do: we must use the rule of reason. It may be that in going to your business in your yacht you find opportunity to plan out your day's work more economically than if you were to come in on the train as a commuter. The point is, if it takes a dozen men and a poor man's winter-supply of coal and a day's interest on a snug competence to

bring you to town, your coming must be worth while; it must pay for itself in augmenting the general store of the world's wealth whether it belongs to you or to others. We cannot say that it is waste to maintain a yacht or any other luxury, provided that in maintaining it you contribute enough to warrant it.

Well, who is to tell whether you are committing waste or not? You may be the most modest of men and contribute much and spend little, and on the other hand you may be a bounder and magnify an hundredfold your every little service. Who is to tell? Nobody, until your profligate habits become evident. Then it may become evident that you are a proper subject for scorn or taxation or something to bring you to your senses.

Your money, under usual conditions, is like so much wheat; you can put it out at interest, or speculate with it with a view to making much more or losing it; it is yours to hold and administer, but you must not destroy it.

You can destroy it by making it, as a whole, fail in productiveness. The idea that the milliners, jewelers, tailors, and purveyors of luxuries who minister to your vanity are each earning a living and so, by keeping money in circulation, are doing something useful, is all right so far as they are concerned, but it may not be all right as regards you. They may be making their living while you are wasting yours, and when the balance is struck, the deficit will show on your side, not theirs. They are pegging away, making what they can out of life, which is just what you may not be doing.

The real point is whether you are worth all this fuss or not. Is your contribution to the general welfare enough to warrant it? If so, well and good; go ahead and enjoy yourself. But it is just as well not to be wrong in this matter. A bank president may easily be

too conservative and cause his bank to die of dry rot by excess of caution; but the great danger is that he may err on the other side and make loans which are not good. That spells ruin. In the same way you can hoard your money and live in a mean fashion while you are affluent, without gaining merit; but to squander what you have, no matter how rich you are, beyond those needs which make for comfort and right living and efficiency, is to offend against public welfare. It is doing what Old Skinflint did when he lost his temper and burned his wheat.

Suppose you hire a hundred men to carry stones from field number one to field number two, at the current rate of wages, and it takes, let us say, a month to do it. Then suppose you hire them to take the stones back from field number two to just where they found them in field number one. That will take another month. The men will have earned their wages; they will have given so much labor for the sum received. You, however, as administrator for what you have spent, which is that part of the world's savings represented by five thousand days' work, will have wasted it. The world's store will have been depleted by five thousand days' work.

Again we must use the rule of reason. Many industries, — indeed nearly all of them — often employ men in just such unprofitable tasks to maintain their organization, which is of great value. And there is work done for art which is hard to measure in concrete values but which is of prime necessity if we are ever to become civilized. We cannot live for utility alone without making the world too dreary a place to live in. But the fact remains that the composite savings of the world is a store in which we all have an interest. This store is being greatly depleted by the dreadful war now raging. The world will be much poorer after the war than

it was before. The store will be less. Waste will be more quickly felt. Perhaps it would be well to trim our sails to meet the new conditions, to spend no more than we would think ourselves entitled to spend on luxuries and vain display if we were somebody else and were in the waters of tribulation.

There is neither art nor wisdom nor philosophy in prodigal waste. And it offends against the public welfare.

FEATHERED AFFECTION

THERE are a venturesome few among us who presume to see among the souls that have been knit with ours and that now, perchance, await us in the flowery fields of Paradise, members of species other than our own. We dream of the wag of a feathery tail among the asphodels, the gleam of brown eyes that were faithful unto death; we hear again the purring of a furry comrade who went forth from the warmth of our hearthstone into the night. And, for me, in that complete reunion, there must be a familiar rush of wings and a clear bird hail from the branches of the tree of life.

In their capacity for affection to usward and in the affinities that exist between the human and the feathered tribes, there is an unworked field rich in possibilities. If we have hitherto failed to secure reaction here, it is because we have not acted, quite possibly because we have not attained. For our point of contact with bird life is in the region of our own most ethereal qualities. What is the bird but visible spirit? He is color, melody, rhythmic motion, pure joy objectified. Like our own transcendent moods, he flits at the approach of all that is harsh, brutal, domineering. We may not hope to approach a bird with loud voice, violent movement, or unworthy demeanor. He will have none of us. Tones light and musi-

cal, our utmost gentleness of manner, the ascendancy of our purest emotions — these will win him.

Across the shades of memory, like a beam of light, flits a gold canary, his little crest erect, his voice vibrant with joyous greeting to his friends returned. He has been long alone in a darkened room. I open the blind and let the sunlight in through the vines and the red geranium flowers, then stand silent before the burst of melody that is his instant response.

No lower passions here — whatever they may be. I have ministered to no material need of my little friend. Light, color, a loving voice — these have transformed listless silence into vocal ecstasy.

The tenderest, most ethereal caress I have ever known was that of a ring-dove — the author and bestower of which was, for three years, my fluttering halo; I was the *sine qua non* of his existence.

I was a lonely teacher in a dreary mining camp. For me, at the close of day, there was no face at the window, no fire on the hearth. But in the top of the tallest poplar tree, 'faithful through the watches long,' a little sentinel had marked the hours.

While yet afar off came his salute — 'Cook coo-oo, cook coo-oo.' Then, with spread wings, on a sort of aerial toboggan, he glided down — to sit upon my shoulder, to lay his silken cheek to mine, and to murmur such emotions as only the dovelike voice can adequately convey.

Sometimes, waking in the night, oppressed by the stillness, I would speak to him. There would be an instant's delay — just sufficient, I knew, to fill that wonderful wind-instrument of his. Then, from his corner, tender as a hand upon the head, would come his reassuring 'Cook coo-oo, cook coo-oo.'

What matter fur or feathers, two

legs or four, brute or human? These spirit entities have been received into the heart.

When one has acquired a bird-vocabulary, many a bright greeting may be exchanged with even the wild songster. He will linger with pricked feathers and animated mien, to reply again and again to call or whistle.

And what of our humble and ever-present friend, the barnyard fowl? Is our point of contact with her that of the purse and the palate only?

Lest we transcend experience and incur a challenge, let us confine ourselves to the incubated fowl and to the white leghorn bird.

What incubator mother can regard without emotion her downy and multitudinous brood in their infantile dependence — she who is to them the almighty, the author and preserver of their being?

What a joy to deal out the wholesome ration, to watch the little crops distend, and to see the downy mites steal away one by one to the sunny corner and spread themselves for an after-dinner nap of absolute content! How comforting to nest them cosily at twilight, to listen to their sleepy chirpings, and to secure them from all those night terrors of little chicks — cold and wet, rats and cats, owls and vermin; to insure them that dreamless

sleep which is the condition of normal growth in universal babyhood!

How it touches one's heart when some adventurous truant, struck with sudden terror of the vast world into which he has ventured, flies shrieking into one's hands and cuddles there with gradually abating sobs — for all the world like a terrified child!

And, as the days pass, and the balls of corn-colored down grow into slender, snow-white adolescents, what loving, tender-voiced little companions they are! What delight is theirs when incubator mother condescends to sit out under the tree? How they compete for the nearest branches, and cuddle about her skirts and feet, and flare themselves before her in conspicuous attitudes, hoping to be taken up! And, if she lifts one and holds it to her cheek, how it will rival the ring-dove in murmuring affection! Even to dignified cockhood and henhood the delight in the caress survives.

A wholesome chicken yard, with its cackling, cawing, crowing, red-topped population, conscious of clean and hygienic quarters and of regular and abundant rations; industriously productive, tirelessly active; always greeting your coming with tumultuous welcome, — it is a little nursery of pure joy in living, an epitome of ardent existence!